D. C. Crumby

A

COLLECTION

OF THE

Moſt eſteemed PIECES of POETRY,

That have appeared for ſeveral YEARS.

WITH

VARIETY OF ORIGINALS,

By the Late MOSES MENDEZ, Eſq;

And other Contributors to DODSLEY's COLLECTION.

To which this is intended as a SUPPLEMENT.



LONDON:
Printed for Richardſon and Urquhart, under the Royal Exchange.
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COLLECTION

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor's chief intention in making the following Collection was to bring into one point of view the beſt pieces which have appeared ſince the concluſion of Dodſley's collection; and he will venture to affirm, that whatever be the merit of that entertaining miſcellany, this does not fall ſhort any ways of it, as ſome of the volumes in that are made up from the publications of a few years; whereas this contains whatever has been moſt applauded in a courſe of twenty. But he has not confined himſelf to that period only, but inſerted many pieces, in his opinion, of great merit, which the inattention of the public, or the obſcurity of the publication, had long ſuffered to remain unnoticed. To theſe are added many originals by writers of acknowledged merit; among which thoſe of Mr. Mendez, author of the Chaplet, and ſeveral admired poems in Dodſley's Miſcellany, make no mean figure. Mr. Mendez was reckoned among the moſt agreeable poets of his time, and, perhaps, he was the only one that was ever worth one hundred thouſand pounds.

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*** Notwithſtanding the Care of the Editor, the Song of Winifrida (inſerted in Dodſley's Collection) has crept in here; but as it takes up only a ſingle Page, it was thought unneceſſary to cancel it.



AN ELEGY,

On the DEATH of a LADY.

Written in 1760.

By WILLIAM MASON, M.A.

THE midnight clock has toll'd; and hark, the bell
Of Death beats ſlow! heard ye the note profound?
It pauſes now; and now, with riſing knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its ſullen ſound.
Yes * * * is dead. Attend the ſtrain,
Daughters of Albion! Ye that, light as air,
So oft have tript in her fantaſtic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair:

For ſhe was fair beyond your brighteſt bloom:
(This Envy owns, ſince now her bloom is fled)
Fair as the Forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light viſion round the Poet's head.
Whene'er with ſoft ſerenity ſhe ſmil'd,
Or caught the orient bluſh of quick ſurprize,
How ſweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid luſtre darted from her eyes?
Each look, each motion wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its tranſient glory caſt:
Some lovelier wonder ſoon uſurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm ſtill lovelier than the laſt.
That bell again! It tells us what ſhe is:
On what ſhe was no more the ſtrain prolong:
Luxuriant Fancy pauſe: an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a ſerious Song.
Maria claims it from that ſable bier,
Where cold and wan the ſlumberer reſts her head;
In ſtill ſmall whiſpers to reflection's ear,
She breathes the ſolemn dictates of the Dead.
O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud;
Proclaim the theme, by Sage, by Fool rever'd;
Hear it, ye Young, ye Vain, ye Great, ye Proud!
'Tis Nature ſpeaks, and Nature will be heard.
Yes, ye ſhall hear, and tremble as you hear,
While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap:
Ev'n in the midſt of pleaſure's mad career,
The mental Monitor ſhall wake and weep.

For ſay, than * * *'s propitious ſtar,
What brighter planet on your births aroſe;
Or gave of Fortune's gifts an ampler ſhare,
In life to laviſh, or by death to loſe!
Early to loſe; while, born on buſy wing,
Ye ſip the nectar of each varying bloom:
Nor fear, while baſking in the beams of ſpring,
The wintry ſtorm that ſweeps you to the tomb:
Think of her Fate! revere the heav'nly hand
That led her hence, though ſoon, by ſteps ſo ſlow;
Long at her couch Death took his patient ſtand,
And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow:
To give Reflection time, with lenient art,
Each fond deluſion from her ſoul to ſteal;
Teach her from Folly peaceably to part,
And wean her from a world ſhe lov'd ſo well.
Say, are ye ſure his Mercy ſhall extend
To you ſo long a ſpan? Alas, ye ſigh:
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
And learn with equal eaſe to ſleep or die!
Nor think the Muſe, whoſe ſober voice ye hear,
Contracts with bigot frown her ſullen brow;
Caſts round Religion's orb the miſts of fear,
Or ſhades with horrors, what with ſmiles ſhould glow.
No; ſhe would warm you with ſeraphic fire,
Heirs as ye are of heav'n's eternal day;
Would bid you boldly to that heav'n aſpire,
Not ſink and ſlumber in your cells of clay.

Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon æthereal founts of bliſs to lave;
Force then, ſecure in Faith's protecting ſhield,
The Sting from Death, the Vict'ry from the Grave.
Is this the bigot's rant? Away ye Vain,
Your hopes, your fears in doubt, in dulneſs ſteep:
Go ſooth your ſouls in ſickneſs, grief, or pain,
With the ſad ſolace of eternal ſleep.
Yet will I praiſe you, triflers as ye are,
More than thoſe Preachers of your fav'rite creed,
Who proudly ſwell the brazen throat of War,
Who form the Phalanx, bid the battle bleed;
Nor wiſh for more: who conquer, but to die.
Hear, Folly, hear; and triumph in the tale:
Like you, they reaſon; not, like you, enjoy
The breeze of bliſs, that fills your ſilken ſail:
On Pleaſure's glitt'ring ſtream ye gayly ſteer
Your little courſe to cold oblivion's ſhore:
They dare the ſtorm, and, through th'inclement year,
Stem the rough ſurge, and brave the torrent's roar.

Is

NOTE.

In a book of *French* verſes, entitled *Oeuvres du Philoſophe de ſans Souci*, and lately reprinted at *Berlin* by authority, under the title of *Poeſies Diverſes*, may be found an epiſtle to marſhal KEITH, written profeſſedly againſt the immortality of the ſoul. By way of ſpecimen of the whole, take the following lines:

De

Is it for Glory? that juſt Fate denies.
Long muſt the warrior moulder in his ſhroud,
E'er from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents riſe,
That lift the Hero from the fighting croud.
Is it his graſp of Empire to extend?
To curb the fury of inſulting foes?
Ambition, ceaſe: the idle conteſt end:
'Tis but a Kingdom thou canſt win or loſe.
And why muſt murder'd myriads loſe their all,
(If Life be all) why deſolation lour,
With famiſh'd frown, on this affrighted ball,
That thou may'ſt flame the meteor of an hour?
Go wiſer ye, that flutter Life away,
Crown with the mantling Juice the goblet high;
Weave the light dance, with feſtive freedom gay,
And live your moment, ſince the next ye die.
Yet know, vain Scepticks, know, th'Almighty mind,
Who breath'd on Man a portion of his fire,
Bad his free Soul, by earth nor time confin'd,
To Heav'n, to Immortality aſpire.

De l'avenir, cher KEITH, jugeons par le paſſé;
Comme avant que je fuſſe il n'avoit point penſé,
De meme, apres ma mort, quand toutes mes parties
Par le corruption ſeront aneanties,
Par un meme deſtin il ne penſera plus;
Non, rien n'eſt plus certain, ſoyons-en convaincu, &c.

It is to this epiſtle, that the reſt of the Elegy alludes.

Nor ſhall the Pile of Hope, his Mercy rear'd,
By vain Philoſophy be e'er deſtroy'd:
Eternity, by all or wiſh'd or fear'd,
Shall be by all or ſuffer'd or enjoy'd.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE, A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

TIME, THE MORNING.

YE Perſian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how ſhepherds paſs their golden days.
Not all are bleſt, whom fortune's hand ſuſtains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliſs, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim ſung, by ſacred Truth inſpir'd;
Nor praiſe, but ſuch as Truth beſtow'd, deſir'd:
Wiſe in himſelf, his meaning ſongs convey'd
Informing morals to the ſhepherd maid;
Or taught the ſwains that ſureſt bliſs to find,
What groves nor ſtreams beſtow, a virtuous mind.
When ſweet and bluſhing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn reſum'd her orient pride,
When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their ſweets away;
By Tigris' wandering waves he ſat, and ſung
This uſeful leſſon for the fair and young.
Ye Perſian dames, he ſaid, to you belong,
Well may they pleaſe, the morals of my ſong:
No fairer maids, I truſt, than you are found,
Grac'd with ſoft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves ſupplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you thoſe flowers her fragrant hands beſtow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not theſe, all beauteous as they are,
The beſt kind bleſſings heaven can grant the fair!
Who truſt alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boaſt but the worth Baſſora's pearls diſplay;
Drawn from the deep we own their ſurface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no luſtrous light:
Such are the maids, and ſuch the charms they boaſt,
By ſenſe unaided, or to virtue loſt.

Self-

Self-flattering ſex! your hearts believe in vain
That love ſhall blind, when once he fires the ſwain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As ſpots on ermin beautify the ſkin:
Who ſeeks ſecure to rule, be firſt her care
Each ſofter virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender paſſion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!
Bleſt were the days, when wiſdom held her reign,
And ſhepherds ſought her on the ſilent plain;
With Truth ſhe wedded in the ſecret grove,
Immortal Truth, and daughters bleſs'd their love.
O haſte, fair maids! ye Virtues come away,
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy ſhrub, for you ſhall love our ſhore,
By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.
Loſt to our fields, for ſo the fates ordain,
The dear deſerters ſhall return again.
Come thou, whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear,
To lead the train, ſweet modeſty appear:
Here make thy court amidſt our rural ſcene,
And ſhepherd girls ſhall own thee for their queen.
With thee be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
Diſtruſting all, a wiſe ſuſpicious maid;
But man the moſt—not more the mountain doe
Holds the ſwift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breaſt, like flowers that drink the dew;
A ſilken veil conceals her from the view.

No wild deſires amidſt thy train be known,
But Faith, whoſe heart is fix'd on one alone:
Deſponding Meekneſs, with her down-caſt eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender ſighs;
And love the laſt: by theſe your hearts approve,
Theſe are the virtues that muſt lead to love.
Thus ſung the ſwain; and ancient legends ſay,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The ſhepherds lov'd, and Selim bleſs'd his ſong.

ECLOGUE

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, THE DESERT.

TIME, MID-DAY.

IN ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt:
One cruiſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beaſts, with pain, their duſty way purſue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With deſperate ſorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd, thrice ſtruck his breaſt, and thus began:
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Ah! little thought I of the blaſting wind,
The thirſt or pinching hunger that I find!

Bethink

Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall Thirſt aſſwage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage?
Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign;
Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine?
Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Curſt be the gold and ſilver which perſuade
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
The lilly peace outſhines the ſilver ſtore,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the deſert brown,
To every diſtant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the ſea:
And are we only yet repay'd by thee?
Ah! why was ruin ſo attractive made,
Or why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The mountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,

Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O ceaſe, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:
And fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tygers in his train:
Before them death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
If aught of reſt I find, upon my ſleep:
Or ſome ſwoln ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wiſe contented poor,
From luſt of wealth, and dread of death ſecure!
They tempt no deſerts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reaſon rules the mind.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O hapleſs youth! for ſhe thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be moſt undone!

Big ſwell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When faſt ſhe dropt her tears, as thus ſhe ſaid:
" Farewell the youth whom ſighs could not detain,
" Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
" Yet as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe
" Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!
" Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
" No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe youth, like me."
O let me ſafely to the fair return,
Say with a kiſs, ſhe muſt not, ſhall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,
Recall'd by Wiſdom's voice, and Zara's tears.
He ſaid, and call'd on heaven to bleſs the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE, A FOREST.

TIME, THE EVENING.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are ſeen,
In diſtant view along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall foreſts caſt a longer ſhade,
What time 'tis ſweet o'er fields of rice to ſtray,
Or ſcent the breathing maize at ſetting day;
Amidſt the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra ſung the pleaſing cares of love.
Of Abra firſt began the tender ſtrain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn ſhe came thoſe willing flocks to lead,
Where lillies rear them in the watery mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours ſhe told,
'Till late at ſilent eve ſhe penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the ſecret ſhade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers ſhe made:

Gay-motley'd pinks and ſweet jonquils ſhe choſe,
The violet blue that on the moſs-bank grows;
All-ſweet to ſenſe, the flaunting roſe was there:
The finiſh'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.
Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to ſtray,
By love conducted from the chace away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her ſong,
And ſought the vales and echoing groves among:
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet ſtill her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as ſhe went, ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bad that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to nobler ſcenes remove,
To richer ſcenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the ſimple pipe, and ſhepherd's ſtrain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Yet midſt the blaze of courts ſhe fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the ſhady grove;
Still with the ſhepherd's innocence her mind
To the ſweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;
And oft as ſpring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his ſoft gales, and led the fragrant hours,

With

With ſure return ſhe ſought the ſylvan ſcene,
The breezy mountains, and the foreſts green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
Some ſimple lay, of flocks and herds they ſung;
With joy the mountain, and the foreſt rung.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of ſtate, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the ſhades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or ſought the vale where firſt his heart was fir'd:
A ruſſet mantle, like a ſwain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and buſy courts no more.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Bleſt was the life, that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The ſimple ſhepherd girl can love as well.
Let thoſe who rule on Perſia's jewell'd throne
Be fam'd for love, and gentleſt love alone;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
O happy days! the maids around her ſay;
O haſte, profuſe of bleſſings, haſte away!
" Be every youth, like royal Abbas, mov'd;
" And every Georgian maid, like Abra, lov'd!"

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

IN fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind;
At that ſtill hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And paſt in radiance thro' the cloudleſs ſky;
Sad o'er the dews, two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and deſperate ſorrow led:
Faſt as they preſt their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies ſtole away.
Along the mountain's bending ſides they ran,
'Till faint and weak Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

O ſtay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and ſurvey,
Trace our ſad flight thro' all its length of way!

And

And firſt review that long-extended plain!
And yon wide groves, already paſt, with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whoſe dangerous path we tried!
And laſt this lofty mountain's weary ſide!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapleſs muſt thou know
The toils of flight, or ſome ſeverer woe!
Still as I haſte, the Tartar ſhouts behind,
And ſhrieks and ſorrows load the ſaddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blaſts our harveſts, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence firſt in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the ſwains, like us, in deep deſpair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whoſe bleſſings tempt the ſword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'ſt thy Perſian lord!
In vain thou court'ſt him, helpleſs, to thine aid,
To ſhield the ſhepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtleſs indolence reſign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleaſure ſooth his mind:
'Midſt fair ſultanas loſt in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet theſe green hills, in ſummer's ſultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.

Sweet to the ſight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by maids and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's ſhady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair ſcenes! but, ah! no more with peace poſſeſt,
With eaſe alluring, and with plenty bleſt.
No more the ſhepherd's whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with ſnowy bloſſoms crown'd!
But ruin ſpreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circaſſia boaſts her ſpicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair,
Their eye's blue languiſh, and their golden hair!
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief muſt ſend;
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian ſwains that piteous learn from far
Circaſſia's ruin, and the waſte of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and ſtaffs prepare,
To ſhield your harveſts, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like deſigns purſue,
Fix'd to deſtroy, and ſtedfaſt to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deſerts bred,
By luſt incited, or by malice led,

The

The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and waſting flames the way;
Yet none ſo cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurſt in ſcenes of woe.
He ſaid; when loud along the vale was heard
A ſhriller ſhriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted ſhepherds thro' the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

AN ODE TO FEAR.

BY THE SAME.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
With all its ſhadowy ſhapes is ſhewn;
Who ſeeſt appall'd th' unreal ſcene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near.
I know thy hurried ſtep, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I ſtart, like thee diſorder'd fly,
For, lo what monſters in thy train appear!
Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,

Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep:
And with him thouſand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And thoſe, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening Brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghaſtly train can ſee,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earlieſt Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muſe addreſt her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice
Silent and pale in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard * who firſt invok'd thy name,
Diſdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's ſteel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary ſteps to trace,
Where thou and Furies ſhar'd the baleful grove?

* Æſchylus.

Wrapt

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' inceſtuous Queen *
Sigh'd, the ſad call her ſon and huſband heard,
When once alone it broke the ſilent ſcene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering power inſpir'd each mournful line,
Tho' gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the ſcene are thine!

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who ſuch weary lengths haſt paſt,
Where wilt thou reſt, mad Nymph, at laſt?
Say, wilt thou ſhroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in ſome hollow'd ſeat,
'Gainſt which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning ſeamen's cries in tempeſts brought!
Dark power, with ſhuddering meek ſubmitted thought,
Be mine, to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghoſts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,

* Jocaſta.

And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou whoſe ſpirit moſt poſſeſt
The ſacred ſeat of Shakeſpear's breaſt!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions ſpoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee?

THE PASSIONS,

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

By the same.

WHEN Muſic, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece ſhe ſung,
The Paſſions oft, to hear her ſhell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Poſſeſt beyond the Muſe's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Diſturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis ſaid, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inſpir'd,

From

From the ſupporting myrtles round
They ſnatch'd her inſtruments of ſound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet leſſons of her forceful art,
Each, for madneſs rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expreſſive power.

Firſt Fear his hand, its ſkill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Even at the ſound himſelf had made.

Next Anger ruſh'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his ſecret ſtings,
In one rude claſh he ſtruck the lyre,
And ſwept with hurried hand the ſtrings.

With woeful meaſures wan Deſpair——
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bad the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill thro' all the ſong;
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe,
And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And

And longer had ſhe ſung,—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient roſe,
He threw his blood-ſtain'd ſword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing-trumpet took,
And blew a blaſt ſo loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic ſounds ſo full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And tho' ſometimes, each dreary pauſe between,
Dejected Pity at his ſide,
Her ſoul-ſubduing voice applied,
Yet ſtill he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each ſtrain'd ball of ſight ſeem'd burſting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealouſy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate,
Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inſpir'd,
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd,
And from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes by diſtance made more ſweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her penſive ſoul:
And daſhing ſoft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſtole,

Or

Or o'er ſome haunted ſtreams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone!
When Chearfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd Siſters, and their chaſte-eyed queen,
Satyrs and ſylvan boys were ſeen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exerciſe rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.

Laſt came Joy's ecſtatic trial,
He with viny crown advancing,
Firſt to the lively pipe his hand addreſt,
But ſoon he ſaw the briſk awakening viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.
They would have thought, who heard the ſtrain,
They ſaw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidſt the feſtal ſounding ſhades,
To ſome unwearied minſtrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantaſtic round,
Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.

O Muſic, ſphere-deſcended maid,
Friend of pleaſure, wiſdom's aid,
Why, Goddeſs, why to us denied?
Lay'ſt thou thy antient lyre aſide?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic ſoul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native ſimple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Ariſe, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaſte, ſublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Siſter's page—
'Tis ſaid, and I believe the tale,
Thy humbleſt reed could more prevail,
Had more of ſtrength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Even all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of ſound—
O bid our vain endeavours ceaſe,
Revive the juſt deſigns of Greece,
Return in all thy ſimple ſtate!
Confirm the tales her ſons relate!

EVERY

EVERY MAN
THE
ARCHITECT of his own FORTUNE:
OR THE
ART OF RISING IN THE CHURCH.

A SATYRE.

By Mr. SCOTT, of Trinity-College, Cambridge.

A DIALOGUE betwixt a POET and his FRIEND.

F. GOOD friend, forbear—the world will ſay 'tis ſpite,
Or diſappointment goads you thus to write—
Some lord hath frown'd; ſome biſhop paſt diſpute
At ſurly diſtance ſpurn'd your eager ſuit,
Prefer'd a dull vile clod of noble earth,
And left neglected genius, wit, and worth.

P. Regards it me what ſnarling critics ſay?
'Tis honeſt indignation points the way.
Thanks to my ſtars my infant ſleeps are o'er,
And dreams deluſive catch my thoughts no more.

Let

Let clumſy DOGMATUS, with ſimp'ring face,
Supply the nurſe's, or the footman's place,
Make coffee, when my lady calls, or whey,
And fetch, and carry, like a two-leg'd tray;
Let bluſt'ring GNATHO ſwear with patriot rage,
To poor, old, tott'ring TIMON bent with age,
" Had you, my lord, the horſe at MINDEN led,
" 'Sdeath, what deſtruction would your grace have made?
" Like Wantley's dragon you had roar'd, and thunder'd,
" And eat'n up Frenchmen hundred after hundred;"
Thus mean and vile let others live, not I,
Who ſcorn to flatter, and who fear to lye.
What honeſt man———

F. Stop, or you ne'er can thrive—
Sure you're the ſtrangeſt, ſqueamiſh wretch alive!
What, in the name of wonder, friend, have you,
In life's low vale, with honeſty to do?
'Tis a dead weight, that will retard you ſtill,
Oft as you ſtrive to clamber up the hill.
Strip, and be wiſe—ſtrip off all baſhful pride,
Throw cumbrous honour, virtue, truth aſide,
Truſt up, and girt like VIRRO, mend your pace,
The firſt, the nimbleſt ſcoundrel in the race.
Go copy TREBIUS—

P. Copy TREBIUS?—Hum—
And forfeit peace for all my life to come.
Should I devote my ſiſter's virgin charms
To the vile lewdneſs of a patron's arms,

Too

Too ſure my father's injur'd ghoſt would riſe,
Rage on his brow, and horrour in his eyes;
Would haunt, would goad me in the ſocial hall,
Or break my reſt—tho' ſlumb'ring in a ſtall.
Oh gracious God, of what thin flimſy gear
Is ſome men's conſcience?—

F. Hold, you're too ſevere———
Think when temptations ev'ry ſenſe aſſail,
How ſtrong they prove, and human fleſh how frail!
When ſatan came, by righteous heav'n ordain'd
To tempt the leader of the Chriſtian band,
He drew, he caught him from the barren waſte,
And on the temple's tow'ring ſummit plac'd;
And nowadays, or ſage experience lies,
From church preferments great temptations riſe.
Spare TREBIUS then—e'en you yourſelf may yield—

P. Not, friend, 'till vanquiſh'd reaſon quits the field:
Then I, poor madman, 'midſt the mad and vain,
May Judas-like betray my God for gain;
At HELLUO's board, where ſmokes th' eternal treat,
And all the fat on earth bow down, and eat,
A genuine ſon of LEVI may adore
The golden calf, as AARON did before.
Then welcome the full levee, where reſort
Crouds of all ranks to pay their morning court,
The well-rob'd dean with face ſo ſleek, and fair,
And tatter'd CODRUS pale and wan with care,

Whoſe

Whoſe yearly-breeding wife, in mean attire,
To feed her hungry brats muſt ſpin for hire.
Hail medley dome, where like the ark we find
Clean, and unclean, of ev'ry ſort and kind!
Hail medley dome, where three whole hours together,
(Shiv'ring in cold, and faint in ſultry weather)
We brook, athirſt and hungry, all delay,
And wear in expectation life away!
But huſh! in comes my lord—important, big,
Squints thro' his glaſs, and buſtling ſhakes his wig,
Whoſe ſaucy curls, confin'd in triple tye,
With conſtant work his buſy hands ſupply.
He ſtops, bows, ſtares—and whiſpers out aloud
"What ſpark is yon, that joſtles thro' the croud?"
Sir William's heir—"enough—my dear, good friend,
"Sir William liv'd—I think—at Ponder's end;
"Yes—yes—Sir William liv'd"—Then on he goes,
And whiſpering this grand ſecret crams his noſe
Into your wig, and ſqueezing every hand,
"'Tis mine to ſerve you, Sir—Your's to command"—
Thus kindly breathing many a promiſe fair,
He feeds two rows of gaping fools with air;
Unmeaning gabbles ſet rotines of ſpeech,
As papiſts pray, or prelates us'd to preach,
Makes himſelf o'er in truſt, to keep his ground,
And FAIRLY CULLS HIS CREDITORS ALL ROUND.

With warm delight his words poor CODRUS hears,
Sweet as the fancy'd muſic of the ſpheres;
Then trudges jocund home thro' mire and clay,
While pleaſing thoughts beguile the long long way;

A ſnug warm living ſkims before his eyes;
His tythe pig gruntles, and his grey gooſe flies;
His lonely ſhatter'd cot, all patcht with mud,
And hem'd around by many a fragrant flood,
Chang'd to a neat, and modern houſe he ſees,
Built on high ground, and ſhelter'd well with trees;
Spacious in front the chequer'd lawns extend,
With uſeful ponds, and gardens at the end,
Where art and nature kindly join to bring
The fruits of Autumn, and the flowers of Spring.
No more a ſun-burnt bob the preacher wears,
Or coat of ſerge, where ev'ry thread appears:
Behold him deckt in ſpruce and trim array,
With caſſock ſhort, and veſt of raven-grey;
In powder'd pomp the ſpacious grizzle flows,
And the broad beaver trembles o'er his noſe.
Ah dear deluſions tempt his thoughts no more,
Leave him untortur'd by deſire, though poor!
What can advance, in theſe degenerate days,
When gold, or int'reſt all preferment ſways,
A wretch unbleſt by Fortune, and by birth?
Alas, not TERRICK's parts, or TALBOT's worth!
Elſe long, long ſince had honeſt BUTLER ſhone
High in the church religion's ſpotleſs ſun;
Had beam'd around his friendly light to chear
The lonely, wayworn, wandring traveller;
Chac'd errour's black and baleful ſhades away,
And pour'd thro' every mind reſiſtleſs day.
Alas, the change! far in a lowly vale,
'Midſt ſtraggling huts, where ſome few peaſants dwell,

He lives in virtue rich, in fortune poor,
And treads the path his maſter trod before.
Oh great, good man, to chear without requeſt
The drooping heart, and ſooth the troubled breaſt;
With cords of love the wayward ſheep to hold,
And draw the loſt, and wandring to the fold;
To ſpend ſo little, yet have ſome to ſpare;
To feed the hungry, and to cloath the bare;
To viſit beds of ſickneſs in the night,
When rains deſcend, and rolling thunders fright,
There death deprive of all his terrours foul,
And ſing ſoft requiems to the parting ſoul!
Bluſh, bluſh for ſhame!—Your heads, ye Paſtors, hide,
Ye pamper'd ſons of luxury and pride,
Who leave to prowling wolves your helpleſs care,
And truck preferments at the public fair;
In whoſe fat corps the ſoul ſupinely lies,
Snug at her eaſe, and wondrous loth to riſe!

F. Friend, friend, you're warm—why this is downright ſpleen,
You flout the fat, becauſe yourſelf are lean:
Yet laugh to ſee behind the ſilver mace
Black-brow'd CORNUTUS with his ſtarveling face,
A wretch ſo worn with penury and pride,
His very bones ſtand ſtaring thro' his hide.
Why chuſe the church, if petulant and vain
You proudly ſhun the paths that lead to gain,
Yet rack'd with envy, when your brethren riſe,
Revile the prudent arts that you deſpiſe?

Better

Better ſome dirty, vile, mechanic trade,
Cobler, or ſmith—a fortune might be made ;
The croſs-leg'd wretch, who ſtitches up the gown,
Is of more worth than half the clerks in town :
And laughs with purſe-proud inſolence to ſee
The needy curate's full-ſleev'd dignity.—

P. Why chuſe the church ? A father's prudent voice
Determin'd, friend, and dignify'd the choice :
To thee, religion, thro' the tranquil road,
Himſelf with honour and with virtue trod,
He led me on—and know, no ſlave to gain,
Undow'r'd I took thee, and undow'r'd retain.
What ? Durſt the blind philoſopher of yore
Chuſe thy half-ſiſter Virtue, vile and poor,
Chuſe her begirt with all the ghaſtly train
Of ills, contempt, and ridicule, and pain ?
And ſhall not I, O dear celeſtial dame,
Love thee with all my ſoul's devouteſt flame ?
Shall I not gaze, and doat upon thy charms,
And fly to catch the heav'n within thy arms ?
O my fair miſtreſs, lovelier to be ſeen
Than the chaſte lily, opening on the green ;
Sweet as the bluſhing roſe in SHARON's vale,
And ſoft as IDUMEA's balmy gale !
Of thee enamour'd martyr'd heroes ſtood
Firm to their faith, and conſtant ev'n to blood ;
No views of fame, no fears of ſad diſgrace,
Had pow'r to tear them from thy lov'd embrace,

Wrapt up in thee, tho' harlots ſtalkt abroad,
And perſecution ſhook her iron rod!
Peace to their ſouls!—But tell me, gentle maid,
Oh tell me are thy beauties all decay'd?
Hath time's foul canker ev'ry grace devour'd?
Thy virgin charms hath ignorance deflow'r'd?
That thus thou wander'ſt helpleſs and forlorn,
Of knaves the hatred, and of fools the ſcorn!

F. Still knave, and fool?—For God's ſake, Sir, refrain!
This petulance of pride will prove your bane.
What! you're averſe to daſh thro' thick and thin?
Try cleaner ways—'tis done, if you begin.
Go with ſoft flattery, ſtudious to oblige,
Some dull, and ſelf-admiring lord beſiege,
And like the dove, to Mecca's prophet dear,
Pick a good living from your patron's ear:
Gullion ſucceeded thus, and ſo may you—
But railing, railing!—Friend, it ne'er can do.

P. Good heav'n forbid that I a plain blunt man,
Who cannot fawn, and loath the wretch who can,
Should brook a trencher-chaplain at the board,
The loud horſe-laugh, and raillery of my lord;
Slave to his jokes, his paſſion, and his pride,
A dull tame fool for lacquies to deride,
Who ſnort around to hear the wretch abuſe
My perſon, morals, family, and muſe!
Shall I ſuch baſe Egyptian bondage bear,
And eat my heart thro' ſorrow, grief, and care?

For

For twice ſev'n tedious years wait, watch, ride, run,
Nor dare to live, or ſpeak, or think my own?
Obſerve with awe that fickle vane his mind,
That ſhifts, and changes with the changeful wind?
Read ev'ry look, each twinkling of his eye,
And thence divine the doubtful augury?
No PHARAOH no!—Here in this calm retreat,
Where ev'ry muſe, and virtue fix their ſeat,
Here let me ſhun each lordling proud and vain,
And ſcorn the world ere ſcorn'd by it again!
Ye happier few, that in this ſtately dome
Where ſtill the ſoul of NEWTON deigns to roam,
Inſpires each youthful candidate for fame,
His noonday viſion, and his midnight dream;
Ye happier few, by regal bounty fed,
Here eat in privacy and peace your bread;
Nor tempt the world, that monſter-bearing deep,
Where huſht in grim repoſe the tempeſts ſleep,
Where rocks, and ſands, dread miniſters of fate,
To whelm the pilot's hopes in ambuſh wait.
On a huge hill, that braves the neighbouring ſky,
Waſht by the ſable gulph of infamy,
Preferment's temple ſtands; the baſe how wide,
How ſteep the top, how cragged ev'ry ſide!
Compact of ice the dazzling mountain glows,
Like rocks of cryſtal, or Lapponian ſnows,
While all around the ſtorm-clad whirlwind rides,
Dread thunder breaks, and livid lightning glides,
Hither by hope enliven'd crouds repair,
Thick as the noontide ſwarms that float in air;

Dean joſtles dean, each ſuffragan his brother,
And half the jealous mob keeps down the other.
Ah little knows the wretch, that hath not try'd,
What hell it is this ſhouldring throng to bide,
Where gariſh art, and falſehood win the day,
And ſimple ſingle truth is ſpurn'd away:
Where round, and round, with painful ſteps and ſlow,
Whoe'er would ſcale the ſudden height muſt go;
Catch ev'ry twig, each brake and op'ning trace,
Pull down his friend, nay father from his place,
And raiſe himſelf by others foul diſgrace.
Yet ſome there are, gay Folly's flutt'ring train,
That free from care and toil the ſummit gain,
Sublimely ſoar on fortune's partial wind,
And leave the ſons of Science far behind.
Thus ſtraws and feathers eaſily can fly,
And the light ſcale is ſure to mount on high;
Thin air-blown bubbles with each breath are born,
And wind will raiſe the chaff, that leaves the corn.
Others again with crouds contentious ſtrive,
And thro' mere dint of oppoſition thrive;
Stiff in opinion, active, reſtleſs wights,
They riſe againſt the wind like paper kites:
'Twas thus proud RAMUS to the mitre flew,
Oppoſing, and oppos'd———

F. And thus muſt you———
If oppoſition, faction, broils prevail,
Take courage, friend, for ſure you ne'er can fail.

Miſguided youth, is ſatyre thus your turn!
Haſte while the baleful flames of party burn,
In hiſt'ry read go join the grand diſpute,
And give one hireling more to PITT, or BUTE.
Oh would you paint his lordſhip's jerkin o'er
With imps, and fiends (like baſe inquiſitor)
Then boldly hang him out to public view,
The ſcorn and laughter of the gaping crew,
How G ** A's ſons would ———

P. What?

F. Exult for joy,
And lift your grateful praiſes to the ſky.

P. Her ſons exult? your men of parts and ſkill
Change like their dreſs, their principles at will,
Where Mammon calls with haſte obſequious run,
And bow like Perſians to the riſing ſun.
Too long alas o'er Britain's bleeding land
Hath fell corruption wav'd her iron hand,
Too long poſſeſt a monarch's patient ear,
While all the ſons of freedom ſhrunk with fear.
Is there then one, whoſe breaſt religion warms,
And virtue decks with all her brighteſt charms;
Whoſe fiery glance the loathſome den pervades,
Where vice, and foul corruption ſculk in ſhades;
True to his king, and to the public juſt,
No dupe to paſſion, and no ſlave to luſt;
Whom all the good revere, the vile abuſe,
A friend to learning, and the gentle muſe;

Scotchman, or Teague—be this his patriot view,
I'll praiſe him, love him, friend, and ſo ſhall you.
Curſt be the lines (tho' ev'ry THESPIAN maid
Come uninvoked, and lend her timely aid,
View them, like THETIS, with a mother's eye,
And dip them o'er in dews of CASTALY)
Curſt be the lines, that pow'rful vice adorn,
Or treat fair virtue, and her friends with ſcorn:
Let 'em cloath candles, wrap up cheeſe, line trunks;
Or flutt'ring on a rail, 'midſt rogues and punks,
Ne'er meet the mild judicious critic's praiſe,
But die, like thoſe that FANNY ſings or ſays:
FANNY, dull wight, to whom the ghoſt appears
Of murder'd HORACE, pale and wan with tears;
FANNY, dull wight, a Mammon-ſerving ſlave,
Half politician, atheiſt, parſon, knave,
That drunk each night, and liquor'd ev'ry chink,
Dyes his red face in port, and his black ſoul in ink,
No ſly fanatic, no enthuſiaſt wild,
No party tool, beguiling and beguil'd,
No ſlave to pride, no canting pimp to pow'r,
Nor rigid churchman, nor diſſenter ſour,
No fawning flatterer to the baſe and vain,
No timiſt vile, or worſhipper of gain;
When gay not diſſolute, grave not ſevere,
Tho' learn'd no pedant, civil tho' ſincere;
Nor mean nor haughty, be one preacher's praiſe
That—if he riſe, he riſe by manly ways:
Yes, he abhors each ſordid ſelfiſh view,
And dreads the paths your men of art purſue;

Who

Who truſt ſome wand'ring meteor's dubious ray,
And fly like owls from truth's meridian day.

F. Alas, Alas! I plainly, friend, foreſee
In points like theſe we never ſhall agree.
Too ſure debar'd from all the joys of life,
From heav'n's beſt gifts, a living, and a wife,
Chain'd to a college you muſt waſte your days,
(Wrapt up in monkiſh indolence, and eaſe,)
In one dull round of ſleeping, eating, drinking,
A foe to care, but more a foe to thinking.
There when ten luſtrums are ſupinely ſpent
In ENVIOUS SLOTH, AND MOPISH DISCONTENT;
When not one friend, one comfort more remains;
But ſlowly creeps the cold blood thro' your veins,
And palſy'd hands, and tott'ring knees betray
An helpleſs ſtate of nature in decay;
While froward youth derides your ſqualid age,
And longs to ſhove you trembling off the ſtage;
Then then you'll blame your conduct—but too late,
And curſe your enemies, and friends, and fate.

P. Better be worn with age, with ills oppreſt,
Diſtreſt in fame, in fortune too diſtreſt;
Better unknown, and unlamented die,
With no kind friend to cloſe the parting eye,
(So all is calm, and undiſturb'd within)
Than feel, and fear the biting pangs of ſin.
For oh what odds, the curtain once withdrawn,
Betwixt a ſaint in rags, and rev'rend knave in lawn?

To PLEASURE.

AN ODE.

By the same.

I. 1.

HENCE from my ſight, unfeeling ſage,
Hence, to thy lonely hermitage!—
There far remov'd from joy, and pain,
Supinely ſlumber life away;
Act o'er dull yeſterday again,
And be thy morrow like to-day.
Reſt to thy bones!—While to the gale
Happier I ſpread my feſtive wing,
And like the wand'ring bee exhale
Freſh odours from life's honey'd ſpring;
From bloom to bloom in pleaſing rapture ſtray,
Where mirth invites, and pleaſure points the way.

I. 2.

Hail heav'n-born virgin fair, and free,
Of language mild, of aſpect gay,
Whoſe voice the ſullen family
Of care and diſcontent obey!

By

By thee inſpir'd the ſimpleſt ſcenes,
The ruſſet cots, the lowly glens,
Mountains, on whoſe craggy brow
Nature's lawleſs tenants feed,
Buſhy dells, and ſtreams, that flow
Thro' the vi'let-purpled mead,
Delight; thy breath exalts the rich perfumes,
That brooding o'er embalm the bean-flow'r field,
Beyond Sabean ſweets, and all the gums
The ſpicy deſarts of Arabia yield.

I. 3.

When the Attic bird complains
From the ſtill, attentive grove,
Or the linnet breathes his ſtrains,
Taught by nature, and by love;
Do thou approve the dulcet airs,
And Harmony's ſoft, ſilken chain,
In willing bondage leads our cares,
And binds the giant-ſenſe of pain:
Untun'd by thee, how coarſe the long-drawn note,
Spun from the lab'ring eunuch's tortur'd throat!
Harſh are the ſounds, tho' FARINELLI ſings,
Harſh are the ſounds, tho' HANDEL wakes the ſtrings:
Untouch'd by thee, ſee ſenſeleſs FLORIO ſits,
And ſtares, and gapes, and nods, and yawns by fits.

II. 1.

Oh Pleaſure come!—and far, far hence
Expel that nun, Indifference!

Where'er

Where'er ſhe waves her Ebon wand,
Drencht in the dull Lethæan deep,
Behold the marble paſſions ſtand
Abſorb'd in everlaſting ſleep!
Then from the waſte, and barren mind
The muſe's fairy-phantoms fly,
They fly, nor leave a wreck behind
Of heav'n-deſcended poeſy:
Love's thrilling tumults then are felt no more,
Quencht is the gen'rous heat, the rapt'rous throbs are o'er!

II. 2.

'Twas thou, O nymph, that led'ſt along
The fair Dione's wanton choir,
While to thy blitheſt, ſofteſt ſong,
Ten thouſand Cupids ſtrung the lyre:
Aloft in air the cherubs play'd
What time, in Cypria's myrtle-ſhade,
Young Adonis ſlumb'ring lay
On a bed of bluſhing flow'rs,
Call'd to life by early May,
And the roſy-boſom'd hours:
The queen of love beheld her darling boy,
In am'rous mood ſhe neſtled to his ſide,
And thus, to melt his frozen breaſt to joy,
Her wanton art ſhe gayly-ſmiling try'd.

II. 3.

From the muſk-roſe, wet with dew,
And the lily's op'ning bell,
From freſh eglantine ſhe drew
Sweets of aromatic ſmell:

Part of that honey next ſhe took,
Which Cupid too advent'rous ſtole,
When ſtung his throbbing hand he ſhook,
And felt the anguiſh to his ſoul:
His mother laught to hear the elf complain,
Yet ſtill ſhe pity'd, and reliev'd his pain;
She dreſt the wound with balm of ſov'reign might,
And bath'd him in the well of dear delight:
Ah who would fear to be ſo bath'd in bliſs,
More agonizing ſmart, and deeper wounds than this?—

III. 1.

Her magic zone ſhe next unbound,
And wav'd it in the air around:
Then cull'd from ever-frolic ſmiles,
That live in Beauty's dimpled cheek,
Such ſweetneſs as the heart beguiles,
And turns the mighty ſtrong to weak:
To theſe ambroſial dew ſhe join'd,
And o'er the flame of warm deſire,
Fan'd by ſoft ſighs, love's gentleſt wind,
Diſſolv'd, and made the charm entire;
O'er her moiſt lips, that bluſh'd with heav'nly red,
The graces' friendly hand the bleſt ingredients ſpread.

III. 2.

Adonis wak'd—he ſaw the fair,
And felt unuſual tumults riſe;
His boſom heav'd with am'rous care,
And humid languor veil'd his eyes!
Driv'n by ſome ſtrong impulſive pow'r
He ſought the moſt ſequeſter'd bow'r,

Where diffus'd on Venus' breaſt,
Firſt he felt extatic bliſs,
Firſt her balmy lips he preſt,
And devour'd the new-made KISS:
But, O my muſe, thy tatt'ling tongue reſtrain,
Her ſacred riſes what mortal dares to tell?
She crowns the ſilent, leads the blabbing ſwain
To doubts, deſires, and fears, the fev'riſh lover's hell.

III. 3.

Change then, ſweeteſt nymph of nine,
Change the ſong, and fraught with pleaſures
String anew thy ſilver twine,
To the ſofteſt, Lydian meaſures!
My Cynthia calls, whoſe natal hour
Th' aſſiſtant graces ſaw, and ſmil'd;
Then deign'd his Cyprian charms to pour
With laviſh bounty o'er the child:
Sithence where'er the ſiren moves along,
In pleaſing wonder chain'd is ev'ry tongue,
Love's ſoft ſuffuſion dims the aching eyes,
Love's ſubtleſt flame thro' ev'ry art'ry flies:
Our trembling limbs th' unequal pulſe betray,
We gaze in tranſport loſt—then faint, and die away.

ALBIN and the DAUGHTER of MEY.

An old tale, tranſlated from the Iriſh.

By the late Mr. JEROM STONE.

WHence come theſe diſmal ſounds that fill our ears!
Why do the groves ſuch lamentations ſend!
Why ſit the virgins on the hill of tears,
While heavy ſighs their tender boſoms rend!
They weep for ALBIN with the flowing hair,
Who periſh'd by the cruelty of MEY;
A blameleſs hero, blooming, young, and fair;
Becauſe he ſcorn'd her paſſion to obey.
See on yon weſtern hill the heap of ſtones,
Which mourning friends have raiſed o'er his bones!

O woman! bloody, bloody was thy deed;
The blackneſs of thy crime exceeds belief;
The ſtory makes each heart but thine to bleed,
And fills both men and maids with keeneſt grief!
Behold thy daughter, beauteous as the ſky,
When early morn tranſcends yon eaſtern hills,
She lov'd the youth who by thy guile did die,
And now our ears with lamentations fills:

'Tis

'Tis ſhe, who ſad, and grov'ling on the ground,
Weeps o'er his grave, and makes the woods reſound.

A thouſand graces did the maid adorn:
Her looks were charming and her heart was kind;
Her eyes were like the windows of the morn,
And Wiſdom's habitation was her mind.
A hundred heroes try'd her love to gain:
She pity'd them, yet did their ſuits deny:
Young ALBIN only courted not in vain,
ALBIN alone was lovely in her eye:
Love fill'd their boſoms with a mutual flame;
Their birth was equal, and their age the ſame.

Her mother MEY, a woman void of truth,
In practice of deceit and guile grown old,
Conceiv'd a guilty paſſion for the youth,
And in his ear the ſhameful ſtory told:
But o'er his mind ſhe never could prevail;
For in his life no wickedneſs was found;
With ſhame and rage he heard the horrid tale,
And ſhook with indignation at the ſound:
He fled to ſhun her; while with burning wrath
The monſter, in revenge, decreed his death.

Amidſt Lochmey, at diſtance from the ſhore,
On a green iſland, grew a ſtately tree,
With precious fruit each ſeaſon cover'd o'er,
Delightful to the taſte, and fair to ſee:

This

This fruit, more ſweet than virgin honey found,
Serv'd both alike for phyſic and for food;
It cur'd diſeaſes, heal'd the bleeding wound,
And hunger's rage for three long days withſtood.
But precious things are purchas'd ſtill with pain,
And thouſands try'd to pluck it, but in vain.

For at the root of this delightful tree,
A venomous and awful dragon lay,
With watchful eyes, all horrible to ſee,
Who drove th' affrighted paſſengers away.
Worſe than the viper's ſting its teeth did wound,
The wretch who felt it ſoon behov'd to die;
Nor could phyſician ever yet be found
Who might a certain antidote apply:
Ev'n they whoſe ſkill had ſav'd a mighty hoſt,
Againſt its bite no remedy could boaſt.

Revengeful MEY, her fury to appeaſe,
And him deſtroy who durſt her paſſion ſlight,
Feign'd to be ſtricken with a dire diſeaſe,
And call'd the hapleſs ALBIN to her ſight:
"Ariſe, young hero! ſkill'd in feats of war,
On yonder lake your dauntleſs courage prove;
To pull me of the fruit, now bravely dare,
And ſave the mother of the maid you love.
I die without its influence divine;
Nor will I taſte it from a hand but thine."

With downcaſt-look the lovely youth reply'd,
" Though yet my feats of valour have been few,
My might in this adventure ſhall be try'd;
I go to pull the healing fruit for you."
With ſtately ſteps approaching to the deep,
The hardy hero ſwims the liquid tide;
With joy he finds the dragon faſt aſleep,
Then pulls the fruit, and comes in ſafety back;
Then with a chearful countenance, and gay,
He gives the preſent to the hands of MEY.

" Well have you done, to bring me of this fruit;
But greater ſigns of proweſs muſt you give:
Go pull the tree entirely by the root,
And bring it hither, or I ceaſe to live."
Though hard the taſk, like lightning faſt he flew,
And nimbly glided o'er the yielding tide;
Then to the tree with manly ſteps he drew,
And pull'd, and tugg'd it hard, from ſide to ſide:
Its burſting roots his ſtrength could not withſtand;
He tears it up, and bears it in his hand.

But long, alas! ere he could reach the ſhore,
Or fix his footſteps on the ſolid ſand,
The monſter follow'd with a hideous roar,
And like a fury graſp'd him by the hand.
Then, gracious God! what dreadful ſtruggling roſe!
He graſps the dragon by th' invenom'd jaws,
In vain: for round the bloody current flows,
While its fierce teeth his tender body gnaws.

He

He groans through anguiſh of the grievous wound,
And cries for help; but, ah! no help was found!

At length the maid, now wond'ring at his ſtay,
And rack'd with dread of ſome impending ill,
Swift to the lake, to meet him, bends her way;
And there beheld what might a virgin kill!
She ſaw her lover ſtruggling on the flood,
The dreadful monſter gnawing at his ſide;
She ſaw young ALBIN fainting, while his blood
With purple tincture dy'd the liquid tide!
Though pale with fear, ſhe plunges in the wave,
And to the hero's hand a dagger gave!

Alas! too late; yet gath'ring all his force,
He drags, at laſt, his hiſſing foe to land.
Yet there the battle ſtill grew worſe and worſe,
And long the conflict laſted on the ſtrand.
At length he happily deſcry'd a part,
Juſt where the ſcaly neck and breaſt did meet;
Through this he drove a well-directed dart,
And laid the monſter breathleſs at his feet.
The lovers ſhouted when they ſaw him dead,
While from his trunk they cut the bleeding head.

But ſoon the venom of his mortal bite
Within the hero's boſom ſpreads like flame;
His face grew pale, his ſtrength forſook him quite,
And o'er his trembling limbs a numbneſs came.

Then fainting on the ſlimy ſhore he fell,
And utter'd, with a heavy, dying groan,
Theſe tender words, " My lovely maid, farewel!
Remember ALBIN; for his life is gone!"
Theſe ſounds, like thunder, all her ſenſe oppreſs'd,
And ſwooning down ſhe fell upon his breaſt.

At laſt, the maid awak'ning as from ſleep,
Felt all her ſoul o'erwhelm'd in deep deſpair,
Her eyes ſtar'd wild, ſhe rav'd, ſhe could not weep,
She beat her boſom, and ſhe tore her hair!
She look'd now on the ground, now on the ſkies,
Now gaz'd around, like one imploring aid:
But none was near in pity to her cries,
No comfort came to ſooth the hapleſs maid!
Then graſping in her palm, that ſhone like ſnow,
The youth's dead hand, ſhe thus expreſs'd her wo.

Burſt, burſt, my heart! the lovely youth is dead,
Who, like the dawn, was wont to bring me joy;
Now birds of prey will hover round his head,
And wild beaſts ſeek his carcaſe to deſtroy;
While I who lov'd him, and was lov'd again,
With ſighs and lamentable ſtrains muſt tell,
How by no hero's valour he was ſlain,
But ſtruggling with a beaſt inglorious fell!
This makes my tears with double anguiſh flow,
This adds affliction to my bitter woe!

Yet fame and dauntleſs valour he could boaſt;
With matchleſs ſtrength his manly limbs were bound;
That force would have diſmay'd a mighty hoſt,
He ſhow'd, before the dragon could him wound.
His curling locks, that wanton'd in the breeze,
Were blacker than the raven's ebon wing;
His teeth were whiter than the fragrant trees,
When bloſſoms clothe them in the days of ſpring;
A brighter red his glowing cheeks did ſtain,
Than blood of tender heifer newly ſlain.

A purer azure ſparkled in his eye,
Than that of icy ſhoal in mountain found;
Whene'er he ſpoke, his voice was melody,
And ſweeter far than inſtrumental ſound.
O he was lovely! fair as pureſt ſnow,
Whoſe wreaths the tops of higheſt mountains crown;
His lips were radiant as the heav'nly bow;
His ſkin was ſofter than the ſofteſt down;
More ſweet his breath than fragrant bloom, or roſe,
Or gale that croſs a flow'ry garden blows.

But when in battle with our foes he join'd,
And ſought the hotteſt dangers of the fight,
The ſtouteſt chiefs ſtood wond'ring far behind,
And none durſt try to rival him in might!
His ample ſhield then ſeem'd a gate of braſs,
His awful ſword did like the lightning ſhine!
No force of ſteel could through his armour paſs,
His ſpear was like a maſt, or mountain-pine!

Ev'n kings and heroes trembled at his name,
And conqueſt ſmil'd where-'er the warrior came!

Great was the ſtrength of his unconquer'd hand,
Great was his ſwiftneſs in the rapid race;
None could the valour of his arm withſtand,
None could outſtrip him in the days of chace.
Yet he was tender, merciful, and kind;
His vanquiſh'd foes his clemency confeſs'd;
No cruel purpoſe labour'd in his mind,
No thought of envy harbour'd in his breaſt.
He was all gracious, bounteous, and benign,
And in his ſoul ſuperior to a king!

But now he's gone! and nought remains but wo
For wretched me; with him my joys are fled,
Around his tomb my tears ſhall ever flow,
The rock my dwelling, and the clay my bed!
Ye maids, and matrons, from your hills deſcend,
To join my moan, and anſwer tear for tear;
With me the hero to his grave attend,
And ſing the ſongs of mourning round his bier.
Through his own grove his praiſe we will proclaim,
And bid the place for ever bear his name.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A BALLAD.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

'TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
'And guide my lonely way,
'To where yon taper cheers the vale,
'With hoſpitable ray.

'For here, forlorn and loſt I tread,
'With fainting ſteps and ſlow;
'Where wilds immeaſurably ſpread,
'Seem lengthening as I go.'

'Forbear, my ſon,' the hermit cries,
'To tempt the dangerous gloom;
'For yonder faithleſs phantom flies
'To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here to the houſeleſs child of want,
'My door is open ſtill;
'And tho' my portion is but ſcant,
'I give it with good will.

'Then

'Then turn to night, and freely ſhare
'Whate'er my cell beſtows;
'My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
'My bleſſing and repoſe.

'No flocks that range the valley free,
'To ſlaughter I condemn:
'Taught by that power that pities me,
'I learn to pity them.

'But from the mountain's graſſy ſide,
'A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
'A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
'And water from the ſpring.

'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
'All earth-born cares are wrong:
'Man wants but little here below,
'Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heav'n deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care!
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now when buſy crowds retire
To take their evening reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt;

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gayly preſt, and ſmil'd,
And ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To ſooth the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the hermit ſpy'd,
With anſwering care oppreſt:
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,
'The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

'From

'From better habitations ſpurn'd,
'Reluctant doſt thou rove;
'Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
'Or unregarded love?

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
'Are trifling and decay;
'And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
'More trifling ſtill than they.

'And what is friendſhip but a name,
'A charm that lulls to ſleep;
'A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
'But leaves the wretch to weep?

'And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
'The modern fair one's jeſt,
'On earth unſeen, or only found
'To warm the turtle's neſt.

'For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
'And ſpurn the ſex,' he ſaid:
But, while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpriz'd he ſees new beauties riſe
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms,
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

'And, ah, forgive a ſtranger rude,
'A wretch forlorn,' ſhe cry'd,
'Whoſe feet unhallowed thus intrude
'Where heaven and you reſide.

'But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
'Whom love has taught to ſtray:
'Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
'Companion of her way.

'My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
'A wealthy lord was he;
'And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
'He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms,
'Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
'Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
'And felt or feign'd a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
'With richeſt proffers ſtrove:
'Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
'But never talk'd of love.

'In

'In humble ſimpleſt habit clad,
'No wealth nor power had he;
'Wiſdom and worth were all he had,
'But theſe were all to me.

'The bloſſom opening to the day
'The dews of heaven refin'd,
'Could nought of purity diſplay,
'To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the bloſſom on the tree,
'With charms inconſtant ſhine;
'Their charms were his, but woe to me,
'Their conſtancy was mine.

'For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
'Importunate and vain;
'And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
'I triumph'd in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
'He left me to my pride;
'And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
'In ſecret where he died.

'But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
'And well my life ſhall pay,
'I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
'And ſtretch me where he lay.——

'And

'And there forlorn deſpairing hid,
'I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
'And ſo for him will I.'

'Forbid it, heaven!' the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
'My charmer, turn to ſee,
'Thy own, thy long loſt Edwin here,
'Reſtor'd to love and thee.

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
'And ev'ry care reſign:
'And ſhall we never, never part,
'My life,—my all that's mine.

'No, never, from this hour to part,
'We'll live and love ſo true;
'The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
'Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

THE

CIT's COUNTRY-BOX, 1757.

By ROBERT LLOYD, A.M.

Vos ſapere & ſolos aio bene vivere, quorum,
Conſpicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis. Hor.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wiſhes for the rural ſhade,
And buckles to his one-horſe chair,
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in cloſely by his ſide,
Sits madam, his unweildly bride,
With Jacky on a ſtool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce paſt the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country ſeems to ſmile!
And as they ſlowly jog together,
The cit commends the road and weather;
While madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry houſe ſhe ſees,
Admires its views, its ſituation,
And thus ſhe opens her oration.
What ſignify the loads of wealth,
Without that richeſt jewel, health?

Excuſe the fondneſs of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such eaſeleſs toil, ſuch conſtant care,
Is more than human ſtrength can bear.
One may obſerve it in your face—
Indeed, my dear, you break apace:
And nothing can your health repair,
But exerciſe, and country air.
Sir Traffic has a houſe, you know,
About a mile from Cheney-Row:
He's a good man, indeed 'tis true,
But not ſo warm, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to ſneer—
One would not be out-done, my dear!
Sir Traffic's name ſo well apply'd
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmoſt deference to his wife,
Confeſs'd her arguments had reaſon,
And by th' approaching ſummer ſeaſon,
Draws a few hundreds from the ſtocks,
And purchaſes his country box.
Some three or four mile out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down,)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road:
And ſo convenient does it lay,
The ſtages paſs it ev'ry day:
And then ſo ſnug, ſo mighty pretty,
To have an houſe ſo near the city!

Take but your places at the Boar
You're ſet down at the very door.
Well then, ſuppoſe them fix'd at laſt,
White-waſhing, painting, ſcrubbing paſt,
Hugging themſelves in eaſe and clover,
With all the fuſs of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred!
And wanton in my lady's head.
Well to be ſure, it muſt be own'd,
It is a charming ſpot of ground;
So ſweet a diſtance for a ride,
And all about ſo countrified!
'Twould come to but a trifling price
To make it quite a paradiſe;
I cannot bear thoſe naſty rails,
Thoſe ugly broken mouldy pales:
Suppoſe, my dear, inſtead of theſe,
We build a railing, all Chineſe,
Although one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis diſmal to be thus inclos'd;
One hardly any object ſees—
I wiſh you'd fell thoſe odious trees.
Objects continual paſſing by
Were ſomething to amuſe the eye,
But to be pent within the walls—
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our houſe beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;

While

While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze,
Should on our little manſion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's country ſeat.
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For madam's TASTE can never fail.
Bleſt age! when all men may procure
The title of a connoiſſeur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a ſingle word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Chriſtian names;
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
Whim, Caprice, Je-ne ſcai-quoi, Virtù:
Which appellations all deſcribe
TASTE, and the modern taſteful tribe.
Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chineſe artiſts, and deſigners,
Produce their ſchemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The uſeful dome, which ſecret ſtood,
Emboſom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ler with amazement ſees
A temple, Gothic, or Chineſe,
With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
And creſted with a ſprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent aſtride
A ditch of water, four foot wide,
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact deſigns.

In front, a level lawn is ſeen,
Without a ſhrub upon the green,
Where Taſte would want its firſt great law,
But for the ſkulking, ſly ha-ha,
By whoſe miraculous aſſiſtance,
You gain a proſpect two fields diſtance.
And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
The gods of Athens, and of Rome.
Here ſquabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumſy graces:
Apollo there, with aim ſo clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there, without the pow'r to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.
The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own, that Thrifty has a taſte;
And madam's female friends, and couſins,
With common-council-men, by dozens,
Flock ev'ry Sunday to the feaſt,
To ſtare about them, and to eat.

THE ACTOR.

ADDRESSED TO

BONNELL THORNTON, Eſq;

BY THE SAME.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws
From no obſervance of mechanic laws:
No ſettled maxims of a fav'rite ſtage,
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary ſkill.
If, 'mongſt the humble hearers of the pit,
Some curious vet'ran critic chance to ſit,
Is he pleas'd more becauſe 'twas acted ſo
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago?
The mind recals an object held more dear,
And hates the copy, that it comes ſo near.
Why lov'd we Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone;
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
A Garrick's genius muſt our wonder raiſe,
But gives his mimic no reflected praiſe.

Thrice happy Genius, whoſe unrival'd name
Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!
'Tis thine to lead, with more than magic ſkill,
The train of captive paſſions at thy will;
To bid the burſting tear ſpontaneous flow
In the ſweet ſenſe of ſympathetic woe:
Through ev'ry vein I feel a chilneſs creep,
When horrors ſuch as thine have murder'd ſleep;
And at the old man's look and frantic ſtare
'Tis Lear alarms me, for I ſee him there.
Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,
The comic muſe too claims thee for her own.
With each delightful requiſite to pleaſe,
Taſte, ſpirit, judgment, elegance, and eaſe,
Familiar nature forms thy only rule,
From Ranger's rake to Drugger's vacant fool.
With powers ſo pliant, and ſo various bleſt,
That what we ſee the laſt, we like the beſt.
Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expence,
But burſt outrageous with the laugh of ſenſe:
Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.
The play'r's profeſſion (tho' I hate the phraſe,
'Tis ſo mechanic in theſe modern days)
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or ſtart,
Nature's true knowledge is his only art.
The ſtrong-felt paſſion bolts into the face,
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace?
To this one ſtandard make your juſt appeal,
Here lies the golden ſecret; learn to FEEL.

Or fool, or monarch, happy, or diſtreſt,
No actor pleaſes that is not poſſeſs'd.
Once on the ſtage, in Rome's declining days,
When Chriſtians were the ſubject of their plays,
E'er perſecution dropp'd her iron rod,
And men ſtill wag'd an impious war with God,
An actor flouriſh'd of no vulgar fame,
Nature's diſciple, and Geneſt his name.
A noble object for his ſkill he choſe,
A martyr dying 'midſt inſulting foes;
Reſign'd with patience to religion's laws,
Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cauſe.
Fill'd with th' idea of the ſecret part,
He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
While look and voice, and geſture, all expreſt
A kindred ardour in the player's breaſt;
Till as the flame thro' all his boſom ran,
He loſt the actor, and commenc'd the man:
Profeſt the faith, his pagan gods denied,
And what he acted then, he after died.
The player's province they but vainly try,
Who want theſe pow'rs, deportment, voice, and eye.
The critic ſight 'tis only grace can pleaſe,
No figure charms us if it has not eaſe.
There are, who think the ſtature all in all,
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
The feeling ſenſe all other want ſupplies,
I rate no actor's merit from his ſize.
Superior height requires ſuperior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the ſolemn pace of ſtate.
One foot put forward in poſition ſtrong,
The other, like its vaſſal, dragg'd along.
So grave each motion, ſo exact and ſlow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet-ſhow.
The mien delights us that has native grace,
But affectation ill ſupplies its place.

Unſkilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thouſand ſhapes;
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a ſtart.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line;
Who but allows his attitude is fine?
While a whole minute equipois'd he ſtands,
Till praiſe diſmiſs him with her echoing hands!
Reſolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pauſe,
By perſeverance to extort applauſe.
When Romeo ſorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madneſs burſts the canvas tomb,
The ſudden whirl, ſtretch'd leg, and lifted ſtaff,
Which pleaſe the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the paſſion's force, and mark it well,
The proper action nature's ſelf will tell:
No pleaſing pow'rs diſtortions e'er expreſs,
And nicer judgment always loaths exceſs.
In ſock or buſkin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Diſguſts our reaſon, and the taſte confounds.
Of all the evils which the ſtage moleſt,
I hate your fool who overacts his jeſt:

Who

Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
With ſhrug, and grin, and geſture out of place,
And writes a fooliſh comment with his face.
Old Johnſon once, tho' Cibber's perter vein
But meanly groupes him with a num'rous train,
With ſteady face, and ſober hum'rous mien,
Fill'd the ſtrong outlines of the comic ſcene.
What was writ down, with decent utt'rance ſpoke,
Betray'd no ſymptom of the conſcious joke;
The very man in look, in voice, in air,
And tho' upon the ſtage, appear'd no play'r.
The word and action ſhould conjointly ſuit,
But acting words is labour too minute.
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
While ſober humour marks th' impreſſion ſtrong.
Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
And bring me cloſer to the poet's wit;
With her delighted o'er each ſcene I go,
Well-pleas'd, and not aſham'd of being ſo.
But let the generous actor ſtill forbear
To copy features with a mimic's care!
'Tis a poor ſkill, which ev'ry fool can reach,
A vile ſtage-cuſtom, honour'd in the breach.
Worſe as more cloſe, the diſingenuous art
But ſhews the wanton looſeneſs of the heart.
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public ſcene,
Forſaking nature's fair and open road
To mark ſome whim, ſome ſtrange peculiar mode,

Fir'd with diſguſt, I loath his ſervile plan,
Deſpiſe the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hoſpitals repair,
And hunt for humour in diſtortions there!
Fill up the meaſure of the motley whim
With ſhrug, wink, ſnuffle, and convulſive limb;
Then ſhame at once, to pleaſe a trifling age,
Good ſenſe, good manners, virtue, and the ſtage!
'Tis not enough the voice be ſound and clear,
'Tis modulation that muſt charm the ear.
When deſperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their ſorrows in a ſee-ſaw tone,
The ſame ſoft ſounds of unimpaſſioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.
The voice all modes of paſſion can expreſs,
That marks the proper word with proper ſtreſs.
But none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphaſis on all.
Some o'er the tongue the labour'd meaſures roll
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
Point ev'ry ſtop, mark ev'ry pauſe ſo ſtrong,
Their words, like ſtage-proceſſions, ſtalk along.
All affectation but creates diſguſt,
And e'en in ſpeaking we may ſeem too juſt.
Nor proper, Thornton, can thoſe ſounds appear
Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear:
In vain for them the pleaſing meaſure flows,
Whoſe recitation runs it all to proſe;
Repeating what the poet ſets not down,
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,

While

While pauſe, and break, and repetition join
To make a diſcord in each tuneful line.
Some placid natures fill th' allotted ſcene
With lifeleſs drone, inſipid and ſerene;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almoſt crack your ears with rant and roar.
More nature oft and finer ſtrokes are ſhown,
In the low whiſper than tempeſtuous tone.
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze,
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who ſwol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the ſtage.
He, who in earneſt ſtudies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A ſingle look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd oh.
Up to the face the quick ſenſation flies,
And darts its meaning from the ſpeaking eyes!
Love, tranſport, madneſs, anger, ſcorn, deſpair,
And all the paſſions, all the ſoul is there.
In vain Ophelia gives her flowrets round,
And with her ſtraws fantaſtic ſtrews the ground,
In vain now ſings, now heaves the deſp'rate ſigh,
If phrenzy ſit not in the troubled eye.
In Cibber's look commanding ſorrows ſpeak,
And call the tear faſt trickling down my cheek.
There is a fault which ſtirs the critic's rage;
A want of due attention on the ſtage.

I have ſeen actors, and admir'd ones too,
Whoſe tongues wound up ſet forward from their cue;
In their own ſpeech who whine, or roar away,
Yet ſeem unmov'd at what the reſt may ſay;
Whoſe eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects roam,
Until the prompter's voice recal them home.
Diveſt yourſelf of hearers, if you can,
And ſtrive to ſpeak, and be the very man.
Why ſhould the well-bred actor wiſh to know
Who ſits above to-night, or who below?
So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
Italian ſquallers oft diſgrace the ſtage;
When, with a ſimp'ring leer, and bow profound,
The ſqueaking Cyrus greets the boxes round;
Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
Familiar drops a curt'ſie to her grace.
To ſuit the dreſs demands the actor's art,
Yet there are thoſe who over-dreſs the part.
To ſome preſcriptive right gives ſettled things,
Black wigs to murd'rers, feather'd hats to kings:
But Michael Caſſio might be drunk enough,
Tho' all his features were not grim'd with ſnuff.
Why ſhou'd Pol Peachum ſhine in ſatin cloaths?
Why ev'ry devil dance in ſcarlet hoſe?
But in ſtage-cuſtoms what offends me moſt
Is the ſlip-door, and ſlowly-riſing ghoſt.
Tell me, nor count the queſtion too ſevere,
Why need the diſmal powder'd forms appear?
When chilling horrors ſhake th' affrighted king,
And guilt torments him with her ſcorpion ſting;

When

When keeneſt feelings at his boſom pull,
And fancy tells him that the ſeat is full;
Why need the ghoſt uſurp the monarch's place,
To frighten children with his mealy face?
The king alone ſhou'd form the phantom there,
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.
If Belvidera her lov'd loſs deplore,
Why for twin ſpectres burſts the yawning floor?
When with diſorder'd ſtarts, and horrid cries,
She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
And ſtill purſues them with a frantic ſtare,
'Tis pregnant madneſs brings the viſions there.
More inſtant horror would enforce the ſcene,
If all her ſhudd'rings were at ſhapes unſeen.
Poet and actor thus, with blended ſkill,
Mould all our paſſions to their inſtant will;
'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the ſtage,
(The ſpeaking comment of his Shakeſpear's page)
Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
I ſhake with horror, or diſſolve with tears.
O, ne'er may folly ſeize the throne of taſte,
Nor dulneſs lay the realms of genius waſte!
No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,
No tumbler float upon the bending wire!
More natural uſes to the ſtage belong,
Than tumblers, monſters, pantomime, or ſong.
For other purpoſe was that ſpot deſign'd:
To purge the paſſions, and reform the mind,
To give to nature all the force of art,
And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.

Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend,
The decent ſtage as virtue's natural friend.
Tho' oft debas'd with ſcenes profane and looſe,
No reaſon weighs againſt it's proper uſe.
Tho' the lewd prieſt his ſacred function ſhame,
Religion's perfect law is ſtill the ſame.
Shall they, who trace the paſſions from their riſe,
Shew ſcorn her features, her own image vice?
Who teach the mind it's proper force to ſcan,
And hold the faithful mirror up to man,
Shall their profeſſion e'er provoke diſdain,
Who ſtand the foremoſt in the mortal train,
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
And ſtrike the precept home upon the heart?
Yet, hapleſs artiſt! tho' thy ſkill can raiſe
The burſting peal of univerſal praiſe,
Tho' at thy beck applauſe delighted ſtands,
And lifts, Briareus' like, her hundred hands,
Know, fame awards thee but a partial breath!
Not all thy talents brave the ſtroke of death.
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
And lateſt times th' eternal nature feel.
Tho' blended here the praiſe of bard and play'r,
While more than half becomes the actor's ſhare,
Relentleſs death untwiſts the mingled fame,
And ſinks the player in the poet's name.
The pliant muſcles of the various face,
The mien that gave each ſentence ſtrength and grace,
The tuneful voice, the eye that ſpoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a ſingle trace behind.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

By DAVID MALLET, Eſq;

I.

'TWAS at the ſilent, ſolemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided MARGARET's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at WILLIAM's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud:
And clay-cold was her lilly-hand,
That held her ſable ſhroud.

III.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flower,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt opening to the view.

V. But

V.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

VI.

Awake! ſhe cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

VII.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithleſs ſwain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, WILLIAM, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath:
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

IX.

Why did you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?

X.

How could you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

XI. Why

XI.

Why did you ſay, my lip my ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid,
Believe the flattering tale!

XII.

That face, alas! no more is fair;
Thoſe lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
This winding ſheet I wear:
And cold and weary laſts our night,
Till that laſt morn appear.

XIV.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

XV.

The lark ſung loud; the morning ſmil'd,
With beams of roſy red:
Pale WILLIAM quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where MARGARET's body lay:
And ſtretch'd him on the graſs-green turf,
That wrap'd her breathleſs clay.

XVII. And

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on MARGARET's name,
  And thrice he wept full ſore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
  And word ſpoke never more!

N. B. In a comedy of FLETCHER, called *The Knight of the burning Peſtle*, old MERRY THOUGHT enters repeating the following verſes:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
  And all were faſt aſleep,
In came MARGARET's grimly ghoſt,
  And ſtood at WILLIAM's feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of ſome ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote; and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. Theſe lines, naked of ornament and ſimple as they are, ſtruck my fancy: and, bringing freſh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem; which was written many years ago.

A FRAGMENT.

By the same.

* * *

FAIR morn aſcends : ſoft zephir's wing
O'er hill and vale renews the ſpring :
Where, ſown profuſely, herb and flower,
Of balmy ſmell, of healing power,
Their ſouls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe freſh life in every gale.
Here, ſpreads a green expanſe of plains,
Where, ſweetly-penſive, Silence reigns ;
And there, at utmoſt ſtretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the ſky ;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rowls with ſounding ſweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I ſeem alone with Nature here !
Here are thy walks, O ſacred Health !
The monarch's bliſs, the beggar's wealth !
The ſeaſoning of all good below !
The ſovereign friend in joy or woe !
O thou, moſt courted, moſt deſpis'd,
And but in abſence duly priz'd !

Power of the ſoft and roſy face!
The vivid pulſe, the vermil grace,
The ſpirits when they gayeſt ſhine,
Youth, beauty, pleaſure, all are thine!
O ſun of life! whoſe heavenly ray
Lights up, and chears, our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The ſtorm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till Nature, with thy parting light,
Repoſes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of ſtate,
Abodes of ſplendid pain, and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in ſweet ſleep,
Hot Riot would his anguiſh ſteep,
But toſſes thro' the midnight-ſhade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to ſhady cell,
Where Temperance, where the muſes dwell;
Thou oft art ſeen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In ſilence feaſting ear and eye,
With ſong and proſpect, which abound
From birds, and woods and waters round.
But when the ſun, with noontide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat ſits fervent on the plain,
With Thirſt and Languor in his train;
All nature ſickening in the blaze:
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,

That

That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring ſteep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolneſs has her ſeat.
There, plung'd amid the ſhadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flowery nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf ſhivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The diſtant woodman's echoing ſtroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in viſion led,
He holds high converſe with the dead;
Sages, or Poets. See they riſe!
And ſhadowy ſkim before his eyes.
Hark! ORPHEUS ſtrikes the lyre again,
That ſoften'd ſavages to men:
Lo! SOCRATES, the ſent of heaven,
To whom it's moral will was given.
Fathers and friends of human kind,
They form'd the nations or refin'd,
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.
While thus I mus'd beneath the ſhade,
At once the ſounding breeze was laid:
And Nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe.

Dumb ſilence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When iſſuing from the inmoſt wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's GENIUS good.
O Freedom! ſovereign boon of heaven;
Great Charter, with our being given;
For which the patriot, and the ſage,
Have plan'd, have bled thro' every age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
What but from God immediate came!

* * * *

ZEPHIR: or, the STRATAGEM.

BY THE SAME.

Egregiam vero laudem et ſpolia ampla refertis,
Una *dolo* Divûm *ſi* Foemina *victa* duorum *eſt*. VIRG.

THE ARGUMENT.

A certain young lady was ſurprized, on horſe-back, by a violent ſtorm of wind and rain from the SOUTH-WEST; which made her diſmount, ſomewhat precipitately.

THE God, in whoſe gay train appear
Thoſe gales that wake the purple year;
Who lights up health and bloom and grace
In NATURE's, and in MIRA's face;

To ſpeak more plain, the weſtern wind,
Had ſeen this brighteſt of her kind:
Had ſeen her oft with freſh ſurprize!
And ever with deſiring eyes!
Much, by her ſhape, her look, her air,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar fair;
More, by the meaning ſoul that ſhines
Thro' all her charms, and all refines.
Born to command, yet turn'd to pleaſe,
Her form is dignity, with eaſe:
Then—ſuch a hand, and ſuch an arm,
As age or impotence might warm!
Juſt ſuch a leg too, ZEPHIR knows,
The Medicéan VENUS ſhows!
So far he ſees; ſo far admires.
Each charm is fewel to his fires:
But other charms, and thoſe of price,
That form the bounds of PARADISE,
Can thoſe an equal praiſe command;
All turn'd by Nature's fineſt hand?
Is all the conſecrated ground
With plumpneſs, firm, with ſmoothneſs, round?
The world, but once, one ZEUXIS ſaw,
A faultleſs form who dar'd to draw:
And then, that all might perfect be,
All rounded off in due degree,
To furniſh out the matchleſs piece,
Were rifled half the toaſts of GREECE.
'Twas PITT's white neck, 'twas DELIA's thigh;
'Twas WALDEGRAVE's ſweetly-brilliant eye;

'Twas gentle PEMBROKE's eaſe and grace,
And HERVEY lent her maiden-face.
But dares he hope, on BRITISH ground,
That theſe may all, in one, be found?
Theſe chiefly that ſtill ſhun his eye?
He knows not; but he means to try.
AURORA riſing, freſh and gay,
Gave promiſe of a golden day,
Up, with her ſiſter, MIRA roſe,
Four hours before our London beaus;
For theſe are ſtill aſleep and dead,
Save ARTHUR's ſons—not yet in bed.
A roſe, impearl'd with orient dew,
Had caught the paſſing fair one's view;
To pluck the bud he ſaw her ſtoop,
And try'd, behind, to heave her hoop:
Then, while acroſs the daiſy'd lawn
She turn'd, to feed her milk-white fawn,
Due weſtward as her ſteps ſhe bore,
Would ſwell her petticoat, before;
Would ſubtley ſteal his face between,
To ſee—what never yet was ſeen!
"And ſure, to fan it with his wing,
No nine-month ſymptom e'er can bring;
His aim is but the nymph to pleaſe,
Who daily courts his cooling breeze."
But liſten, fond believing maid:
When Love, ſoft traitor, would perſuade,
With all the moving ſkill and grace
Of practic'd paſſion in his face,

Dread

Dread his approach, diſtruſt your power——
For oh! there is one ſhepherd's hour:
And tho' he long, his aim to cover,
May, with the friend, diſguiſe the lover,
The ſenſe, or nonſenſe, of his wooing
Will but adore you into ruin.
But, for thoſe butterflies, the beaus,
Who buzz around in tinſel-rows,
Shake, ſhake them off, with quick diſdain:
Where inſects ſettle, they will ſtain.
Thus, ZEPHIR oft the nymph aſſail'd,
As oft his little arts had fail'd:
The folds of ſilk, the ribs of whale,
Reſiſted ſtill his feeble gale.
With theſe repulſes vex'd at heart,
Poor ZEPHIR has recourſe to art:
And his own weakneſs to ſupply,
Calls in a brother of the ſky,
The rude South-Weſt; whoſe mildeſt play
Is war, mere war, the Ruſſian way:
A tempeſt-maker by his trade,
Who knows to raviſh, not perſuade.
The terms of their aëreal league,
How firſt to harraſs and fatigue,
Then, found on ſome remoter plain,
To ply her cloſe with wind and rain;
Theſe terms, writ fair and ſeal'd and ſign'd
Should WEB or STUKELY wiſh to find,
Wiſe antiquaries, who explore
All that has ever paſs'd—and more;

Tho' here too tedious to be told,
Are yonder in ſome cloud enroll'd,
Thoſe floating regiſters in air:
So let them mount, and read 'em there.
The grand alliance thus agreed,
To inſtant action they proceed;
For 'tis in war a maxim known,
As Prussia's monarch well has ſhown,
To break, at once, upon your foe,
And ſtrike the firſt preventive blow.
With Toro's lungs, in Toro's form,
Whoſe very how-d'ye is a ſtorm,
The dread South-Weſt his part begun,
Thick clouds, extinguiſhing the ſun,
At his command, from pole to pole
Dark-ſpreading, o'er the fair one roll;
Who, preſſing now her favourite ſteed,
Adorn'd the pomp ſhe deigns to lead.
O Mira! to the future blind,
Th' inſidious foe is cloſe behind:
Guard, guard your treaſure, while you can;
Unleſs this God ſhould be the man.
For lo! the clouds, at his known call,
Are cloſing round—they burſt! they fall!
While at the charmer, all-aghaſt,
He pours whole winter in a blaſt:
Nor cares, in his impetuous mood,
If navies founder on the flood;

If BRITAIN's coaſt be left as bare *
As he reſolves to leave the fair.
Here, Gods reſemble human breed;
The world be damn'd—ſo they ſucceed.
Pale, trembling, from her ſteed ſhe fled,
With ſilk, lawn, linen, round her head;
And, to the fawns who fed above,
Unveil'd the laſt receſs of love.
Each wondering fawn was ſeen to bound †,
Each branchy deer o'erleap'd his mound,
At ſight of that ſequeſter'd glade,
In all its light, in all its ſhade,
Which riſes there for wiſeſt ends,
To deck the temple it defends.
Lo! gentle tenants of the grove,
For what a thouſand heroes ſtrove,
When EUROPE, ASIA, both in arms,
Diſputed one fair lady's charms.
The war pretended HELEN's eyes ‡;
But this, believe it, was the prize.
This rous'd ACHILLES' mortal ire,
This ſtrung his HOMER's epic lyre;
Gave to the world LA MANCHA's knight,
And ſtill makes bulls and heroes fight.
Yet, tho' the diſtant conſcious muſe
This airy rape delighted views;

* The very day on which the fleet under admiral HAWKE was blown into TORBAY.

† Immemor herbarum quos eſt mirata Juvenca. VIRG.

‡ Et fuit ante HELENAM, &c. HOR.

Yet

Yet ſhe, for honour guides her lays,
Enjoying it, diſdains to praiſe,
If Frenchmen always fight with odds,
Are they a pattern for the gods?
Can Ruſſia, can th' Hungarian vampire *,
With whom caſt in the SWEDES and empire,
Can four ſuch powers, who one aſſail,
Deſerve our praiſe, ſhould they prevail?
O mighty triumph! high renown!
Two gods have brought one mortal down;
Have club'd their forces in a ſtorm,
To ſtrip one helpleſs female form!
Strip her ſtark naked; yet confeſs,
Such charms are Beauty's faireſt dreſs!
But, all-inſenſible to blame,
The ſky-born raviſhers on flame
Enchanted at the proſpect ſtood,
And kiſs'd with rapture what they view'd.
Sleek S**R too had done no leſs?
Would parſons here the truth confeſs:
Nay, one briſk PEER, yet all-alive,
Would do the ſame, at eighty-five †.
But how, in colours ſoftly-bright,
Where ſtrength and harmony unite,
To paint the limbs, that fairer ſhow
Than MESSALINA's borrow'd ſnow;

* A certain miſchievous demon that delights much in human blood; of whom there are many ſtories told in Hungary.

† We believe there is a miſtake in this reading; for the perſon beſt informed and moſt concerned aſſures, that it ſhould be only *ſeventy-five*.

To paint the roſe, that, thro' its ſhade,
With theirs, one human eye ſurvey'd;
Would gracious PHOEBUS tell me how,
Would he the genuine draught avow,
The muſe, a ſecond TITIAN then,
To fame might conſecrate her pen!
That TITIAN, Nature gave of old
The queen of beauty to behold,
Like MIRA unadorn'd by dreſs,
But all-complete in nakedneſs:
Then bade his emulating art
Thoſe wonders to the world impart.
Around the ready graces ſtand,
His tints to blend, to guide his hand.
Each heightening ſtroke, each happy line,
Awakes to life the form divine;
Till rais'd and rounded every charm,
And all with youth immortal warm,
He ſees, ſcarce crediting his eyes,
He ſees a brighter VENUS riſe!
But, to the gentle reader's coſt,
His pencil with his life, was loſt:
And MIRA muſt contented be,
To live by RAMSAY, and by ME.

EDWIN

EDWIN AND EMMA.

By the same.

Mark it, Cesario, *it is true and plain.*
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chant it. It is ſilly Sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. Shakes. Twelfth Night.

I.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſheltering wood,
The ſafe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage ſtood.

II.

There beauteous Emma flouriſh'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
To ſee her bleſt, and die.

III.

The ſofteſt bluſh that Nature ſpreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour ſmiles thro' heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

IV. Nor

IV.

Nor let the pride of great ones ſcorn
This charmer of the plains:
That ſun, who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lilly deigns.

V.

Long had ſhe fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with deſpair;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not ſhe was fair.

VI.

Till EDWIN came, the pride of ſwains,
A ſoul devoid of art;
And from whoſe eye, ſerenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart,

VII.

A mutual flame was quickly caught:
Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

VIII.

What happy hours of home-felt bliſs
Did love on both beſtow!
But bliſs too mighty long to laſt,
Where fortune proves a foe.

IX.

His ſiſter, who, like ENVY form'd,
Like her in miſchief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill,
Each darker art employ'd.

X.

The father too, a ſordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

XI.

Long had he ſeen their ſecret flame,
And ſeen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at laſt
Had ſternly diſapprov'd.

XII.

In EDWIN's gentle heart, a war
Of differing paſſions ſtrove:
His heart, that durſt not diſobey,
Yet could not ceaſe to love.

XIII.

Deny'd her ſight, he oft behind
The ſpreading hawthorn crept,
To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
Where EMMA walk'd and wept.

XIV.

Oft too on STANEMORE's wintry waſte,
Beneath the moonlight-ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul,
The midnight-mourner ſtray'd.

XV.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaſt:
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
Before the northern blaſt.

XVI. The

XVI.

The parents now, with late remorſe,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd heaven with fruitleſs vows,
And fruitleſs ſorrow ſhed.

XVII.

'Tis paſt! he cry'd—but if your ſouls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold,
What they muſt ever love!

XVIII.

She came; his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Faſt-falling o'er the primroſe pale,
So morning dews appear.

XIX.

But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care,
A cruel ſiſter ſhe!
Forbade what Emma came to ſay;
"My Edwin live for me."

XX.

Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs wept
The church-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
Her lover's funeral ſong.

XXI.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In every buſh his hovering ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.

XXII.

Alone, appall'd, thus had ſhe paſs'd
The viſionary vale ———
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
Sad-ſounding in the gale!

XXIII.

Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſtep,
Her aged mother's door——
He's gone! ſhe cry'd; and I ſhall ſee
That angel-face no more!

XXIV.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide——
From her white arm down ſunk her head;
She ſhivering ſigh'd, and died.

A

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

By Mrs. GREVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the Gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary;
For once I'll try my wiſh to gain
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet

Sweet airy being, wanton ſprite,
That lurk'ſt in woods unſeen;
And oft by Cynthia's ſilver light
Tripſt gaily o'er the green!

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As ancient ſtories tell,
And for th' Athenian maid, who lov'd,
Thou ſought'ſt a wondrous ſpell;

Oh! deign once more t' exert thy power;
Haply ſome herb or tree,
Sov'reign as juice of weſtern flower,
Conceals a balm for me.

I aſk no kind return of love,
No tempting charm to pleaſe:
Far from the heart thoſe gifts remove,
That ſighs for peace and eaſe.

Nor peace nor eaſe the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as diſtreſs the ſoul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree:
'Tis bliſs but to a certain bound;
Beyond is agony.

Take then this treacherous ſenſe of mine,
Which dooms me ſtill to ſmart;
Which pleaſure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart.

Oh, haſte to ſhed the ſacred balm!
My ſhatter'd nerves new-ſtring;
And for my gueſt, ſerenely calm,
The nymph, Indifference bring.

At her approach, ſee Hope, ſee Fear,
See Expectation fly;
And Diſappointment in the rear,
That blaſts the promis'd joy.

The tear, which pity taught to flow,
The eye ſhall then diſown:
The heart that melts for other's woe,
Shall then ſcarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then ſhall cloſe,
And tranquil days ſhall ſtill ſucceed
To nights of calm repoſe.

O, fairy elf! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort ſend;
And ſo may never-fading bliſs
Thy flow'ry paths attend!

So

So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light
Thy tiny footſteps lead
To ſome new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
With heav'ns ambroſial dew;
From ſweeteſt, freſheſt flow'rs diſtill'd,
That ſhed freſh ſweets for you.

And what of life remains for me,
I'll paſs in ſober eaſe;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
Content but half to pleaſe.

ODE on the Duke of YORK's ſecond Departure from England, as REAR ADMIRAL.

By the Author of the SHIPWRECK.

AGAIN the royal ſtreamers play!
To glory Edward haſtes away:
Adieu ye happy ſylvan bowers
Where Pleaſure's ſprightly throng await!
Ye domes where regal grandeur towers
In purple ornaments of ſtate!

Ye ſcenes where virtue's ſacred ſtrain
Bids the tragic Muſe complain!
Where Satire treads the comic ſtage,
To ſcourge and mend a venal age:
Where Muſic pours the ſoft, melodious lay,
And melting ſymphonies congenial play!
Ye ſilken ſons of eaſe, who dwell
In flowery vales of peace, farewel!
In vain the Goddeſs of the myrtle grove
Her charms ineffable diſplays;
In vain ſhe calls to happier realms of love,
Which Spring's unfading bloom arrays:
In vain her living roſes blow,
And ever-vernal pleaſures grow;
The gentle ſports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful ſhore:
Arcadian eaſe no longer charms,
For war and fame alone can pleaſe.
His glowing boſom beats to arms,
To war the hero moves, thro' ſtorms and wint'ry ſeas.

Tho' danger's hoſtile train appears
To thwart the courſe that honor ſteers;
Deſpiſing peril and diſmay,
Our royal ſailor haſtes away:
His country calls; to guard her laws,
Lo! ev'ry joy the gallant youth reſigns;
Th' avenging naval ſword he draws,
And o'er the waves conducts her martial lines:
Hark! his ſprightly clarions play,
Follow where he leads the way;

The ſhrill-ton'd fife, the thundering drum,
Tell the deeps their maſter's come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike ſon
The thorny courſe of virtue run,
When, taught by her unerring voice,
He made the glorious choice:
Severe, indeed, th' attempt he knew,
Youth's genial ardors to ſubdue:
For Pleaſure Cytherea's form aſſum'd,
Her glowing charms divinely bright,
In all the pride of beauty bloom'd,
And ſtruck his raviſh'd ſight.
Transfix'd, amaz'd,
Alcides gaz'd
O'er every angel-grace
Of that all-lovely face;
While deepening bluſhes ſoon confeſt
The alternate paſſions in his breaſt.
Her lips of coral hue,
Young Spring embalm'd with nectar-dew:
That ſwelling boſom half-reveal'd,
Thoſe eyes that ſparkle heavenly light,
His breaſt with tender tumults fill'd,
And wak'd his ſoul to ſoft delight.
Her limbs, that amorous ſilks enfold,
Were caſt in nature's fineſt mould;
Perſuaſion's ſweeteſt language hung
In melting accents on her tongue:

Deep in his heart, th' inchanting tale
Impreſt her pleaſing power,
She points along the daiſied vale,
And ſhews th' Elyſian bower:
Her hand, that trembling ardors move,
Conducts him bluſhing to the bleſt alcove,
That ſweet receſs of dying love!
Ah! ſee o'erpower'd by beauty's arms,
And won by love's reſiſtleſs charms,
The captive youth obeys the ſtrong alarms!

And will no guardian power above
From ruin ſave the ſon of Jove?
Ah! ſhall that ſoft delicious chain
The godlike victim thus enſlave;
Kind heaven his ſinking ſoul ſuſtain,
And from perdition ſnatch the brave!—
By heavenly mandate Virtue came,
To wake the ſlumbering ſparks of fame,
To kindle and arouſe the dying flame.
Swift as the quivering needle wheels,
Whoſe point the magnet's influence feels;
Impreſt with filial awe,
The wondering hero ſaw
Her form tranſcendent ſhine
With majeſty divine;
And while he view'd the holy maid,
His heart a ſacred impulſe ſway'd:
His eyes with eager tumult roll,
As on each rival-nymph they bend,
Whilſt love, regret, and hope divide his ſoul
By turns, and with conflicting anguiſh rend.

But ſoon he felt fair Virtue's voice compoſe
The painful ſtruggle of inteſtine woes:
He felt her balm each pang deſtroy:
And all the numbers of his heart,
Retun'd by her celeſtial art,
Now ſwell'd to ſtrains of nobler joy.
Thus tutor'd by her magic lore,
His happy ſteps the realms explore,
Where guilt and error are no more:
The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,
Before her breath diſpelling, melt away.
Broke looſe from Pleaſure's glittering chain,
He ſcorn'd the ſoft inglorious reign:
Convinc'd, reſolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,
And in his breaſt paternal glory burn'd.

So when on Britain's other hope ſhe ſhone,
Like him the royal youth ſhe won:
Thus taught, he flies the peaceful ſhore,
And bids our warlike fleet advance,
The hoſtile ſquadrons to explore,
To curb the powers of Spain and France:
Aloft his martial enſigns flow!
And hark! his brazen trumpets blow!
The watry profound,
Awak'd by the ſound,
All trembles around:
While Edward o'er the azure fields
Fraternal thunder wields:
High on the deck behold he ſtands,
And views around his floating bands

In awful order join ;
They, while the warlike trumpet's ſtrain
Deep-ſounding, ſwells along the main,
Extend th' embattled line.
Now with ſhouting peals of joy,
The ſhips their horrid tubes diſplay,
Tier over tier in terrible array,
And wait the ſignal to deſtroy.
The ſailors all burn to engage:
Hark! hark! their ſhouts ariſe,
And ſhake the vaulted ſkies!
Exulting with Bacchanal rage;
While Britain in thunder array'd,
Her ſtandard of battle diſplay'd!
Then Neptune that ſtandard revere,
Whoſe power is ſuperior to thine!
And when her proud ſquadrons appear,
The trident and chariot reſign!

Albion, wake thy grateful voice!
Let thy hills and vales rejoice!
O'er remoteſt hoſtile regions
Thy victorious flags are known;
Thy reſiſtleſs martial legions
Dreadful ſtride from zone to zone:
Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,
And all the trembling globe controul.
Thy ſeamen, invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud can ſubdue:
All diſſonant ſtrife they diſclaim;
And only are rivals in fame.

For Edward tune your harps, ye Nine!
Triumphant ſtrike each living ſtring!
For him in extacy divine,
Your choral Io Paeans ſing!
For him your feſtal concerts breathe!
For him your flowery garlands wreathe!
Wake! O wake the joyful ſong!
Ye Fauns of the woods,
Ye Nymphs of the floods,
The muſical current prolong?
Ye Sylvans that dance on the plain,
To ſwell the grand chorus accord!
Ye Tritons, that ſport on the main,
Exulting, acknowledge your Lord!
Till all the wild numbers combin'd,
That floating proclaim
Our admiral's name,
In ſymphony roll on the wind!

O! while conſenting Britons praiſe,
Theſe votive meaſures deign to hear;
For thee, the Muſe awakes her artleſs lays,
For thee her harp ſpontaneous plays
The tribute of a ſoul ſincere.
Nor thou, illuſtrious chief, refuſe
The incenſe of a naval Muſe!
No happy ſon of wealth or fame,
To court a royal patron came:
A hapleſs youth, whoſe vital page
Was one ſad lengthen'd tale of woe,
Where ruthleſs fate, impelling tides of rage,
Bade wave on wave in dire ſucceſſion flow,

To glittering ſtars and titled names unknown,
Prefer'd his ſuit to thee alone.
The tragic tale your pity mov'd;
You felt, conſented, and approv'd.
Then touch my ſtrings, ye bleſt Pierian quire!
Exalt to rapture every happy line!
My boſom kindle with Promethean fire,
And ſwell each note with energy divine!
No more to plaintive ſounds of woe
Let the vocal numbers flow!
But tune to war the nervous ſtrain,
Where Horror ſtrides triumphant o'er the main;
Where the fell lightning of the battle pours
Along the blaſted wave in flaming ſhowers.
Perhaps ſome future patriot-lay
With this important theme may glow,
Where Albion's ſquadrons crowd in black array,
To roll her thunders on th' inſulting foe.
My boſom feels the ſtrong alarms,
My ſwelling pulſes beat to arms;
While warm'd to life by Fancy's genial ray,
Some great event ſeems kindling into day;
But Time the veil of ſilence draws between,
While Thought behind portrays th' ideal ſcene.

To SICKNESS; AN ELEGY.

By Mr. DELAP.

HOW blithe the flow'ry graces of the ſpring
From nature's wardrobe come! and hark how gay
Each glittering inſect, hovering on the wing,
Sings their glad welcome to the fields of May!

They gaze, with greedy eye, each beauty o'er;
They ſuck the ſweet breath of the bluſhing roſe;
Sport in the gale, or ſip the rainbow ſhow'r;
Their life's ſhort day no pauſe of pleaſure knows.

Like their's, dread pow'r! my chearful morn diſplay'd
The flattering promiſe of a golden noon,
'Till each gay cloud, that ſportive nature ſpread,
Dy'd in the gloom of thy diſtemper'd frown.

Yes, ere I told my two-and-twentieth year,
Swift from thy quiver flew the deadly dart;
Harmleſs it paſs'd 'mid many a blithe compeer,
And found its fated entrance near my heart.

Pale

Pale as I lay beneath thy ebon wand,
I ſaw them rove thro' pleaſure's flowery field;
I ſaw Health paint them with her roſy hand,
Eager to burſt my bonds, but fore'd to yield.

Yet, while this mortal cot of mould'ring clay
Shakes at the ſtroke of thy tremendous power,
Ah! muſt the tranſient tenant of a day
Bear the rough blaſt of each tempeſtuous hour?

Say; ſhall the terrors thy pale flag unfolds,
Too rigid queen! unnerve the ſoul's bright powers,
Till with a joyleſs ſmile the eye beholds
Art's magic charms, and nature's fairy bowers?

No, let me follow ſtill, thoſe bow'rs among,
Her flow'ry footſteps as the goddeſs goes;
Let me, juſt lifted 'bove th' unletter'd throng,
Read the few books the learned few compoſe.

And ſuffer, when thy aweful pleaſure calls
The ſoul to ſhare her frail companion's ſmart,
Yet ſuffer me to taſte the balm that falls,
From Friendſhip's tongue, ſo ſweet upon the heart.

Then, tho' each trembling nerve confeſs thy frown,
Ev'n till this anxious being ſhall become
But a brief name upon a little ſtone,
Without one murmur I embrace my doom.

For many a virtue, ſhelter'd from mankind,
Lives calm with thee, and lord o'er each deſire;
And many a feeble frame, whoſe mighty mind
Each muſe has touch'd with her immortal fire.

Ev'n * He, ſole terror of a venal age,
The tuneful bard, whoſe philoſophic ſoul
With ſuch bright radiance glow'd on Virtue's page,
Learn'd many a leſſon from thy moral ſchool.

He † too, who "mounts and keeps his diſtant way,"
His daring mind thy humanizing glooms
Have temper'd with a melancholy ray,
And taught to warble 'mid the village tombs.

Yes, goddeſs, to thy temple's deep receſs
I come, and lay for ever at its door
The ſyren throng of follies numberleſs,
Nor wiſh their flattering ſongs ſhould ſoothe me more.

Thy decent garb ſhall o'er my limbs be ſpread,
Thy hand ſhall lead me to thy ſober train,
Who here retir'd, with penſive pleaſure tread
The ſilent windings of thy dark domain.

Hither the cherub Charity ſhall fly,
From her bright orb, and brooding o'er my mind,
For miſery raiſe a ſympathizing ſigh,
Pardon for foes, and love for human kind.

* Mr. POPE. † Mr. GRAY.

Then

Then, while Ambition's trump, from age to age
Its ſlaughter'd millions boaſts; while Fame ſhall rear
Her deathleſs trophies o'er the bard and ſage;
Be mine the widow's ſigh, the orphan's pray'r.

VERSES to the People of ENGLAND 1758.

By WIL. WHITEHEAD, Eſq; Poet Laureat.

- - - - - Mures animos in martia bella
Verſibus exacuit. - - - - - - - - Hor.

BRITONS, rouſe to deeds of death!
Waſte not zeal in idle breath,
Nor loſe the harveſt of your ſwords
In a civil-war of words!
Wherefore teems the ſhameleſs preſs
With labour'd births of emptineſs?
Reas'nings, which no facts produce,
Eloquence, that murders uſe;
Ill-tim'd Humour, that beguiles
Weeping idiots of their ſmiles;
Wit, that knows but to defame,
And Satire, that profanes the name.
Let th' undaunted Grecian teach
The uſe and dignity of ſpeech,
At whoſe thunders nobly thrown
Shrunk the MAN of MACEDON.

If

If the ſtorm of words muſt riſe,
Let it blaſt our enemies;
Sure and nervous be it hurl'd
On the PHILIPS of the world.
Learn not vainly to deſpiſe
(Proud of EDWARD's victories!)
Warriors wedg'd in firm array,
And navies powerful to diſplay
Their woven wings to every wind,
And leave the panting foe behind.
Give to France the honours due,
France has chiefs and ſtateſmen too;
Breaſts which patriot-paſſions feel,
Lovers of the common-weal.
And when ſuch the foes we brave,
Whether on the land or wave,
Greater is the pride of war,
And the conqueſt nobler far.
Agincourt and Creſſy long
Have flouriſh'd in immortal ſong;
And liſping babes aſpire to praiſe
The wonders of ELIZA's days.
And what elſe of late renown
Has added wreaths to Britain's crown;
Whether on th' impetuous Rhine
She bade her harneſs'd warriors ſhine,
Or ſnatch'd the dangerous palm of praiſe
Where the Sambre meets the Maeſe;
Or Danube rolls her watry train;
Or the yellow-treſſed Mayne

Thro' Dettingen's immortal vale——
Even Fontenoy could tell a tale,
Might modeſt worth ingenuous ſpeak,
To raiſe a bluſh on Victory's cheek;
And bid the vanquiſh'd wreaths diſplay
Great as on Culloden's day.

But glory, which aſpires to laſt,
Leans not meanly on the paſt.
'Tis the preſent now demands
Britiſh hearts, and Britiſh hands.
Curſt be he, the willing ſlave,
Who doubts, who lingers to be brave.
Curſt be the coward tongue that dare
Breath one accent of deſpair,
Cold as winter's icy hand
To chill the genius of the land.

Chiefly you, who ride the deep,
And bid our thunders wake or ſleep,
As pity leads, or glory calls——
Monarchs of your wooden walls!
Midſt our mingling ſeas and ſkies
Riſe ye Blakes, ye Raleighs riſe!
Let the ſordid luſt of gain
Be baniſh'd from the liberal main.
He who ſtrikes the generous blow
Aims it at the public foe.
Let glory be the guiding ſtar,
Wealth and honours follow her.

See! ſhe ſpreads her luſtre wide
O'er the vaſt Atlantic tide!

Conſtant as the ſolar ray
Points the path, and leads the way!
Other worlds demand your care,
Other worlds to Britain dear;
Where the foe inſidious roves
O'er headlong ſtreams, and pathleſs groves;
And juſtice ſimple laws confounds
With imaginary bounds.
If protected commerce keep
Her tenor o'er yon heaving deep,
What have we from war to fear?
Commerce ſteels the nerves of war;
Heals the havock rapine makes,
And new ſtrength from conqueſt takes.
Nor leſs at home O deign to ſmile,
Goddeſs of Britannia's iſle!
Thou, that from her rocks ſurvey'ſt
Her boundleſs realms the watry waſte;
Thou, that rov'ſt the hill and mead
Where her flocks and heifers feed;
Thou, that cheer'ſt the induſtrious ſwain
While he ſtrows the pregnant grain;
Thou, that hear'ſt his caroll'd vows
When th' expanded barn o'erflows;
Thou, the bulwark of our cauſe,
Thou, the guardian of our laws,
Sweet Liberty!——O deign to ſmile,
Goddeſs of Britannia's iſle!
If to us indulgent heaven
Nobler ſeeds of ſtrength has given,

Nobler ſhould the produce be;
Brave, yet gen'rous, are the free.
Come then, all thy powers diffuſe,
Goddeſs of extended views!
Ev'ry breaſt which feels thy flame
Shall kindle into martial fame,
'Till ſhame ſhall make the coward bold,
And Indolence her arms unfold:
Ev'n Avarice ſhall protect his hoard,
And the plow-ſhare gleam a ſword.
Goddeſs, all thy powers diffuſe!
And thou, genuine BRITISH MUSE,
Nurs'd amid ſtthe Druids old,
Where Deva's wizard waters roll'd,
Thou, that bear'ſt the golden key
To unlock eternity,
Summon thy poetic guard——
Britain ſtill has many a bard,
Whom, when time and death ſhall join
T' expand the ore, and ſtamp the coin,
Late poſterity ſhall own
Lineal to the Muſe's throne————
Bid them leave th' inglorious theme
Of fabled ſhade, or haunted ſtream.
In the daiſy-painted mead
'Tis to peace we tune the reed;
But when War's tremendous roar
Shakes the iſle from ſhore to ſhore,
Every bard of purer fire
Tyrtæus-like ſhould graſp the lyre;

Wake with verſe the hardy deed,
Or in the generous ſtrife like † SIDNEY bleed.

To WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq;

The PRODUCTION of Half an Hour's Leiſure.

Auguſt 30, 1761.

HEALTH to the bard, in Leaſowes' happy groves,
Health and ſweet converſe with the muſe he loves!
The lowlieſt vot'ry of the tuneful Nine,
With trembling hand, attempts her artleſs line,
In numbers ſuch as untaught nature brings,
As flow ſpontaneous, like the native ſprings.
But ah! what airy forms around me riſe,
The ruſſet mountain glows with richer dyes!
In circling dance a pigmy crowd appear,
And hark! an infant voice ſalutes my ear.
" Mortal, thy aim we know, thy taſk approve,
His merit honour, and his genius love;
For us what verdant carpets has he ſpread,
Where nightly we our myſtic mazes tread!
For us each ſhady grove and rural ſeat,
His falling ſtreams, and flowing numbers ſweet.
Didſt thou not mark amid the winding dell,
What tuneful verſe adorns the root-wove cell?

† Sir Philip Sidney, mortally wounded in an action near Zutphen, in Guelderland.

That every Fairy of our ſprightly train
Reſorts, to bleſs the woodland, and the plain;
There, as we move, unbidden ſplendors glow,
The green turf brightens, and the flowrets flow.
There oft with thought ſublime we bleſs the ſwain,
Nor we inſpire, nor he attends in vain.

Go, ſimple rhymer, bear this meſſage true,
The truths that Fairies dictate none ſhall rue.

Say to the bard, in Leaſowes' happy grove,
Whom Dryads honour, and whom Fairies love—
Content thyſelf no longer that thy lays
By others foſter'd, lend to others praiſe;
No longer to the fav'ring world refuſe
The welcome treaſures of thy poliſh'd muſe;
Collect the flowers that own thy valu'd name,
Unite the ſpoil, and give the wreath to Fame.
Ne'er can thy morals, taſte, or verſe engage
More ſolid fame, than in this happier age;
When ſenſe, when virtue's cheriſh'd by the throne,
And each illuſtrious privilege their own.
Tho' modeſt be thy gentle muſe, I ween,
O, lead her, bluſhing, from the daiſy'd green,
A fit attendant on Britannia's queen!"

Ye ſportive Elves, as faithful I relate,
Th' entruſted mandates of your fairy ſtate,
Viſit theſe wilds again with nightly care,
So ſhall my kine, of all the herd, repair,
In healthy plight, to fill the copious pail;
My ſheep be penn'd with ſafety in the dale;

My

My poultry fear no robber in the rooſt;
My linen more than common whiteneſs boaſt;
Let order, peace, and houſewif'ry be mine:
Shenſtone! be taſte, and fame, and fortune thine!

COTSWOULDIA.

A SONG.

WRITTEN TO A LADY.

WHEN the nymphs were contending for beauty and fame,
Fair Sylvia ſtood foremoſt in right of her claim,
When to crown the high tranſports dear conqueſt excites,
At court ſhe was envy'd and toaſted at White's.

II.

But how ſhall I whiſper this fair one's ſad caſe?
A cruel diſeaſe has ſpoil'd her ſweet face;
Her vermillion is chang'd to a dull ſettled red,
And all the gay graces of beauty are fled.

III.

Yet take heed, all ye fair, how you triumph in vain,
For Sylvia, tho' alter'd from pretty to plain,
Is now more engaging ſince reaſon took place,
Than when ſhe poſſeſs'd the perfections of face.

IV.

Convinc'd ſhe no more can coquet it and teaze,
Inſtead of tormenting——ſhe ſtudies to pleaſe:
Makes truth and diſcretion the guide of her life,
And tho' ſpoil'd for a toaſt, ſhe's well form'd for a wife.

To a LADY before MARRIAGE.

By the late Ingenious Mr. TICKEL. Not publiſhed in his Works.

OH! form'd by nature, and refin'd by art,
With charms to win, and ſenſe to fix the heart!
By thouſands ſought, Clotilda, can'ſt thou free
Thy crowd of captives, and deſcend to me?
Content in ſhades obſcure to waſte thy life,
A hidden beauty, and a country-wife.
O! liſten while thy ſummers are my theme,
Ah! ſooth thy partner in his waking dream!
In ſome ſmall hamlet on the lonely plain,
Where Thames, thro' meadows, rolls his mazy train;
Or where high Windſor, thick with greens array'd,
Waves his old oaks, and ſpreads his ample ſhade,
Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
Already round the viſionary ſeat
Our limes begin to ſhoot, our flow'rs to ſpring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to ſing.
Where doſt thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green?
Thou nameleſs lawn, and village yet unſeen?
Where ſons, contented with their native ground,
Ne'er travell'd further than ten furlongs round;

And

And the tann'd peaſant, and his ruddy bride,
Were born together, and together died.
Where early larks beſt tell tho morning-light,
And only Philomel diſturbs the night,
'Midſt gardens here my humble pile ſhall riſe,
With ſweets ſurrounded of ten thouſand dies;
All ſavage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
The haunt of echoes ſhall my woods aſcend;
And oh! if heav'n th' ambitious thought approve,
A rill ſhall warble croſs the gloomy grove,
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
Guſh down the ſteep, and glitter thro' the glade.
What cheering ſcents thoſe bord'ring banks exhale!
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thruſh, how ſhrill! his note ſo clear, ſo high,
He drowns each feather'd minſtrel of the ſky.
Here let me trace, beneath the purpled morn,
The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the ſprightly horn;
Or lure the trout with well-diſſembled flies,
Or fetch the flutt'ring partridge from the ſkies,
Nor ſhall thy hand diſdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine;
Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
Sometimes my books by day ſhall kill the hours,
While from thy needle riſe the ſilken flow'rs,
And, thou by turns to eaſe my feeble ſight,
Reſume the volume, and deceive the night.
Oh! when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppreſt,
Soft whiſp'ring, let me warn my love to reſt;

Then watch thee, charm'd, while ſleep locks every ſenſe,
And to ſweet heav'n commend thy innocence.
Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wiſe, hale, and honeſt, in the days of old;
Till courts aroſe, where ſubſtance pays for ſhow,
And ſpecious joys are bought with real wo.
See Flavia's pendants, large, well ſpread, and right,
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night:
Mark how th' embroider'd col'nel ſneaks away,
To ſhun the with'ring dame that made him gay;
That knave, to gain a title, loſt his fame;
That rais'd his credit by a daughter's ſhame;
This coxcomb's riband coſt him half his land,
And oaks, unnumber'd, bought that fool a wand.
Fond man, as all his ſorrows were too few,
Acquires ſtrange wants that nature never knew.
By midnight-lamps he emulates the day,
And ſleeps perverſe, the chearful ſuns away;
From goblets, high emboſs'd, his wine muſt glide,
Round his clos'd ſight the gorgeous curtain ſlide;
Fruits, ere their time, to grace his pomp muſt riſe,
And three untaſted courſes glut his eyes.
For this are nature's gentle calls withſtood,
The voice of conſcience, and the bonds of blood;
This wiſdom thy reward for ev'ry pain,
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.
Fair phantoms woo'd and ſcorn'd from age to age,
Since bards began to laugh, or prieſts to rage.
And yet, juſt curſe on man's aſpiring kind,
Prone to ambition, to example blind,

Our

Our children's children ſhall our ſteps purſue,
And the ſame errors be for ever new.
Mean while, in hope a guiltleſs country ſwain,
My reed with warblings chears th' imagin'd plain.
Hail humble ſhades, where truth and ſilence dwell!
Thou noiſy town, and faithleſs court farewel!
Farewel ambition, once my darling flame!
The thirſt of lucre, and the charm of fame!
In life's by-road, that winds thro' paths unknown,
My days, tho' number'd, ſhall be all my own.
Here ſhall they end, (O might they twice begin),
And all be white the fates intend to ſpin.

PROLOGUE upon PROLOGUES.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

AN old trite proverb let me quote!
As is your cloth, ſo cut your coat.—
To ſuit our *author* and his *farce*,
Short let me be! for wit is ſcarce.
Nor would I ſhew it, had I any,
The reaſons why are ſtrong and many.
Should I have wit, the piece have none,
A flaſh in pan with empty gun,
The piece is ſure to be undone.
A tavern with a gaudy ſign,
Whoſe buſh is better than the wine,

May

May cheat you once.—Will that device,
Neat as imported, cheat you twice?
'Tis wrong to raiſe your expectations:
Poets be dull in dedications!
Dulneſs in theſe to wit prefer——
But there indeed you ſeldom err.
In prologues, prefaces, be flat!
A ſilver button ſpoils your hat.
A thread-bare coat might jokes eſcape,
Did not the blockheads lace the cape.
A caſe in point to this before ye,
Allow me, pray, to tell a ſtory!
To turn the penny, once, a wit
Upon a curious fancy hit;
Hung out a board on which he boaſted,
Dinner for THREEPENCE! *Boil'd and roaſted!*
The hungry read, and in they trip,
With eager eye and ſmacking lip:
"Here, bring this boil'd and roaſted, pray!"
——Enter POTATOES—dreſs'd *each way*.
All ſtar'd and roſe, the houſe forſook,
And damn'd the dinner—kick'd the cook,
My landlord found, (poor *Patrick Kelly*),
There was no joking with the belly.
Theſe facts laid down, then thus I reaſon:
—Wit in a prologue's out of ſeaſon—
Yet ſtill will you for jokes ſit watching,
Like *Cock-lane* folks for *Fanny*'s ſcratching?
And here my ſimile's ſo fit,
For *Prologues* are but *Ghoſts* of wit,

Which

Which mean to ſhew their art and ſkill,
And ſcratch you to their Author's will.
In ſhort, for reaſous great and ſmall,
'Tis better to have none at all:
Prologues and *Ghoſts*—a paltry trade,
So let them both at once be *laid!*
Say but the word—give your commands——
We'll tie our prologue-monger's hands:
Confine theſe culprits (*holding up his hands*) bind'em tight,
Nor *Girls* can *ſcratch* nor *Fools* can write.

Mr. FOOTE's Address to the Public,

After a Proſecution againſt him for a Libel.

HUSH! let me ſearch before I ſpeak aloud—
Is no informer ſkulking in the croud!
With art laconic noting all that's ſaid,
Malice at heart, indictments in his head,
Prepar'd to levy all the legal war,
And rouſe the clamorous legions of the bar!
Is there none ſuch?—not one?—then *entre nous*,
I will a tale unfold, tho' ſtrange, yet true;
The application muſt be made by you.
At *Athens* once, fair queen of arms and arts,
There dwelt a citizen of moderate parts!
Preciſe his manner, and demure his looks,
His mind unletter'd, tho' he dealt in books;

Amorous,

Amorous, tho' old; tho' dull, lov'd repartee;
And penn'd a paragraph moſt daintily:
He aim'd at purity in all he ſaid,
And never once omitted *eth* nor *ed*;
It *hath*, and *doth*, was rarely known to fail,
Himſelf the hero of each little tale:
With wits and lords this man was much delighted,
And once (it has been ſaid) was near being knighted.
One *Ariſtophanes* (a wicked wit,
Who never heeded grace in what he writ)
Had mark'd the manner of this *Grecian* ſage,
And thinking him a ſubject for the ſtage,
Had, from the lumber, cull'd with curious care,
His voice, his looks, his geſture, gait and air,
His affectation, conſequence, and mien,
And boldly launch'd him on the comic ſcene;
Loud peals of plaudits thro' the circle ran,
All felt the ſatire, for all knew the man.
Then *Peter*—*Petros* was his claſſic name,
Fearing the loſs of dignity and fame,
To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,
Opens his purſe, and begs his beſt advice.
The fee ſecur'd, the lawyer ſtrokes his band,
"The caſe you put, I fully underſtand;
"The thing is plain from *Cocus*'s reports,
"For rules of poetry an't rules of courts:
"A libel this—I'll make the mummer know it."
A *Grecian* conſtable took up the poet;
Reſtrain'd the ſallies of his laughing muſe,
Call'd harmleſs humour ſcandalous abuſe:

The bard appeal'd from this ſevere decree:
Th' indulgent public ſet the priſ'ner free;
Greece was to him, what *Dublin* is to me.

EXTRACTED FROM

Mr. W. Whitehead's Charge to the Poets.

TIME was when poets play'd thorough the game,
Swore, drank, and bluſter'd, and blaſphem'd for fame,
The firſt in brothels with their punk and Muſe;
Your toaſt, ye bards? 'Parnaſſus and the ſtews!'
Thank heav'n, the times are chang'd; no poet now
Need roar for Bacchus, or to Venus bow.
'Tis our own fault if Fielding's laſh we feel,
Or, like French wits, begin with the Baſtile.
Ev'n in thoſe days ſome few eſcap'd the fate,
By better judgment, or a longer date,
And rode, like buoys, triumphant o'er the tide.
Poor Otway, in an ale-houſe dos'd and dy'd!
While happier Southern, tho' with ſports of yore,
Like Plato's hov'ring ſpirits, cruſted o'er,
Liv'd every mortal vapour to remove,
And to our admiration, join'd our love.
Light lie his funeral turf!—For you, who join
His decent manners to his art divine,
Would ye (whilſt, round you, toſs the Proud and Vain
Convuls'd with feeling, or with giving pain),

Indulge

Indulge the muſe in innocence and eaſe,
And tread the flow'ry path of life in peace?
Avoid all authors,—"What! th' illuſtrious Few,
Who ſhunning Fame have taught her to purſue
Fair Virtue's heralds?"—Yes, I ſay again,
Avoid all authors, till you've read the men.
Full many a peeviſh, envious, ſlandering elf,
Is in his works, Benevolence itſelf.
For all mankind, unknown, his boſom heaves,
He only injures thoſe with whom he lives.
Read then the Man: Does truth his actions guide,
Exempt from petulance, exempt from pride?
To ſocial duties does his heart attend,
As ſon, as father, huſband, brother, friend?
Do thoſe who know him love him? if they do,
You've *my* permiſſion, you may love him too.
But chief avoid the boiſt'rous roaring ſparks,
The ſons of fire!—you'll know them by their marks.
Fond to be heard they always court a croud,
And, tho' 'tis borrow'd nonſenſe, talk it loud.
One epithet ſupplies their conſtant chime,
Damn'd bad, *damn'd* good, *damn'd* low, and *damn'd* ſublime!
But moſt in quick ſhort repartee they ſhine;
Of local humour: or from plays purloin
Each quaint ſtale ſcrap which every ſubject hits,
Till fools almoſt imagine they are wits.
Hear them on Shakeſpear! there they foam, they rage!
Yet taſte not half the beauties of HIS page,
Nor ſee that art, as well as Nature, ſtrove
To place him foremoſt in th' Aonian grove.

For

For there, there only, where the ſiſters meet,
His Genius triumphs, and the work's complete.
Or would ye ſift more near theſe ſons of fire,
'Tis *Garrick*, and not Shakeſpear, they admire:
Without his breath, inſpiring every thought,
They ne'er perhaps had known what Shakeſpear wrote,
Without his eager, his becoming zeal,
To teach them, tho' they ſcarce know why, to feel,
A crude unmeaning maſs had Johnſon been,
And a dead letter Shakeſpear's nobleſt ſcene.

. . . . . .

I'm no enthuſiaſt, yet with joy can trace
Some gleams of ſhun-ſhine, for the tuneful race.
If *Monarchs* liſten when the Muſes woo,
Attention wakes, and nations liſten too.
The Bard grows rapturous, who was dumb before,
And every freſh plum'd eagle learns to ſoar!
Friend of the finer arts, when Egypt ſaw
Her ſecond Ptolemy give ſcience law,
Each genius waken'd from his dead repoſe,
The column ſwell'd, the pile majeſtic roſe,
Exact proportion borrow'd ſtrength from eaſe,
And uſe was taught by elegance to pleaſe,
Along the breathing walls, as fancy flow'd,
The ſculpture ſoften'd, and the picture glow'd,
Heroes reviv'd in animated ſtone,
The groves grew vocal, and the * Pleiads ſhone!

* The ſeven poets patroniſed by Ptolemy Philadelphus, are uſually called by the name of that conſtellation.

Old

Old Nilus rais'd his head, and wond'ring, cry'd,
" Long live the king! my patron! and my pride!"
Secure of endleſs praiſe, behold, I bear
My grateful ſuffrage to my ſovereign's ear.
Tho' war ſhall rage, tho' time ſhall level all,
Yon colours ſicken, and yon columns fall,
Tho' art's dear treaſures feed the waſting flame,
And the proud volume ſinks, an empty name;
Tho' Plenty may deſert this copious vale,
My ſtreams be ſcatter'd, or my fountains fail,
Yet Ptolemy has liv'd: the world has known
A king of arts, a patron on the throne,
Ev'n utmoſt Britain ſhall his name adore,
" And Nile be ſung when Nile ſhall be no more."
One rule remains. Nor ſhun nor court the great;
Your trueſt centre is that middle ſtate,
From whence with eaſe th' obſerving eye may go
To all which ſoars above, or ſinks below.
'Tis yours all manners to have try'd, or known,
T' adopt all virtues, yet retain your own;
To ſtem the tide, where thoughtleſs crouds are hurl'd;
The firm ſpectators of a buſtling world!
Thus arm'd, proceed: The breezes court your wing:
Go range all Helicon, taſte every ſpring;
From varying nature cull th' innoxious ſpoil,
And, whilſt amuſement ſooths the generous toil,
Let puzzled critics with ſuſpicious ſpite
Deſcant on what you can, or cannot write;
True to yourſelves, not anxious for renown,
Nor court the world's applauſe, nor dread its frown,

Guard

Guard your own breaſts, and be the bulwark there,
To know no envy, and no malice fear.
At laſt you'll find, thus ſtoic-like prepar'd,
That verſe and virtue are their own reward.

THE ELM AND VINE.

A FABLE.

Inſcribed to a LADY who expreſſed a great averſion to MARRIAGE.

IN Æſop's days, when trees cou'd ſpeak,
And talk in Hebrew, Latin, Greek,
An elm and vine, by chance near neighbours,
Tho' ſeparate, each purſu'd their labours;
The vine, with native ſweetneſs fraught,
For man prepar'd the chearing draught;
Her tendrils curl'd along the plain,
And ruddy cluſters ſwell'd amain.
The tow'ring elm could little boaſt,
But leaves——a barren ſhade at moſt;
Save when by woodman's ſturdy ſtroke
Cut down to make a chair, or ſpoke;
Yet tho' but ſmall his claim to merit,
Not wholly void of ſenſe or ſpirit,
His neighbour's worth he view'd with ſmiles,
And long'd to ſhare her uſeful toils.

For, "O! ſaid he, were we but one,
"Sure bliſs would enter here alone;
"For I by you encircled high,
"Should ſcorn the oak's proud majeſty,
"While your rich fruit time might mature
"From ſtorms and ſavage beaſts ſecure;
"Our mutual help would ſoothe our care,
"And heav'n approve the happy pair."
"Forbear, ſir elm, the vine reply'd,
"Nor wonder if your ſuit's deny'd.
"Shall I give up my independence,
"On your caprice to dance attendance?
"Muſt I, or nod, or bend, or twine,
"Juſt as your worſhip ſhall incline?
"Or ſhall my charms, which all admire,
"Become a barren tree's attire?
"No—ſeek more ſuitable alliance——
"I to all danger bid defiance.
"Here, unconfin'd, I range my fill;
"And bounteous nature waits my will."
At this the modeſt elm ſtruck mute,
Forbore to urge his friendly ſuit:
But, ſorely griev'd to meet diſdain,
A tender ſigh expreſs'd his pain.
When, lo! thick darkneſs veils the pole,
Dread lightnings flaſh, loud thunders roll;
Impetuous rains in floods deſcend,
And trembling nature fears an end.
The vine, faint, ſpiritleſs, forlorn,
Now ſeeks the ſuccour late her ſcorn:

Creeps

Creeps feebly to the elm's embrace;
And in his arms finds ſweet ſolace;
United thus they ſtorms defy,
And mutual grace and aid ſupply.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

ENGLISHMAN AT BOURDEAUX.

Performed ſince the concluſion of the peace, with univerſal applauſe, at PARIS.

TOO long by ſome fatality miſled,
From pride reſulting, or from folly bred;
Each clime to all the virtues lays a claim,
And ſoars, ſelf-flatter'd, to the top of fame;
Confines each merit to itſelf alone,
Or thinks no other equal to its own:
E'en the pale Ruſſian ſhiv'ring as he lies,
Beneath the horror of his bittereſt ſkies,
While the loud tempeſt rattles o'er his head,
Or burſts all dreadful on his tott'ring ſhed,
Hugs a ſoft ſomething cloſely to his ſoul,
That ſoothes the cutting ſharpneſs of the pole,
Elates his boſom with a conſcious pride,
And ſmiles contempt on all the world beſide.

'Tis your's, O France, the earlieſt to unbind
This more than Gordian manacle of mind!
To-night we bid your juſtice may be ſhewn
To foreign virtues equal with your own;
Think, nobly think, when nature firſt was born,
And fair creation kindled into morn,
The world was but one family, one band,
Which glow'd all grateful to the heavenly hand;
Thro' ev'ry breaſt a ſocial impulſe ran,
Link'd beaſt to beaſt, and faſten'd man to man,
And the ſole diff'rence which he heard, or had,
Dwelt in the ſimple phraſes, "good or bad."
Then ſcorn to give ſuch partial feelings birth,
As claim but one poor competence of earth;
Be more than French; on ev'ry country call,
And riſe, exalted, citizens of all.

EPILOGUE.

THE anxious ſtruggle happily o'erpaſt,
And ev'ry party ſatisfy'd at laſt;
It now remains to make one ſhort eſſay,
And urge the moral leſſon in the play.
In arts long ſince has Britain been renown'd,
In arms high honour'd, and in letters crown'd:
The ſame great goddeſs who ſo nobly ſung,
In Shakeſpear's ſtrains, and honey'd o'er his tongue,

Their deathleſs Marlbro' to the triumph led,
And wreath'd eternal laurels round his head;
Yet tho' the trump of never-dying fame
Strikes heav'n's high arches with the Britiſh name;
Tho' on the ſands of Africa it glows,
Or caſts a day-light on the Zemblian ſnows;
Still there are faults in Britain to be found,
Which ſpring as freely as in common ground.—
We are too gay,— they frequently too ſad;—
We run ſtark wild;—they melancholy mad;
Extremes of either reaſon will condemn,
Nor join with us, nor vindicate with them.
The human genius, like revolving ſuns,
An equal circuit in the boſom runs:
And thro' the various climates where 'tis plac'd,
Muſt ſtrike out new diverſities of taſte,
To one grand point eternally it leans,
Howe'er it warps or differs in the means.
Hence on no nation let us turn our eyes,
And idly raiſe it ſpotleſs to the ſkies;
Nor ſtill more idly let our cenſures fall,
Since knaves and madmen may be found in all.
Here then we reſt, nor further can contend,
For ſince the beſt will find ſome fault to mend,
Let us, where'er the virtues ſhed their fire,
With fervor reverence, and with zeal admire;
Exert our care the gath'ring blaze to trace,
And mark the progreſs only, not the place:
Confeſs alike the peaſant's and the king's,
Nor once conſider in what ſoil it ſprings.

AN

ODE ON ST. CÆCILIA's DAY,

Adapted to the antient Britiſh muſic, viz. the ſalt-box, the Jew's harp, the marrow-bones and cleavers, the hum-ſtrum or hurdy-gurdy, &c. as it was performed on June 10, 1763, at Ranelagh.

BY BONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

Cedite, Tibicines Itali, vos cedite, Galli;
Dico iterum vobis, cedite, Tibicines.
Cedite, Tibicines, vobis ter dico; quaterque
Jam vobis dico, cedite, Tibicines.

ALEX. HEINSIUS.

TRANSLATION OF THE MOTTO.

Yield, yield ye fidlers, French, Italians.
Yield, yield, I ſay again—Raſcallions.
One, two, three times I ſay, fidlers give o'er;
Yield ye, I now ſay, times 1, 2, 3, 4.

PART I.

RECITATIVE Accompanied.

BE dumb, be dumb, ye inharmonious ſounds,
And muſic, that the aſtoniſh'd ear with diſcord wounds:
No more let common rhymes prophane the day.

GRAND

GRAND CHORUS.

Grac'd with divine Cæcilia's name;
Let ſolemn hymns this aweful feaſt proclaim,
And heavenly notes conſpire to raiſe the heav'nly lay.

RECIT. Accompanied.

The meanor melody we ſcorn,
Which vulgar inſtruments afford;
Shrill flute, ſharp fiddle, bellowing horn,
Rumbling baſſoon, or tinkling harpſichord.

AIR.

In ſtrains more exalted the ſalt-box ſhall join,
And clattering, and battering, and clapping combine,
With a rap and a tap while the hollow ſide ſounds,
Up and down leaps the flap, and with rattling rebounds.

RECITATIVE.

Strike, ſtrike the ſoft Judaic harp,
Soft and ſharp,
By teeth coercive in firm durance kept,
And lightly by the volant finger ſwept.

AIR.

Buzzing twangs the iron lyre,
Shrilly thrilling,
Trembling, thrilling.
Whizzing with the wav'ring wire.

A GRAND SYMPHONY.

Accompanied with marrow-bones and cleavers.

AIR.

Hark, how the banging marrow-bones
Make clanging cleavers ring,
With a ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding,
Raise your uplifted arms on high;
In long-prolonged tones
Let cleavers sound
A merry merry round
By banging marrow-bones.

FULL CHORUS.

Hark, how the banging marrow-bones
Make clanging cleavers ring;
With a ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding,
Raise your uplifted arms on high;
In long-prolonged tones
Let cleavers sound
A merry merry round
By banging marrow-bones.

RECIT.

RECIT. Accompanied.

Ceaſe lighter numbers: Hither bring
The undulating ſtring
Stretch'd out, and to the tumid bladder
In amity harmonious bound;
Then deeper ſwell the notes and ſadder,
And let the hoarſe baſs ſlowly ſolemn ſound.

AIR.

With dead, dull, doleful, heavy hums,
With mournful moans,
And grievous groans,
The ſober *hurdy-gurdy thrums.

PART II.

RECIT. Accompanied.

WITH magic ſounds, like theſe, did Orpheus' lyre
Motion, ſenſe, and life inſpire;
When, as he play'd, the liſt'ning flood
Still'd its loquacious waves, and ſilent ſtood;
The trees ſwift-bounding danc'd with looſen'd ſtumps,
And ſluggiſh ſtones caper'd in active jumps.

AIR.

Each ruddy-breaſted robin
The concert bore a bob in,

* This inſtrument, by the learned, is ſometimes called a hum-ſtrum.

And

And ev'ry hooting owl around;
The croaking frogs,
The grunting hogs,
All, all conſpir'd to raiſe th' enliv'ning ſound.

RECITATIVE.

Now to Cæcilia, heav'nly maid,
Your loud united voices raiſe,
With ſolemn hymns to celebrate her praiſe,
Each inſtrument ſhall lend its aid.
The ſalt-box with clattering and clapping ſhall ſound,
The iron lyre
Buzzing twang with wav'ring wire,
With heavy hum
The ſober hurdy-gurdy thrum,
And the merry merry marrow-bones ring round.

LAST GRAND CHORUS.

Such matchleſs ſtrains Cæcilia knew,
When audience from their heav'nly ſphere,
By harmony's ſtrong pow'r, ſhe drew,
Whilſt liſt'ning angels gladly ſtoop'd to hear.

ADVICE to the Marquis of ROCKINGHAM, upon a late Occaſion.

Written in 1765, by an OLD COURTIER.

WELL may they, Wentworth, call thee young,
What hear and feel! ſift right from wrong,
And to a wretch be kind!
Old ſtateſmen would reverſe your plan,
Sink, in the miniſter, the man,
And be both deaf and blind!

If thus, my lord, your heart o'erflows,
Know you, how many mighty foes
Such weakneſs will create you?
Regard not what Fitzherbert ſays,
For tho' you gain each good man's praiſe,
We older folks ſhall hate you.

You ſhould have ſent, the other day,
G——k, the player, with frowns away,
Your ſmiles but made him bolder;
Why would you hear his ſtrange appeal,
Which dar'd to make a ſtateſman feel?
I would that you were older!

You ſhould be proud, and ſeem diſpleas'd,
Or you for ever will be teaz'd,
  Your houſe with beggars haunted:
What, ev'ry ſuitor kindly us'd?
If wrong, their folly is excus'd,
  If right, their ſuit is granted.

From preſſing crowds of great and ſmall,
To free yourſelf, give hopes to all,
  And fail nineteen in twenty:
What, wound my honour, break my word!
You're young again.—You may, my lord,
  Have precedents in plenty!

Indeed, young ſtateſman, 'twill not do,—
Some other ways and means purſue,
  More fitted to your ſtation!
What from your boyiſh freeks can ſpring?
Mere toys!—The favour of your king,
  And love of all the nation.

LIBERTY. LA LIBERTA.

Newly tranſlated from METASTASIO.

THANKS, Nicè, to thy treacherous art,
  At length I breathe again;
The pitying gods have ta'en my part,
  And eas'd a wretch's pain:

I feel,

I feel, I feel, that from its chain
My reſcued ſoul is free,
Nor is it now I idly dream
Of fancied liberty.

Extinguiſh'd is my ancient flame,
All calm my thoughts remain;
And artful love in vain ſhall ſtrive
To lurk beneath diſdain.
No longer, when thy name I hear,
My conſcious colour flies;
No longer, when thy face I ſee,
My heart's emotions riſe.

I ſleep, yet not in every dream
Thy image pictur'd ſee;
I wake, nor does my alter'd mind
Fix its firſt thought on thee:
From thee far diſtant when I roam,
No fond concern I know;
With thee I ſtay, nor yet from thence
Does pain or pleaſure flow.

Oft of my Nicè's charms I ſpeak,
Nor thrills my ſtedfaſt heart;
Oft I review the wrongs I bore,
Yet feel no inward ſmart.
No quick alarms confound my ſenſe,
When Nicè near I ſee;
Even with my rival I can ſmile,
And calmly talk of thee.

Speak to me with a placid mien,
Or treat me with diſdain;
Vain is to me the look ſevere,
The gentle ſmile as vain.
Loſt is the empire o'er my ſoul,
Which once thoſe lips poſſeſt;
Thoſe eyes no longer can divine
Each ſecret of my breaſt.

What pleaſes now, or grieves my mind,
What makes me ſad, or gay,
It is not in thy power to give,
Nor canſt thou take away:
Each pleaſant ſpot without thee charms,
The wood, the mead, the hill;
And ſcenes of dullneſs, even with thee,
Are ſcenes of dullneſs ſtill.

Judge, if I ſpeak with tongue ſincere;
Thou ſtill art wond'rous fair;
Great are the beauties of thy form,
But not beyond compare:
And, let not truth offend thine ear,
My eyes at length incline
To ſpy ſome faults in that lov'd face,
Which once appear'd divine.

When from its ſecret deep receſs
I tore the painful dart,
(My ſhameful weakneſs I confeſs)
It ſeem'd to ſplit my heart;

But,

But, to relieve a tortur'd mind,
To triumph o'er diſdain,
To gain my captive ſelf once more,
I'd ſuffer every pain.

Caught by the birdlime's treacherous twigs,
To which he chanc'd to ſtray,
The bird his faſten'd feathers leaves,
Then gladly flies away:
His ſhorten'd wings he ſoon renews,
Of ſnares no more afraid;
Then grows by paſt experience wiſe,
Nor is again betray'd.

I know thy pride can ne'er believe
My paſſion's fully o'er,
Becauſe I oft repeat the tale,
And ſtill add ſomething more:—
'Tis natural inſtinct prompts my tongue,
And makes the ſtory laſt,
As all mankind are fond to boaſt
Of dangers they have paſt.

The warrior thus, the combat o'er,
Recounts his bloody wars,
Tells all the hardſhips which he bore,
And ſhews his ancient ſcars.
Thus the glad ſlave, by proſperous fate,
Freed from the ſervile chain,
Shews to each friend the galling weight,
Which once he dragg'd with pain.

I ſpeak,

I ſpeak, yet ſpeaking, all my aim
Is but to eaſe my mind;
I ſpeak, yet care not if my words
With thee can credit find;
I ſpeak, nor aſk if my diſcourſe
Is e'er approv'd by thee,
Or whether thou with equal eaſe
Doſt talk again of me.

I leave a light inconſtant maid,
Thou'ſt loſt a heart ſincere;—
I know not which wants comfort moſt,
Or which has moſt to fear:
I'm ſure, a ſwain ſo fond and true,
Nicè can never find;
A nymph like her is quickly found,
Falſe, faithleſs, and unkind.

BRYAN AND PEREENE.

A WEST INDIAN BALLAD;

Founded on a real Fact, that happened a few Years ago in the Iſland of ST. CHRISTOPHER.

THE north-eaſt wind did briſkly blow,
The ſhip was ſafely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew ſlow,
And ſo leapt over-board.

Pereene,

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall,
And whoſo his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on Engliſh land,
Nor once in thought would ever ſtray,
Though ladies ſought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and ſtrong,
Right blythſome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he ſung,
He ſcant had twenty ſeen.

But who the countleſs charms can draw,
That grac'd his miſtreſs true;
Such charms the old world never ſaw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy roſe buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds ſhine.

Soon as his well known ſhip ſhe ſpied,
She caſt her weeds away,
And to the palmy ſhore ſhe hied,
All in her beſt array.

In ſea-green ſilk ſo neatly clad,
She there impatient ſtood ;
The crew with wonder ſaw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief diſplay'd,
Which he at parting gave ;
Well pleas'd the token he ſurvey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the ſtrand ;
For now her lover ſwam in call,
And almoſt touch'd the land.

Then through the white ſurf did ſhe haſte,
To claſp her lovely ſwain ;
When, ah ! a ſhark bit through his waiſt:
His heart's blood dy'd the main !

He ſhriek'd ! his half ſprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And ſoon it found a living grave,
And, ah ! was ſeen no more.

Now haſte, now haſte, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the ſpring :
She falls, ſhe falls, ſhe dyes away,
And ſoon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb
Ye fair, freſh flowrets ſtrew,
So may your lovers ſcape his doom,
Her hapleſs fate ſcape you.

* *

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

AN OLD BALLAD.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we ſit upon the rocks,
And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roſes
With a thouſand fragrant poſies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbroidered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the pureſt gold;

A belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
With coral claſps, and amber ſtuds:
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The ſhepherd-ſwains ſhall dance and ſing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If theſe delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

AN OLD BALLAD.

MY minde to me a kingdome is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly bliſſe,
That God or Nature hath aſſignde:
Though much I want, that moſt would have,
Yet ſtill my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my ſtay;
I ſeek no more than may ſuffice:
I preſſe to beare no haughtie ſway;
Look what I lack my mind ſupplies.
Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I ſee how plentie ſurfets oft,
And haſtie clymbers ſooneſt fall:
I ſee that ſuch as ſit aloft
Miſhap doth threaten moſt of all:
Theſe get with toile, and keep with feare:
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie ſtore,
No force to winne a victorie,
No wylie wit to ſalve a ſore,
No ſhape to winne a lovers eye;
To none of theſe I yeeld as thrall,
For why my mind diſpiſeth all.

Some have too much, yet ſtill they crave,
I little have, yet ſeek no more:
They are but poore, tho' much they have;
And I am rich with little ſtore:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I give.

I laugh not at anothers loſſe,
I grudge not at anothers gaine;
No worldly wave my mind can toſſe,
I brooke that is another's bane:
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I loth not life, nor dread mine end.

My welth is health, and perfect eaſe;
My conſcience clere my chiefe defence:
I never ſeeke by brybes to pleaſe,
Nor by deſert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did ſo as well as I!

CUPID's PASTIME.

An old Sonnet.

IT chanc'd of late a ſhepherd ſwain,
That went to ſeek his ſtraying ſheep,
Within a thicket on a plain
Eſpied a dainty nymph aſleep.

Her golden hair o'erſpread her face;
Her careleſs arms abroad were caſt;
Her quiver had her pillows place;
Her breaſt lay bare to every blaſt.

The ſhepherd ſtood and gaz'd his fill;
Nought durſt he do; nought durſt he ſay;
Whilſt chance, or elſe perhaps his will,
Did guide the god of love that way.

The

The crafty boy thus ſees her ſleep,
Whom if ſhe wak'd he durſt not ſee;
Behind her cloſely ſeeks to creep,
Before her nap ſhould ended be.

There come, he ſteals her ſhafts away,
And puts his own into their place;
Nor dares he any longer ſtay,
But, ere ſhe wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, but ſhe awakes,
And ſpies the ſhepherd ſtanding by:
Her bended bow in haſte ſhe takes,
And at the ſimple ſwain lets flye.

Forth flew the ſhaft, and pierc'd his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain:
Yet up again forthwith he ſtart,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to ſee ſo ſtrange a ſight,
She ſhot, and ſhot, but all in vain;
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yielded ſtrength amidſt his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, ſhe blames her ſkill;
The bluntneſs of her ſhafts ſhe fears,
And try them on herſelf ſhe will.

Take heed, ſweet nymph, trye not thy ſhaft,
Each little touch will pierce thy heart:
Alas! thou know'ſt not Cupid's craft;
Revenge is joy; the end is ſmart.

Yet try ſhe will, and pierce ſome bare;
Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand
Was that fair breaſt, that breaſt ſo rare,
That made the ſhepherd ſenſeleſs ſtand.

That breaſt ſhe pierc'd; and through that breaſt
Love found an entry to her heart;
At feeling of this new-come gueſt,
Lord! how this gentle nymph did ſtart.

She runs not now; ſhe ſhoots no more;
Away ſhe throws both ſhaft and bow:
She ſeeks for what ſhe ſhunn'd before,
She thinks the ſhepherd's haſte too ſlow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may:
What other lovers do, did they:
The god of love ſate on a tree,
And laught that pleaſant ſight to ſee.

WINIFREDA.

AWAY; let nought to love diſpleaſing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly bleſſing,
Nor ſqueamiſh pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood?
We'll ſhine in more ſubſtantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will ſweetly ſound where-e'er 'tis ſpoke:
And all the great ones, they ſhall wonder
How they reſpect ſuch little folk.

What though from fortune's laviſh bounty
No mighty treaſures we poſſeſs,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without exceſs.

Still ſhall each returning ſeaſon
Sufficient for our wiſhes give;
For we will live a life of reaſon,
And that's the only life to live.

Through

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet ſmiling peace ſhall crown our dwelling,
And babes, ſweet-ſmiling babes, our bed.

How ſhould I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To ſee them look their mothers features,
To hear them liſp their mothers tongue.

And when with envy time tranſported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go a wooing in my boys.

ADMIRAL HOSIER's GHOST.

By Mr. GLOVER, Author of LEONIDES.

AS near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently ſwelling flood,
At midnight with ſtreamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon ſate all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat:
And his crews, with ſhouts victorious,
Drank ſucceſs to England's fleet:

On

On a ſudden ſhrilly ſounding,
Hideous yells and ſkrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A ſad troop of ghoſts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks ſhrouded,
Which for winding-ſheets they wore,
And with looks by ſorrow clouded
Frowning on that hoſtile ſhore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan luſtre,
When the ſhade of Hoſier brave
His pale bands was ſeen to muſter
Riſing from their watry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford rear'd her ſail,
With three thouſand ghoſts beſides him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh heed, our fatal ſtory,
I am Hoſier's injur'd ghoſt,
You, who now have purchas'd glory,
At this place where I was loſt;
Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See theſe mournful ſpectres ſweeping
Ghaſtly o'er this hated wave,
Whoſe wan cheeks are ſtain'd with weeping;
Theſe were Engliſh captains brave:

Mark

Mark thoſe numbers pale and horrid,
Thoſe were once my ſailors bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his diſmal tale is told.

I, by twenty ſail attended,
Did this Spaniſh town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had caſt them with diſdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain;

For reſiſtance I could fear none,
But with twenty ſhips had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Haſt atchiev'd with ſix alone.
Then the Baſtimentos never
Had our foul diſhonour ſeen,
Nor the ſea the ſad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain diſmaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for diſobeying
I had met a traitor's doom,
To have fallen, my country crying
He has play'd an Engliſh part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Un-

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy ſucceſsful arms we hail;
But remember our ſad ſtory,
And let Hoſier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languiſh,
Think what thouſands fell in vain,
Waſted with diſeaſe and anguiſh,
Not in glorious battle ſlain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Thro' the hoary foam aſcending,
Here I feed my conſtant woe:
Here the Baſtimentos viewing,
We recal our ſhameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

O'er theſe waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam depriv'd of reſt,
If to Britain's ſhores returning
You neglect my juſt requeſt;
After this proud foe ſubduing,
When your patriot friends you ſee,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England ſham'd in me.

THE

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

An Old Ballad. By George Wither.

SHALL I, waſting in diſpaire,
Dye becauſe a woman's faire?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cauſe another's roſie are?
Be ſhee fairer than the day,
Or the flowry meads in May;
If ſhe think not well of me,
What care I how faire ſhee be!

Shall my heart be griev'd or pin'd,
'Cauſe I ſee a woman kind?
Or a well-diſpoſed nature
Joyned with a lovely feature?
Be ſhee meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican;
If ſhee be not ſo to me,
What care I how kind ſhee be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me, to periſh for her love?
Or, her well-deſervings knowne,
Make me quite forget my owne?

Be

Be ſhee with that goodneſſe bleſt,
Which may merit name of Beſt;
If ſhe be not ſuch to me,
What care I how good ſhee be?

'Cauſe her fortune ſeems too high,
Shall I play the foole and dye?
Thoſe that beare a noble minde,
Where they want of riches find,
Thinke what with them they would doe,
That without them dare to woe;
And, unleſſe that minde I ſee,
What care I, though great ſhee be?

Great or good, or kind or faire,
I will ne'er the more diſpaire:
If ſhe love me, this beleeve,
I will die ere ſhe ſhall grieve.
If ſhe ſlight me, when I wooe;
I can ſcorne and let her goe:
For, if ſhee be not for me,
What care I for whom ſhee be?

THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD.

BY THE SAME.

HENCE away, you Syrens, leave me,
And unclaſpe your wanton armes;
Sugred words ſhall ne'er deceive me,
(Though 'you' prove a thouſand charmes).

Fie,

Fie, fie, forbeare;
No common ſnare
Could ever my affection chaine:
Your painted baits
And poore deceits,
Are all beſtowed on me in vaine.

I'm no ſlave to ſuch, as you be;
Neither ſhall a ſnowy breſt,
Wanton eye, or lip of ruby
Ever robb me of my reſt;
Goe, goe, diſplay
Your beautie's ray
To ſome ore-ſoone enamour'd ſwaine:
Thoſe common wiles
Of ſighs and ſmiles
Are all beſtowed on me in vaine.

I have elſewhere vowed a dutie;
Turn away 'your' tempting eyes:
Shew not me a naked beautie;
Thoſe impoſtures I deſpiſe:
My ſpirit lothes
Where gawdy clothes
And fained othes may love obtaine:
I love her ſo,
Whoſe looke ſwears No;
That all your labours will be vaine.

Can

Can he prize the tainted poſies,
Which on every breſt are worne;
That may plucke the ſpotleſſe roſes
From their never-touched thorne?
I can goe reſt
On her ſweet breſt,
That is the pride of Cynthia's traine:
Then hold your tongues;
Your mermaid ſongs
Are all beſtowed on me in vaine.

Hee's a foole, that baſely dallies,
Where each peaſant mates with him;
Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
Whilſt ther's noble hils to climbe?
No, no, though clowns
Are ſkar'd with frownes,
I know the beſt can but diſdaine;
And thoſe I'le prove;
So ſhall your love
Be all beſtowed on me in vaine.

I doe ſcorne to vow a dutie,
Where each luſtfull lad may woe:
Give me her, whoſe ſun-like beautie
Buzzards dare not ſoare unto:
Shee, ſhee it is
Affoords that bliſſe

For which I would refuſe no paine :
But ſuch as you,
Fond fooles, adieu ;
You ſeeke to captive me in vaine.

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me ;
Seeke no more to worke my harmes :
Craftie wiles cannot deceive me,
Who am proofe againſt your charmes :
You labour may
To lead aſtray
The heart, that conſtant ſhall remaine :
And I the while
Will ſit and ſmile
To ſee you ſpend your time in vaine.

A U T U M N.

By Mr. Brerewood.

THO' the ſeaſons muſt alter, ah ! yet let me find
What all muſt confeſs to be rare,
A female ſtill cheerful, and faithful and kind,
The bleſſings of autumn to ſhare.

Let one ſide of our cottage, a flouriſhing vine
Overſpread with its branches, and ſhade ;
Whoſe cluſters appear more tranſparent and fine,
As its leaves are beginning to fade.

When

When the fruit makes the branches bend down with its load,
In our orchard ſurrounded with pales:
In a bed of clean ſtraw let our apples be ſtow'd,
For a tart that in winter regales.

When the vapours that riſe from the earth in the morn
Seem to hang on its ſurface like ſmoke,
'Till diſpers'd by the ſun that gilds over the corn,
Within doors let us prattle and joke.

But when we ſee clear all the hues of the leaves,
And at work in the fields are all hands,
Some in reaping the wheat, others binding the ſheaves,
Let us careleſly ſtrole o'er the lands.

How pleaſing the ſight of the toiling they make,
To collect what kind Nature has ſent!
Heaven grant we may not of their labour partake;
But, oh! give us their happy content.

And ſometimes on a bank, under ſhade, by a brook,
Let us ſilently ſit at our eaſe,
And there gaze on the ſtream, till the fiſh on the hook
Struggles hard to procure its releaſe.

And now when the huſbandman ſings harveſt home,
And the corn's all got into the houſe;
When the long wiſh'd for time of their meeting is come,
To frolic, and feaſt, and carouſe:

When the leaves from the trees are begun to be ſhed,
And are leaving the branches all bare,
Either ſtrew'd at the roots, ſhrivell'd, wither'd, and dead,
Or elſe blown to and fro in the air;

When the ways are ſo miry, that bogs they might ſeem,
And the axle-tree's ready to break,
While the waggoner whiſtles in ſtopping his team,
And then claps the poor jades on the neck;

In the morning let's follow the cry of the hounds,
Or the fearful young covey beſet;
Which, tho' ſkulking in ſtubble and weeds on the grounds,
Are becoming a prey to the net.

Let's enjoy all the pleaſure retirement affords,
Still amus'd with theſe innocent ſports,
Nor once envy the pomp of fine ladies and lords,
With their grand entertainments in courts.

In the evening when lovers are leaning on ſtiles,
Deep engag'd in ſome amorous chat,
And 'tis very well known by his grin, and her ſmiles,
What they both have a mind to be at;

To our dwelling, tho' homely, well-pleas'd to repair,
Let our mutual endearments revive,
And let no ſingle action, or look, but declare,
How contented and happy we live.

Should

Should ideas ariſe that may ruffle the ſoul,
Let ſoft muſic the phantoms remove,
For 'tis harmony only has force to controul,
And unite all the paſſions in love.

With her eyes but half open, her cap all awry,
When the laſs is preparing for bed;
And the ſleepy dull clown, who ſits nodding juſt by,
Sometimes rouzes and ſcratches his head.

In the night when 'tis cloudy and rainy, and dark,
And the labourers ſnore as they lie,
Not a noiſe to diſturb us, unleſs a dog bark
In the farm, or the village hard by.

At the time of ſweet reſt, and of quiet like this,
Ere our eyes are clos'd up in their lids,
Let us welcome the ſeaſon, and taſte of that bliſs,
Which the ſunſhine and daylight forbids.

THE PIN.

By Mr. Woty.

FOR once, ye critics, let the ſportive Muſe
Her fool's cap wear, ſpite of the ſhaking head
Of ſtern-eyed Gravity—for, tho' the Muſe
To frolic be diſpos'd, no ſong ſhe chants

Immoral ; nor one picture will ſhe hold,
But Virtue may approve it with a ſmile.
Ye ſylvan deities ! awhile adieu !
Ye curling ſtreams ! whoſe banks are fring'd with flowers,
Violet and hare-bell, or the king-cup bright,
Farewell! for I muſt leave your rich perfumes
To ſing the Pin in ever ſounding lays :
But not that Pin, at whoſe circumference
Rotund, the ſtrong-nerv'd ruſtic hurls the bowl
Ponderous and vaſt : nor that which window bars
From thief nocturnal : nor that other call'd
A ſkittle ; chiefly found where alehouſe ſnug
Invites mechanic to the flowing cup
Of Calvert's mild, o'er-canopied with froth.
No—'tis the Pin ſo much by ladies us'd ;
Without whoſe aid the nymph of niceſt taſte,
Of neateſt mould, a ſlattern would appear.
Hail then, thou little uſeful inſtrument !
Tho' ſmall, yet conſequential. For by thee
Beauty ſets off her charms, as at the glaſs
Lucy, or Phillis, beſt adapts thy point.
Without thy ſervice would the ribband flaunt
Looſe to the fanning gale, nor on the head
Of belle would ſtand her whimſical attire.
The kerchief from her neck of ſnow would fall
With freedom bold, and leave her boſom bare.
How would the ſempſtreſs trim thy want regret
As ſhe her apron forms ! And how the man
Of law, ſagacious, with his ſpectacles
On noſe reverted ! frequent does he want

Thy

Thy prompt aſſiſtance, to connect his ſcraps
And notes obliterated o'er. Thee oft
In alley, path, wide ſquare, and open ſtreet,
The miſer picks, as conſcious of thy uſe;
With frugal hand, accompanied with brow
Of corrugated bent, he ſticks thee ſafe,
Interior on his coat; then creeps along,
Well judging thy proportion to a groat.
Thro' all thy different ſtorehouſes to trace
Thy preſence, either in the ſculptur'd dome,
Or tenement clay-built, would aſk a pen
With points almoſt as various as thy heads.
Where e'er thou art, or in whatever form,
Magnificent in ſilver, or in braſs,
Or wire more humble, nightly may'ſt thou lie
Safe on thy cuſhion'd bed, or kiſs the locks
Of Chloe, ſleeping on the pillow's down.

A

PRESENT TO A YOUNG LADY WITH A PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

By ——, Fellow of —— Cambridge.

TO pleaſe the Fair, what different ways
Each lover acts his part;
One tenders ſnuff, another praiſe,
A toothpick, or a heart!

Alike they all, to gain their end,
Peculiar arts diſcloſe;
While I, ſubmiſſive, only ſend
An humble pair of hoſe.

Long may they guard, from cold and harm,
The ſnowy limbs that wear 'em,
And kindly lend their influence warm
To ev'ry thing that's near 'em.

But let it not be faulty deem'd,
Nor move your indignation,
If I a little partial ſeem'd
In gifts or commendation:

Each fair perfection to diſplay
Would far exceed my charter,
My humble Muſe muſt never ſtray
Above the knee or garter.

And who did e'er a ſubject view
So worthy to be prais'd,
Or from ſo fair foundation knew
So fine a ſtructure rais'd?

Thou learned leach, ſage Kember, ſay,
(In ſpite of drugs and plaiſters)
You who can talk the live-long day
Of buildings and pilaſters:

You who for hours have rov'd about
Thro' halls and colonades,
And ſcarce would deign to tread on aught
But arches and arcades:

Did you, in all your mazy rounds,
Two nobler pillars view?
What yielding marble ere was found
So exquiſitely true?

The ſwelling dome, with ſtately ſhow,
May many fancies pleaſe,
I view content what lies below
The cornice of the frieze;

The lovely twins, ſo white, ſo round,
That bear the noble pile,
Muſt ſoon proceed from Venus' mound,
Or from Cythera's iſle.

Propitious Fates preſerve them ſafe,
And keep them cloſe together,
And grant they may the malice brave
Of man as well as weather.

From luckleſs love, or rancour baſe,
May never harm attend 'em,
And grant, whatever be the caſe,
That I may ſtill defend 'em.

By gentle, generous love 'tis true,
They never can miſcarry,
No ill can come, no loſs enſue,
From honeſt, harmleſs Harry.

But ſhould a knight of greater heat
Precipitate invade,
Believe me, Bell, they then may need
Some ſeaſonable aid.

O may I ready be at hand
From every harm to ſcreen 'em,
Then, Samſon-like, I'll take my ſtand,
And live, or die between 'em.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A POET AND HIS SERVANT.

BY THE LATE Mr. CHRIST. PITT.

To enter into the beauties of this ſatire, it muſt be remembered, that ſlaves, among the Romans, during the feaſts of Saturn, wore their maſters habits, and were allowed to ſay what they pleaſed.

SERVANT.

SIR,—I've long waited in my turn to have
A word with you—but I'm your humble ſlave.
P. What knave is that? my raſcal!

S. Sir,

S. Sir, 'tis I,
No knave nor raſcal, but your truſty Guy.
P. Well, as your wages ſtill are due, I'll bear
Your rude impertinence this time of year.
S. Some folks are drunk one day, and ſome for ever,
And ſome, like Wharton, but twelve years together.
Old Evremond, renown'd for wit and dirt,
Would change his living oftener than his ſhirt;
Roar with the rakes of ſtate a month; and come
To ſtarve another in his hole at home.
So rov'd wild Buckingham the public jeſt,
Now ſome innholder's, now a monarch's gueſt;
His life and politics of every ſhape,
This hour a Roman, and the next an ape.
The gout in every limb from every vice
Poor Clodio hir'd a boy to throw the dice.
Some wench for ever; and their ſins on thoſe,
By cuſtom, ſit as eaſy as their cloaths.
Some fly, like pendulums, from good to evil,
And in that point are madder than the devil:
For they——
P. To what will theſe vile maxims tend?
And where, ſweet ſir, will your reflections end?
S. In you.
P. In me, you knave? make out your charge.
S. You praiſe low-living, but you live at large.
Perhaps you ſcarce believe the rules you teach,
Or find it hard to practiſe what you preach.
Scarce have you paid one idle journey down,
But, without buſineſs, you're again in town.

If

If none invite you, ſir, abroad to roam,
Then—Lord, what pleaſure 'tis to read at home;
And ſip your two half-pints, with great delight,
Of beer at noon, and muddled port at night.
From * Encombe, John comes thundering at the door,
With "Sir, my maſter begs you to come o'er,
"To paſs theſe tedious hours, theſe winter nights,
"Not that he dreads invaſions, rogues, or ſprites."
Strait for your two beſt wigs aloud you call,
This ſtiff in buckle, that not curl'd at all,
"And where, you raſcal, are the ſpurs," you cry;
"And O! what blockhead laid the buſkins by?"
On your old batter'd mare you'll needs be gone,
(No matter whether on four legs or none)
Splaſh, plunge, and ſtumble, as you ſcour the heath;
All ſwear at Morden 'tis on life or death:
Wildly thro' Wareham ſtreets you ſcamper on,
Raiſe all the dogs and voters in the town;
Then fly for ſix long dirty miles as bad,
That Corfe and Kingſton gentry think you mad.
And all this furious riding is to prove
Your high reſpect, it ſeems, and eager love:
And yet, that mighty honour to obtain,
Banks, Shafteſbury, Doddington may ſend in vain.
Before you go, we curſe the noiſe you make,
And bleſs the moment that you turn your back.
As for myſelf, I own it to your face,
I love good eating, and I take my glaſs:
But ſure 'tis ſtrange, dear ſir, that this ſhould be
In you amuſement, but a fault in me.

* The ſeat of John Pitt, eſq. in Dorſetſhire.

All this is bare refining on a name,
To make a difference where the fault's the ſame.
My father ſold me to your ſervice here,
For this fine livery, and four pounds a year.
A livery you ſhould wear as well as I,
And this I'll prove—but lay your cudgel by.
You ſerve your paſſions—Thus, without a jeſt,
Both are but fellow-ſervants at the beſt.
Yourſelf, good Sir, are play'd by your deſires,
A mere tall puppet dancing on the wires.
P. Who, at this rate of talking, can be free?
S. The brave, wiſe, honeſt man, and only he:
All elſe are ſlaves alike, the world around,
Kings on the throne, and beggars on the ground:
He, ſir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,
And (greater ſtill) is maſter of himſelf:
Not to-and-fro by fears and factions hurl'd,
But looſe to all the intereſts of the world:
And while that world turns round, entire and whole,
He keeps the ſacred tenor of his ſoul;
In every turn of fortune ſtill the ſame,
As gold unchang'd, or brighter from the flame:
Collected in himſelf, with godlike pride,
He ſees the darts of envy glance aſide;
And, fix'd like Atlas, while the tempeſts blow,
Smiles at the idle ſtorms that roar below.
One ſuch you know, a layman, to your ſhame,
And yet the honour of your blood and name.
If you can ſuch a character maintain,
You too are free, and I'm your ſlave again.

But

But when in Hemſkirk's pictures you delight,
More than myſelf, to ſee two drunkards fight;
" Fool, rogue, ſot, blockhead," or ſuch names are mine:
" Your's are " a Connoiſſeur," or " Deep Divine."
I'm chid for loving a luxurious bit,
The ſacred prize of learning, worth and wit:
And yet ſome ſell their lands, theſe bits to buy;
Then, pray, who ſuffers moſt from luxury?
I'm chid, 'tis true; but then I pawn no plate,
I ſeal no bonds, I mortgage no eſtate.
Beſides, high living, ſir, muſt wear you out
With ſurfeits, qualms, a fever, or the gout.
By ſome new pleaſures are you ſtill engroſs'd,
And when you ſave an hour, you think it loſt.
To ſports, plays, races, from your books you run,
And like all company, except your own.
You hunt, drink, ſleep, or (idler ſtill) you rhyme:
Why?—but to baniſh thought, and murder time.
And yet that thought, which you diſcharge in vain,
Like a foul-loaded piece, recoils again.
P. Tom, fetch a cane, a whip, a club, a ſtone,—
S. For what?
P. A ſword, a piſtol, or a gun:
I'll ſhoot the dog.
S. Lord! who would be a wit?
He's in a mad, or in a rhyming fit.
P. Fly, fly, you raſcal, for your ſpade and fork;
For once I'll ſet your lazy bones to work.
Fly, or I'll ſend you back, without a groat,
To the bleak mountains where you firſt were caught.

PARODY

PARODY ON THE CITY AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

A Country vicar in his homely houſe,
Pleas'd with his lot, and happy in his ſpouſe,
With ſimple diet, at his humble board,
Once entertain'd the chaplain of a lord;—
He gave him (all he could) a little fiſh,
With ſauce of oyſters, in no ſilver diſh;
And, for the craving ſtomach's ſure relief,
The glory of Old England, rare Roaſt-beef,
Horſe-radiſh and potatoes, Ireland's pride;
A pudding too the prudent dame ſupply'd:
Their cheering beverage was a pint of port
(Tho' ſmall the quantum) of the better ſort;
But plenty of good beer, both ſmall and ſtout,
With wine of elder to prevent the gout.
The vicar hop'd, by ſuch a various treat,
To tempt his ſcarf-embelliſh'd friend to eat;
With niceſt bits provok'd his gueſt to dine,
He carv'd the haddock, and he ſerv'd the wine:
Content his own ſharp ſtomach to regale
With plain, ſubſtantial roaſt-meat and mild ale.
Our courtly chaplain, as we may ſuppoſe,
At ſuch old-faſhion'd commons curl'd his noſe;

He tried in vain to piddle, and, in brief,
Piſh'd at the pudding, and declin'd the beef;
At length, their homely dinner finiſh'd quite,
Thus to the vicar ſpoke the prieſt polite:
'How can my brother in this paltry town
'Live undiſtinguiſh'd, to the world unknown?
'And not exalt your towering genius higher,
'Than here to herd with country clown—or ſquire;
'Stunn'd with the diſcord of hoarſe cawing rooks,
'The roar of winds, the diſſonance of brooks,
'Which diſcontented thro' the valley ſtray,
'Plaintive and murmuring at their long delay.
'Come, come with me, nor longer here abide;
'You've friends in town, and I will be your guide:
'Soon great preferment to your ſhare will fall,
'A good fat living, or perhaps—a ſtall.'
Theſe weighty reaſons ſway'd the vicar's mind—
To town he hied, but left his wife behind:—
Next levee-day he waited on his Grace,
With hundreds more, who bow'd to get a place;
Shov'd in the croud, he ſtood amaz'd to ſee
Lords who to Baal bent the ſupple knee,
And doctors ſage he could not but admire,
Who ſtoop'd profoundly low—to riſe the higher.
So much of ermine, lace, beaus, biſhops, young and old,
'Twas like a cloud of ſable edg'd with gold:
By turns his Grace the ſervile train addreſt,
Pleas'd with a ſmile, or in a whiſper bleſt.
Sick of the ſcene, the vicar fought the door,
Determin'd never to ſee London more;

But, as his friend had pleas'd the hour to fix,
Firſt went to dinner to my Lord's at ſix;—
He knock'd—was uſher'd to the room of ſtate,
(My Lord abroad) and dinner ſerv'd in plate;
Which, tho' it ſeem'd but common ſoup and haſh,
Was really callipee and callipaſh,
(The relicks of the gaudy day before)
What Indians eat, and Engliſhmen adore;
With bright champaign the courtier crown'd the feaſt,
Sooth'd his own pride, and gratify'd his gueſt:
All this conſpir'd our Stoic to controul,
And warpt the ſteady purpoſe of his ſoul—
When lo! the cry of fire creates amaze—
"The next houſe, Lady Riot's, in a blaze"—
Aghaſt the vicar ſtood, in wild affright,
Then briefly thus addreſs'd the prieſt polite:
"Adieu, my friend—your ſtate I envy not—
"Beef, liberty, and ſafety be my lot."

* *

THE

RECANTATION.

AN ODE.

BY love too long depriv'd of reſt,
(Fell tyrant of the human breaſt!)
His vaſſal long, and worn with pain,
Indignant late I ſpurn'd the chain;

In verſe, in proſe, I ſung and ſwore
No charms ſhould e'er enſlave me more,
Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye,
Again ſhould force one tender ſigh.

As, taught by heaven's informing power,
From every fruit and every flower,
That nature opens to the view,
The bee extracts the nectar-dew;
A vagrant thus, and free to change
From fair to fair I vow'd to range,
And part from each without regret
As pleas'd and happy as I met.

Then Freedom's praiſe inſpir'd my tongue,
With Freedom's praiſe the vallies rung,
And every night and every day,
My heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd lay:
" My cares are gone, my ſorrows ceaſe,
" My breaſt regains its wonted peace,
" And joy and hope returning prove,
" That Reaſon is too ſtrong for Love."

Such was my boaſt—but, ah! how vain!
How ſhort was Reaſon's vaunted reign!
The firm reſolve I form'd ere-while
How weak oppos'd to Clara's ſmile!
Chang'd is the ſtrain—The vallies round
With Freedom's praiſe no more reſound,
But every night and every day
My full heart pours the alter'd lay.

Offended deity, whoſe power
My rebel tongue but now forſwore,
Accept my penitence ſincere,
My crime forgive, and grant my prayer!
Let not thy ſlave, condemn'd to mourn,
With unrequited paſſion burn;
With Love's ſoft thoughts her breaſt inſpire,
And kindle there an equal fire!

It is not beauty's gaudy flower,
(The empty triumph of an hour)
Nor practis'd wiles of female art
That now ſubdue my deſtin'd heart:
O no!—'Tis heav'n, whoſe wondrous hand
A tranſcript of itſelf hath plann'd,
And to each outward grace hath join'd
Each lovelier feature of the mind.

Theſe charms ſhall laſt, when others fly,
When roſes fade, and lillies die;
When that dear eye's declining beam
Its living fire no more ſhall ſtream:
Bleſt then, and happy in my chain,
The ſong of Freedom flows in vain;
Nor Reaſon's harſh reproof I fear,
For Reaſon's ſelf is Paſſion here.

O dearer far than wealth or fame,
My daily thought, my nightly dream,
If yet no youth's ſucceſsful art
(Sweet hope) hath touch'd thy gentle heart,

If yet no ſwain hath bleſs'd thy choice ;
Indulgent hear thy Damon's voice ;
From doubts, from fears his boſom free,
And bid him live—for love and thee!

VERSES

WRITTEN UPON A PEDESTAL BENEATH A ROW OF ELMS IN A MEADOW NEAR RICHMOND FERRY, BELONGING TO RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ. SEPT. MDCCLX.

*YE green-hair'd nymphs! whom Pan allows
To guard from harm theſe favour'd boughs;
Ye blue-eyed Naiads of the ſtream,
That ſooth the warm poetic dream;
Ye elves and ſprights, that thronging round,
When midnight darkens all the ground,
In antic meaſures uncontroul'd,
Your fairy ſports and revels hold,
And up and down, where-e'er ye paſs,
With many a ringlet print the graſs;
If e'er the bard hath hail'd your power
At morn's grey dawn, or evening hour;
If e'er by moonlight on the plain
Your ears have caught th' enraptur'd ſtrain;

* A line of Mr. Maſon's

From

From every floweret's velvet head,
From reverend Thames's oozy bed,
From theſe moſs'd elms, where priſon'd deep,
Conceal'd from human eyes, ye ſleep,
If theſe your haunts be worth your care,
Awake, ariſe, and hear my prayer!
O baniſh from this peaceful plain
The perjur'd nymph, the faithleſs ſwain,
The ſtubborn heart, that ſcorns to bow,
And harſh rejects the honeſt vow:
The fop, who wounds the virgin's ear
With aught that ſenſe would bluſh to hear,
Or, falſe to honour, mean and vain,
Defames the worth he cannot ſtain:
The light coquet, with various art,
Who caſts her net for every heart,
And ſmiling flatters to the chace
Alike the worthy and the baſe:
The dame, who, proud of virtue's praiſe,
Is happy if a ſiſter ſtrays,
And, conſcious of unclouded fame,
Delighted, ſpreads the tale of ſhame:
But far, O! baniſh'd far be they,
Who hear, unmov'd, the orphan's cry,
Who ſee, nor wiſh to wipe away,
The tear that ſwells the widow's eye;
Th' unloving man, whoſe narrow mind
Diſdains to feel for human-kind,
At others bliſs whoſe cheek ne'er glows,
Whoſe breaſt ne'er throbs with others woes,

Whoſe hoarded ſum of private joys
His private care alone deſtroys;
Ye fairies caſt your ſpells around,
And guard from ſuch this hallow'd ground!
But welcome all, who ſigh with truth,
Each conſtant maid and faithful youth,
Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,
Sweet union of the willing mind!
Hearts pair'd in heaven, not meanly ſold,
Law-licens'd proſtitutes for gold:
And welcome thrice, and thrice again,
The choſen few, the worthy train,
Whoſe ſteady feet, untaught to ſtray,
Still tread where virtue marks the way;
Whoſe ſouls no thought, whoſe hands have known
No deed, which honour might not own;
Who, torn with pain, or ſtung with care,
In others bliſs can claim a part,
And, in life's brighteſt hour, can ſhare
Each pang that wrings another's heart:
Ye guardian ſprights, when ſuch ye ſee,
Sweet peace be theirs, and welcome free!
Clear be the ſky from clouds or ſhowers!
Green be the turf, and freſh the flowers!
And that the youth, whoſe pious care
Lays on your ſhrine this honeſt prayer,
May, with the reſt, admittance gain,
And viſit oft this pleaſant ſcene,
Let all who love the Muſe attend!
Who loves the Muſe is Virtue's friend.

Such then alone may venture here,
Who, free from guilt, are free from fear;
Whoſe wide affections can embrace
The whole extent of human race;
Whom Virtue and her friends approve;
Whom Cambridge and the Muſes love.

S O N G.

SWEET are the banks, when Spring perfumes
The verdant plants, and laughing flowers,
Fragrant the violet, as it blooms,
And ſweet the bloſſoms after ſhowers.
Sweet is the ſoft, the ſunny breeze,
That fans the golden orange-grove;
But oh! how ſweeter far than theſe
The kiſſes are of her I love.

Ye roſes! bluſhing in your beds,
That with your odours ſcent the air;
Ye lillies chaſte! with ſilver heads
As my Cleora's boſom fair:
No more I court your balmy ſweets;
For I, and I alone, can prove,
How ſweeter, when each other meets,
The kiſſes are of her I love.

Her tempting eyes my gaze inclin'd,
Their pleaſing leſſon firſt I caught;
Her ſenſe, her friendſhip next confin'd
The willing pupil ſhe had taught.
Should fortune, ſtooping from her ſky,
Conduct me to her bright alcove;
Yet, like the turtle, I ſhould die,
Denied the kiſs of her love.

THE
LADY AND THE LINNET.
A TALE.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Sumit Myrrha novos, veteres ut ponit amictus,
Mutat amatores miſeros, ſic mutat amicos.

FRAGM. INCERT. AUTH.

TO lift the low, the proud depreſs,
And ſuccour weakneſs in diſtreſs;
A foe forgive, and yet contend
With generous ardour for a friend:
Are virtues, tho' but thinly ſown,
Not circumſcrib'd to you alone;
Since hourly obſervation finds
They ſpring in ſome inferior minds;

Which,

Which, tho' we juſtly paſs our praiſe on,
Are not the ſound effects of reaſon;
But often flow from whim or faſhion,
From pride, or ſome impurer paſſion.
But you, whom heaven at firſt deſign'd
The boaſt and envy of your kind;
Above your ſex's cenſure plac'd,
In beauty, breeding, temper, taſte;
Who only ſhow regard to merit,
Unconſcious what yourſelf inherit;
While other ladies fume and rail
In indignation at my tale;
With each reflection pick a quarrel,
And find a ſatire in each moral;
May ſafely every page peruſe,
Nor be offended with the Muſe;
Where not a ſingle line appears,
Which honour dreads, or virtue fears.
A hungry hawk, in queſt of prey,
Wide o'er the foreſt wing'd his way;
Whence every bird, that haunts the glade,
Or warbles in the rural ſhade,
Diſpers'd, in wild diſorder flies
Before the tyrant of the ſkies.
A linnet, feebler than the reſt,
With weary wings and panting breaſt
Sought Sylvia's window in deſpair,
And fluttering crav'd protection there.
Compaſſion touch'd the fair one's mind,
(For female hearts are always kind.)

Up-

Upward the gliding ſaſh ſhe threw,
And in the little ſtranger flew;
There, in her fragrant boſom preſt,
The nymph revives her drooping gueſt;
Then (danger o'er, and all ſerene)
Reſtores him to his fields again.
What wondrous joy, what grateful love!
Inſpir'd the wanderer of the grove!
In unexpected life elate,
When now he recollects his fate!
And ſets the friendly fair in view,
Who gave him life and freedom too!
For gratitude, to courts unknown,
And unreturn'd by man alone,
Wide thro' the wing'd creation reigns,
And dwells amidſt the humble plains;
In every verdant field and ſhade,
The juſt, the generous debt is paid.
Back from the Sylvan bower he hies,
To thank his dear deliverer flies;
And, at her window, chaunting ſtood
Her praiſe, with all the zeal he could.
There Lin his morning viſits pays,
And there he tunes his evening lays;
There oft the noon-day hour prolongs,
And pours his little ſoul in ſongs.
His heavenly airs attention drew,
And Sylvia ſoon the warbler knew;
Then uſes every charm to win,
And draw the wild muſician in;

He

He enters, fearleſs of a ſnare,
For how ſhould fraud inhabit there?
And now by frequent viſits free,
At firſt he perches on her knee;
Then, grown by long acquaintance bolder,
Familiarly aſcends her ſhoulder;
And, wholly now devoid of fear,
Plays with the pendant in her ear;
O'er all her neck and boſom ſtrays,
And, like a lover, learns to teaze;
Pecks on her hand, and fondly ſips
Delicious nectar from her lips.
Thrice happy bird, how wert thou bleſs'd,
Of ſuch ſuperior love poſſeſs'd!
Couldſt thou but make the tenure ſure,
And thoſe unrivall'd hours endure;
But love, a light, fantaſtic thing,
Like thee, is always on the wing;
And ſacred friendſhip oft a jeſt,
When center'd in a female breaſt!
Thus Lin the circling moments paſt
In raptures too refin'd to laſt;
When (as his conſtant court he paid)
Some envious ſongſters of the ſhade
Obſerv'd his motions to and fro,
For merit's ne'er without a foe.
They mark'd the tranſports of his eye,
His ſprightly air and gloſſy dye;
And all agreed to know, ere night,
What gave the vagrant ſuch delight.

Strait to the beauteous bower they throng,
Nor for admittance waited long;
The nymph, whom every charm attends,
Receives her new, aerial friends;
With crumbled cake, and fruitage feeds,
And feaſts them on her choiceſt ſeeds;
Did all, that kindneſs could inſpire,
To bring her coy acquaintance nigh her;
And Linny now returns, to pay
The due devotions of the day;
When to his wondering eyes aroſe
A numerous circle of his foes;
Grief touch'd his ſoul, to ſee them there,
But, with a ſeeming eaſy air,
He took his place among the reſt,
And ſat an undiſtinguiſh'd gueſt.
Alas, how ſoon can time deſtroy
The ſureſt pledge of earthly joy?
A favourite's flattering hopes defeat,
And tumble tyrants from their ſtate?
For time, indulgent but to few,
Depoſes kings—and linnets too.
He, who was once the nymph's delight,
Sits now neglected in her ſight;
In vain to charm her ear he tries,
New forms engag'd her ears and eyes!
The goldfinch ſpreads his gaudy coat,
And all were raviſh'd with his note;
While none attends to Linny's ſtrain,
For, ah, poor Linny's plumes were plain.

And now (the mournful warbler flown)
The nymph and friendly bower their own,
O'er all reſerve their ſpleen prevails,
And every tongue in concert rails:
All wonder'd what her eyes could ſee
In ſuch a worthleſs thing as he!
Who ſtill purſues his private ends,
Ungrateful to his kindeſt friends;
One inſtance ſure might ſerve to ſhow him!
Alas, how little did they know him?

Some then recounted all the arts
He us'd, to vanquiſh little hearts;
Affirm'd, he ſtill was making love,
And kept a miſs in every grove;
Could trifle with the meaneſt fowl,
Nay, offer courtſhip to an owl!

Scandal, tho' pointed in the dark,
Is ſeldom known to miſs its mark;
While few will interrupt its aim,
Regardleſs of another's fame!
Even they, by whom we once were lov'd,
Thro' life for ſeveral years approv'd!
When ſpleen and envy rail aloud,
Are often carried with the crowd;
Preferring, rather than contend,
To ſacrifice their neareſt friend.

Thus Sylvia yielded to the birds,
Too complaiſant to doubt their words;
Nor thought, that creatures ſo polite
Could deal in calumny and ſpite!

The injur'd Linnet, with their leaves,
For decency ſhe ſtill receives;
Who, tho' he ſees his foes careſt,
Like ſome fond lover, hopes the beſt;
And doubts his own diſcerning eyes,
But, ah, how obvious is diſguiſe?
At length of hope itſelf bereft,
When now no friendly look was left,
And every mark of fondneſs fled;
He hung his wings, and droop'd his head.
And am I then reſign'd, he ſays,
To ſuch ungenerous foes as theſe?
By theſe defrauded of my bliſs?
Is all her kindneſs come to this?
Yet ah, my tongue, forbear to blame
That lov'd, that ever-honour'd name;
This heart, howe'er miſus'd at laſt,
Muſt own unnumber'd favours paſt;
And ſhall, tho' ne'er to meet again,
The dear remembrance ſtill retain.
He ſpoke—and to the window flew,
There ſat, and ſung his laſt adieu.

THE

THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

AN IAMBIC ODE.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLVI.

AS late o'er Britain's chalky coaſts
The Genius of the iſland flew,
The venal ſwarm of foreign hoſts
Inglorious baſking in his view,
Deep in his breaſt he felt the new diſgrace,
And honeſt bluſhes warm'd his godlike face.

Quick flaſh'd the lightning of his ſpear,
Which blaſted France on Creſſy's field,
He wheel'd the blazing ſword in air,
And on his ſhoulders ſpread the ſhield,
As when, o'er Agincourt's blood-purpled lands,
Pale Terror ſtalk'd thro' all the Gallic bands.

Soon as he caſt his eyes below,
Deep heav'd the ſympathetic ſigh,
Sudden the tears of anguiſh flow,
For ſore he felt th' indignity;
Diſcordant paſſions ſhook his heavenly frame,
Now Horror's damp, now indignation's flame.

Ah! what avails, he cried, the blood
Shed by each patriot band of yore,
When Freedom's unpaid legions ſtood
Protectors of this ſea-girt ſhore,
When antient Wiſdom deem'd each Britiſh ſword
From hoſtile power could guard its valiant lord.

What tho' the Daniſh raven ſpread
Awhile his wings o'er Engliſh ground,
The bird of prey funereal fled
When Alfred call'd his peers around,
Whoſe fleets triumphant riding on the flood,
Deep ſtain'd each chalky cliff with Denmark's blood.

Alfred on natives could depend,
And ſcorn'd a foreign force t'employ,
He thought, who dar'd not to defend
Were never worthy to enjoy;
The realm's and monarch's intereſt deem'd but one,
And arm'd his ſubjects to maintain their own.

What tho' weak John's divided reign
The Gallic legions tempted o'er,
When Henry's barons join'd again,
Thoſe feather'd warriors left the ſhore;
Learn, Britons, hence you want no foreign friends,
The Lion's ſafety on himſelf depends.

Reflect

Reflect on Edward's glorious name;
On my fifth Henry's martial deeds;
Think on thoſe peers of deathleſs fame,
Who met their king on Thames's meads,
When ſovereign might acknowledg'd reaſon's plea,
That heaven created man for liberty.

Tho' Rome's fell ſtar malignant ſhone,
When good Eliza rul'd this ſtate,
On Engliſh hearts ſhe plac'd her throne,
And in their happineſs her fate,
While blacker than the tempeſts of the North,
The papal tyrant ſent his curſes forth.

Lo! where my Thames's waters glide
At great Auguſta's regal feet,
Bearing on each returning tide
From diſtant realms a golden fleet,
Which homeward wafts the fruits of every zone,
And makes the wealth of all the world your own.

Shall on his ſilver waves be borne
Of armed ſlaves a venal crew?
Lo! the old God denotes his ſcorn,
And ſhudders at th' unuſual view,
Down to his deepeſt cave retires to mourn,
And tears indignant bathe his cryſtal urn.

O! how can vaſſals born to bear
The galling weight of Slavery's chain,
A patriot's noble ardor ſhare,
Or Freedom's ſacred cauſe maintain?
Britons, exert your own unconquer'd might,
A Freeman beſt defends a Freeman's right.

Look back on every deathleſs deed
For which your ſires recorded ſtand;
To battle, let your nobles lead
The ſons of toil, a hardy band;
The ſword on each rough peaſant's thigh be worn,
And war's green wreaths the ſhepherd's front adorn.

But ſee! upon his utmoſt ſhores
America's ſad Genius lies,
Each waſted province he deplores,
And caſts on me his languid eyes,
Bleſs'd with heav'n's favourite ordinance I fly
To raiſe the oppreſs'd, and humble tyranny.

This ſaid, the Viſion weſtward fled,
His wrinkled brow denouncing war;
The way fire-mantled Vengeance led,
And Juſtice drove his airy car;
Behind firm-footed Peace her olive bore,
And Plenty's horn pour'd bleſſings on the ſhore.

HOPE. A PASTORAL BALLAD.

MY pipe ſounds a cheerfuller note,
My crook is new garniſh'd with flowers,
This day to ſweet thoughts I devote,
Where bloſſom the eglantine bowers.

My ſheep unattended may ſtray
Where clover impurples the plain,
My dog unregarded may play,
Till morning riſe on him again.

'Tis fit that they too ſhould partake
Of the joy that enlivens my ſoul,
At night I'll repair to the wake,
And merrily quaff the full bowl.

Juſt now, as I walk'd thro' the grove,
I met my dear Delia there,
And told her a tale of my love,
Which ſhe ſeem'd with ſoft pleaſure to hear.

A bluſh, like the bluſh of the dawn,
Stole over her beautiful cheek,
Smiles, ſweeter than infants new-born,
Told, more than I wiſh'd her to ſpeak.

I ſtole from her hand a ſweet kiſs,
Nor tried ſhe to draw it away,
No deſcription comes up to the bliſs
That reigns in my boſom to day.

Methinks every Zephyr that blows
Soft muſic conveys to my ear,
Methinks every floweret that grows
More blooming and freſh does appear.

The birds tune their muſical throats,
And ſing moſt delightfully ſweet,
In ſoft and more delicate notes
Sweet Echo my ſighs does repeat.

ODE TO SENSIBILITY.

THanks to thee, Nymph, whoſe powerful hand
From dulneſs ſet me free,
Thy praiſes I'll for ever ſing,
Sweet Senſibility.

Thy touch, ſo gentle and benign,
Revives the torpid heart,
Thou pleaſure canſt from pain refine,
To joys new joy impart.

By

By thee the gaudy rainbow ſhows
More beauteous to the eye,
By thee more ſweetly ſmells the roſe,
And boaſts a brighter dye.

By thee I taſte the luſcious ſweets
Of Cloe's nectar'd kiſs,
By thee I laugh, or cheerful ſing,
And ſeize each tranſient bliſs.

When Cloe tunes her liquid voice,
Or tries ſoft muſic's art,
By thee the ſounds melodious pierce,
Like lightning, to the heart.

By thee the poet's charming lays
Our various paſſions move,
Now fire the ſoul with rage, or melt
To pity, or to love.

By thee the ſcientific page
The ſcholar's eye delights,
By thee he ſhares the feaſt of wit,
Or wit himſelf indites.

With thee we taſte the joys of wine,
Of friendſhip, and of love,
When thou art gone we lonely pine,
Or melancholic rove.

PETRARCH AND LAURA.

An Epigrammatic Tale.

DAN Petrarch of old, it has often been ſaid,
By ſome Cardinal urg'd, his fair Laura to wed,
With an offer of fortune (and well-tim'd it was,
For poets have ſeldom much rent from Parnaſs')
Cried, my lord you'll excuſe me, but I have a reaſon
Why even this offer becomes out of ſeaſon;
I've a new book of ſonnets juſt ripe for the preſs,
Upon the ſame plan as the laſt, you may gueſs;
I have there, all along, made my Laura a goddeſs,
And Venus, to pleaſe me, has lent her the boddice;
While Hebe, Minerva, and twenty to boot,
With gifts all celeſtial have trick'd me her out.
Now marriage, my lord, the whole charm would deſtroy,
And hurl her divinity quite from the ſky,
To my coſt I ſhould find her no more than a woman,
And my ſonnets, alas! would gain credit with no man.

TO

TO WINTER.

By Mr. Woty.

WHAT! tho' thou com'ſt in ſable mantle clad,
Yet, Winter! art thou welcome to my eye:
Thee here I hail, tho' terrors round thee wait,
And winds tempeſtuous howl along the ſky.

But ſhall I then ſo ſoon forget the days
When Ceres led me thro' her wheaten mines!
When autumn pluck'd me, with his tawny hand,
Empurpled cluſters from ambroſial vines!

So ſoon forget, when up the yielding pole
I ſaw aſcend the ſilver-bearded hop!
When Summer, waving high her crown of hay,
Pour'd o'er the mead her odoriferous crop!

I muſt forget them—and thee too, O Spring!
Tho' many a chaplet thou haſt weav'd for me:
For, now prepar'd to quit th' enchanting ſcenes,
Cold, weeping Winter! I come all to thee.

Hail to thy rolling clouds, and rapid ſtorms!
Tho' they deform fair Nature's lovely face:
Hail to thy winds, that ſweep along the earth!
Tho' trees they root up from their ſolid baſe.

How ſicklied over is the face of things!
Where is the ſpice kiſs of the ſouthern gale!
Where the wild roſe, that ſmil'd upon the thorn,
The mountain flower, and lilly of the vale!

How gloomy 'tis to caſt the eye around,
And view the trees diſrob'd of every leaf,
The velvet path grown rough with clotting ſhowers,
And every field depriv'd of every ſheaf!

How far more gloomy o'er the rain-beat heath,
Alone to travel in the dead of night!
No twinkling ſtar to gild the arch of heaven,
No moon to lend her temporary light:

To ſee the lightning ſpread its ample ſheet,
Diſcern the wild waſte thro' its liquid fire,
To hear the thunder rend the troubled air,
As time itſelf and nature would expire:

And yet, O Winter! has thy poet ſeen
Thy face as ſmooth, and placid as the Spring,
Has felt, with comfort felt, the beam of heaven,
And heard thy vallies and thy woodlands ring.

What time the ſun with burniſh'd locks aroſe,
The long loſt charms of nature to renew,
When pearls of ice bedeck'd the graſſy turf,
And tree-tops floated in the ſilver dew.

Father of heaven and earth! this change is thine:
By thee the Seaſons in gradation roll,
Thou great omniſcient Ruler of the world!
Thou Alpha and Omega of the whole!

Here humbly bow we down our heads to thee!
'Tis ours the voice of gratitude to raiſe,
Thine to diffuſe thy bleſſings o'er the land;
Thine to receive the incenſe of our praiſe.

Pure if it riſes from the conſcious heart,
With thee for ever does the ſymbol live;
Tho' ſmall for all thy love is man's return,
Thou aſk'ſt no more, than he has power to give.

AN EPISTLE OF M. DE VOLTAIRE,

UPON HIS ARRIVAL AT HIS ESTATE NEAR THE LAKE OF GENEVA, IN MARCH, MDCCLV.

FROM THE FRENCH.

O Take, O keep me, ever bleſt domains,
Where lovely Flora with Pomona reigns;
Where Art fulfils what Nature's voice requires,
And gives the charms to which my verſe aſpires;
Take me, the world with tranſport I reſign,
And let your peaceful ſolitude be mine!
Yet not in theſe retreats I boaſt to find
That perfect bliſs that leaves no wiſh behind;
This, to no lonely ſhade kind Nature brings,
Nor Art beſtows on courtiers, or on kings;
Not even the Sage this boon has e'er poſſeſs'd,
Tho' join'd with wiſdom, virtue ſhar'd his breaſt;
This tranſient life, alas! can ne'er ſuffice
To reach the diſtant goal, and ſnatch the prize;
Yet, ſooth'd to reſt, we feel ſuſpence from woe,
And tho' not perfect joy, yet joy we know.
Enchanting ſcenes! what pleaſure you diſpenſe
Where'er I turn, to every wondering ſenſe!
An * ocean here, where no rude tempeſt roars,
With cryſtal waters laves the hallow'd ſhores;

* The lake of Geneva.

Here flowery fields with riſing hills are crown'd,
Where cluſtering vines empurple all the ground;
Now by degrees from hills to Alps they riſe,
Hell groans beneath, above they pierce the ſkies!
See the proud ſummit, white with endleſs froſt,
Eternal bulkwark of the bliſsful coaſt!
The bliſsful coaſt the hardy Lombards gain,
And froſt and mountains croſs their courſe in vain;
Here glory beckon'd mighty chiefs of old,
And planted laurels to reward the bold;
Charles, Otho, Conti heard her trumpet ſound,
And, borne on victory's wings, they ſpurn'd the mound.
See, on thoſe banks where yon calm waters ſwell,
The hair-clad epicure's luxurious cell!
See fam'd Ripaille, where once ſo grave, ſo gay,
Great Amedeus † paſs'd from prayer to play:
Fantaſtic wretch! thou riddle of thy kind!
What ſtrange ambition ſeiz'd thy frantic mind?
Prince, hermit, lover! bleſt thro' every hour
With bliſsful change of pleaſure and of power,
Couldſt thou, thus paradis'd, from care remote,
Ruſh to the world, and fight for Peter's boat?

† Amedeus the Pacific, firſt duke of Savoy, in 1434 retired to the priory of Ripaille, where he affected to live like an hermit, and ſuffered his beard to grow to an enormous length; but he kept a miſtreſs in his cell; and in other reſpects lived in great luxury; yet he joined with a faction againſt Pope Eugenius IV. and being elected to the ſee of Rome, he was crowned Pope by the name of Felix V. but afterwards reſigned at the requeſt of Charles VII. king of France.

Now

Now by the Gods of ſweet repoſe I ſwear,
I would not thus have barter'd eaſe for care,
Spight of the keys that move our fear and hope,
I ne'er would quit ſuch penance to be Pope.
Let him who Rome's ſtern tyrant ſtoop'd to praiſe,
The tuneful chanter of ſweet georgic lays,
Let Maro boaſt of ſtreams that Nature pours
To lave proud villas on Italia's ſhores;
Superior far the ſtreams that court my ſong,
Superior far the ſhores they wind along:
Bleſt ſhores! the dwelling of that ſacred power
Who rules each joyful, and each glorious hour,
Queen of whate'er the good or great deſire,
The patriot's eloquence, the hero's fire,
Shrin'd in each breaſt, and near the tyrant's ſword
Invok'd in whiſpers, and in ſighs ador'd,
Immortal Liberty, whoſe generous mind
With all her gifts would bleſs all human-kind!
See, from Morat* ſhe comes in martial charms,
And ſhines like Pallas in celeſtial arms,
Her ſword the blood of boaſtful Auſtria ſtains,
And Charles, who threaten'd with opprobrious chains.
Now hoſtile crowds Geneva's towers aſſail,
They march in ſecret, and by night they ſcale;

* Morat is a little town in the canton of Fribourgh in Switzerland, famous for a battle which the Switzers gained againſt Charles the Raſh, duke of Burgundy, by which they recovered and eſtabliſhed their liberty. Charles himſelf was wounded, and left 18,000 Auſtrians dead on the ſpot.

The Goddeſs comes—they vaniſh from the wall.
Their launces ſhiver, and their heroes fall,
For fraud can ne'er elude, nor force withſtand
The ſtroke of Liberty's victorious hand *.
She ſmiles; her ſmiles perpetual joys diffuſe;
A ſhouting nation where ſhe turns purſues;
Their heart-felt Pæans thunder to the ſky,
And echoing Appenines from far reply:
Such wreaths their temples crown as Greece entwin'd
Her hero's brows at Marathon † to bind;
Such wreaths the ſons of freedom hold more dear,
Than circling gold and gems that crown the peer,
Than the broad hat which ſhades the Pontiff's face,
Or the cleft mitre's venerable grace.
Inſulting grandeur, in gay tinſel dreſt,
Shows here no ſtar embroider'd on the breaſt,
No tiſſued ribbon on the ſhoulder tied,
Vain gift implor'd by Vanity from Pride!
Nor here ſtern Wealth, with ſupercilious eyes,
The faltering prayer of weeping want denies;
Here no falſe Pride at honeſt labour ſneers,
Men here are brothers, equal but in years;

* The duke of Savoy once attempted to ſurprize Geneva, and take it in the night by eſcalade, but the firſt man that mounted the wall was diſcovered by a woman, who courageouſly knocked him down, and alarmed the Geneveſe, who drove off the aſſailants, and ſallying after them, made a great ſlaughter.

† At Marathon, Miltiades, with 10,000 Athenians, defeated an army of more than 100,000 Perſians, and delivered his country from a foreign yoke.

Here

Here heaven, O! Liberty, has fix'd thy throne,
Fill'd, glorious Liberty! by thee alone.
Rome ſees thy face, ſince Brutus fell, no more,
A ſtranger thou on many a cultur'd ſhore:
The Poliſh lord, of thy embraces vain,
Pricks his proud courſer o'er Sarmatia's plain;
Erects his haughty front in martial pride,
And ſpurns the burgher, grovelling at his ſide;
The grovelling burgher burns with ſecret fires,
Looks up, beholds thee, ſighs, deſpairs, expires.
Britain's rough ſons in thy defence are bold,
Yet ſome pretend at London thou art ſold;
I heed them not, to ſell too proud, too wiſe,
If blood muſt buy, with blood the Briton buys.
On Belgic bogs, 'tis ſaid, thy footſteps fail,
But thou ſecure may'ſt ſcorn the whiſper'd tale;
To lateſt times the race of great Naſſau,
Who rais'd ſeven altars * to thy ſacred law,
With faithful hand thy honours ſhall defend,
And bid proud factions to thy faſces bend.
Thee Venice keeps, thee Genoa now regains;
And next the throne thy ſeat the Swede maintains;
How few in ſafety thus with kings can vie!
If not ſupreme, how dangerous to be high!
O! ſtill preſide where'er the law's thy friend,
And keep thy ſtation, and thy rights defend:
But take no factious League's † reproachful name,
Still prone to change, and zealous ſtill to blame,

* The Union of the Seven Provinces.

† The author alludes to the famous League formed againſt Henry of France.

Cloud not the ſunſhine of a conquering race,
Whom wiſdom governs, and whom manners grace;
Fond of their ſovereign, of ſubjection vain,
They wiſh no favours at thy hands to gain,
Nor need ſuch vaſſals at their lord repine,
Whoſe eaſy ſway they fondly take for thine.
Thro' the wide Eaſt leſs gentle is thy fate,
Where the dumb murderer guards the ſultan's gate;
Here pale and trembling, in the duſt o'erturn'd,
With chains diſhonour'd, and by eunuchs ſpurn'd,
The ſword and bow-ſtring plac'd on either ſide
Thou mourn'ſt, while ſlaves of life and death decide.
Spoil'd of thy cap thro' all the bright Levant
Tell * gave thee his, and well ſupply'd the want,
O! come my Goddeſs, in thy choſen hour,
And let my better fortune hail thy power;
Fair friendſhip calls thee to my green retreat,
O! come, with friendſhip ſhare the moſſy ſeat;
Like thee ſhe flies the turbulent and great,
The craft of buſineſs, and the farce of ſtate;
To you, propitious powers, at laſt I turn,
To you, my vows aſcend, my altars burn;
Let me of each the pleaſing influence ſhare,
My joys now heighten'd, and now ſooth'd my care;
Each ruder paſſion baniſh'd from my breaſt,
Bid the ſhort remnant of my days be bleſt.

* William Tell was the means of reſtoring liberty and independance to Switzerland by killing Griſler, the tyrant who governed it for the emperor Albert.

THE WINTER's WALK.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary proſpects round us riſe,
The naked hill, the leafleſs grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning ſkies!

Nor only through the waſted plain,
Stern Winter is thy force confeſs'd,
Still wider ſpreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power uſurp my breaſt.

Enlivening hope and fond deſire,
Reſign the heart to ſpleen and care,
Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
And rapture ſaddens to deſpair.

In groundleſs hope and cauſeleſs fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom,
Still changing with the changeful year,
The ſlave of ſunſhine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and falſe alarms,
With mental and corporeal ſtrife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And ſcreen me from the ills of life.

EPI-

EPITAPH ON CLAUDIUS PHILLIPS.

By the Same.

PHILLIPS! whoſe touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guiltleſs power or hapleſs love,
Reſt here oppreſs'd by poverty no more,
Here find that calm thou gav'ſt ſo oft before:
Reſt undiſturb'd within this humble ſhrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

THE POOR MAN's PRAYER.

Addressed to Lord Chatham.

AMIDST the more important toils of ſtate,
The counſels lab'ring in thy patriot ſoul,
Tho' Europe from thy voice expect her fate,
And thy keen glance extends from pole to pole:

O Chatham! nurs'd in antient virtue's lore,
To theſe ſad ſtrains incline a fav'ring ear;
Think on the God whom thou and I adore,
Nor turn unpitying from *the Poor Man's Prayer*.

Ah me! how bleſt was once a peaſant's life,
No lawleſs paſſion ſwell'd my even breaſt;
Far from the ſtormy waves of civil ſtrife,
Sound were my ſlumbers, and my heart at reſt.

I ne'er for guilty painful pleaſures rov'd;
But taught by nature and by choice to wed,
From all the hamlet cull'd whom beſt I lov'd,
With her I ſtaid my heart, with her my bed.

To gild her worth I aſk'd no wealthy power,
My toil could feed her, and my arm defend;
In youth or age, in pain or pleaſure's hour,
The ſame fond huſband, father, brother, friend.

And ſhe, the faithful partner of my care,
When ruddy evening ſtreak'd the weſtern ſky,
Look'd towards the uplands, if her mate was there,
Or thro' the beech-wood caſt an anxious eye.

The careful matron heap'd the maple board
With ſavoury herbs, and pick'd the nicer part
From ſuch plain food as nature could afford,
Ere ſimple nature was debauch'd by art:

While I, contented with my homely chear,
Saw round my knees my prattling children play;
And oft with pleas'd attention ſat to hear
The little hiſtory of their idle day.

But ah! how chang'd the ſcene! on the cold ſtones,
Where wont at night to blaze the cheerful fire,
Pale Famine ſits, and counts her naked bones,
Still ſighs for food, ſtill pines with vain deſire.

My faithful wife, with ever-ſtreaming eyes,
Hangs on my boſom her dejected head!
My helpleſs infants raiſe their feeble cries,
And from their father claim their daily bread.

Dear tender pledges of my honeſt love,
On that bare bed behold your brother lie;
Three tedious days with pinching want he ſtrove,
The fourth I ſaw the helpleſs cherub die.

Nor long ſhall ye remain, with viſage ſour
Our tyrant lord commands us from our home;
And arm'd with cruel law's coercive power
Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains roam.

Yet never, Chatham, have I paſs'd a day
In riot's orgies or in idle eaſe;
Ne'er have I ſacrific'd to ſport and play,
Or wiſh'd a pamper'd appetite to pleaſe.

Hard was my fate, and conſtant was my toil;
Still with the morning's orient light I roſe,
Fell'd the ſtout oak, or rais'd the lofty pile,
Parch'd in the ſun, in dark December froze.

Is it that Nature, with a niggard hand,
Witholds her gifts from theſe once favour'd plains?
Has God, in vengeance to a guilty land,
Sent dearth and famine to her lab'ring ſwains?

Ah, no; yon hill, where daily ſweats my brow,
A thouſand flocks, a thouſand herds adorn;
Yon field where late I drove the painful plough,
Feels all her acres crown'd with wavy corn.

But what avails, that o'er the furrow'd ſoil
In autumn's heat the yellow harveſts riſe,
If artificial want elude my toil,
Untaſted plenty wound my craving eyes?

What profits if at diſtance I behold
My wealthy neighbour's fragrant ſmoke aſcend,
If ſtill the griping cormorants withold
The fruits which rain and genial ſeaſons ſend?

If thoſe fell vipers of the public weal
Yet unrelenting on our bowels prey;
If ſtill the curſe of penury we feel,
And in the midſt of plenty pine away?

In every port the veſſels ride ſecure,
That wafts our harveſt to a foreign ſhore;
While we the pangs of preſſing want endure,
The ſons of ſtrangers riot on our ſtore.

O generous

O generous Chatham, ſtop thoſe fatal ſails,
Once more with outſtrech'd arm thy Britons ſave :
Th' unheeding crew but waits for fav'ring gales,
O ſtop them ere they ſtem Italia's wave.

From thee alone I hope for inſtant aid,
'Tis thou alone canſt ſave my children's breath ;
O deem not little of our cruel need,
O haſte to help us, for delay is death.

So may nor ſpleen, nor envy blaſt thy name,
Nor voice profane thy patriot acts deride ;
Still may'ſt thou ſtand the firſt in honeſt fame,
Unſtung by folly, vanity, or pride.

So may thy languid limbs with ſtrength be brac'd,
And glowing health ſupport thy active ſoul ;
With fair renown thy public virtue grac'd,
Far as thou bad'ſt Britannia's thunder roll.

Then joy to thee, and to thy children peace,
The grateful hind ſhall drink from Plenty's horn ;
And while they ſhare the cultur'd land's increaſe,
The poor ſhall bleſs the day when *Pitt* was born.

AN EPITAPH,

WRITTEN BY MR. CALEB SMITH UPON HIS WIFE.

IF beauty's faireſt form, and each bright charm,
That with ſoft love th' enamour'd ſoul does warm;
If ſprightly fancy with ſound judgment join'd;
Good nature, ſweet deportment, ſenſe refin'd;
And what we higheſt prize,—a virtuous mind;
If conduct blameleſs, and unblemiſh'd life,
In every ſtate of virgin, widow, wife;
Amidſt a world of follies, flatt'ries, cares, and ſtrife;
If niceſt honour, ſpotleſs purity,
Firm faith, fair hope, and boundleſs charity;
Unerring prudence, ſtrict regard to truth;
And deathleſs fame acquir'd in bloom of youth;
If theſe, or any grace, had power to ſave
The beſt of wives and women from the grave:
If all men's wiſhes, and the huſband's pray'r;
The force of drugs, or wiſe phyſician's care,
Cou'd reſpite righteous heaven's ſevere decree,
To rend a bleſſing from the world and me;
Then, rueful Pancras, none had ever read
Maria's honour'd name among thy dead.

Aug. 19, 1747.

VERSES

VERSES

Written by RICHARD BERENGER, Eſq. upon Mr. DODSLEY's publiſhing 2 vols. of Poems by ſeveral hands, in which an Ode, called, The Regions of Terror and Pity, (wrote by Mr. DODSLEY) was not inſerted.

YOU aſk why in that garland fair,
Where various ſweets abound,
A *certain* flow'r of merit rare
Is no where to be found?

Why the ſame floriſt thought not meet
To give that bloom its due?
Since none can odours yield more ſweet,
Or boaſt a brighter hue.

Then know, the modeſt ſwain, my friend,
Who cull'd thoſe flow'rs ſo gay,
Meant others worth to recommend,
And not his own diſplay.

But if this blooming wreath had been
Twin'd by another's care,
Dodſley, thy flow'r, we then had ſeen
Shining diſtinguiſh'd there.

MR.

MR. DODSLEY's ANSWER.

YES, yes, my friend, my heart I own
Was weak, was vain enough to've ſhewn
That ode amongſt its betters;
But Prudence whiſper'd in my ear,
Be diffident, nor preſs ſo near
To rank with men of letters.

Aim not in that ſelected wreath,
Where buds of ſweeteſt odours breath,
To mix thy fainter blooms;
Nor dare to place with flow'rs ſo bright,
Pale hemlock, and cold aconite,
To poiſon their perfumes.

Abaſh'd I liſten'd, yet obey'd
The friendly voice, and to the ſhade
Melpomene was driven;
But mark the event, 'tis hence ſhe ſhines,
With luſtre from your partial lines
Her own could ne'er have given.

THE

THE WISH.

I.

SHOULD I e'er become parſon (for ſo I'm inclin'd)
May I get a ſnug benefice pat to my mind,
Large enough to allow of a wife at my table,
A cow in my yard, and a nag in my ſtable.
May my flock n'er embroil me in quarrels and ſtrife,
In good humour I'd live all the days of my life,
And die before tir'd of myſelf or my wife.

II.

With a friend or two near me of equal degree,
As like me in all things as pea is to pea;
On a pudding and joint who contented can dine,
With a glaſs of old Port, and October divine.
May my flock, &c.

III.

May my offerings and tythes make me always appear
With a clean tho' coarſe ſhirt ev'ry day in the year;
For of all living things, not excepting a ſwine,
The beaſtlieſt of beaſts, is a beaſtly divine.
May my flock, &c.

IV.

May I ne'er grow too grave, not to join in the fun,
When my lord cracks a joke, or the ſquire cuts a pun,

For

For if life is a jeſt, as the wiſeſt have ſpoke,
He lives the beſt life then who cuts the beſt joke.
May my flock, &c.

V.

With no myſtical learning I'd trouble my head,
Relying on faith, which will do in its ſtead;
With knowledge enough heaven's gates to unlock,
And to take the ſtrait road there along with my flock.
May my flock, &c.

VI.

With a bottle or two of prime wine on my ſhelf,
To recur to whene'er I am tir'd of myſelf;
And a good natur'd muſe to retire to at leiſure,
Who will wrap me in rhimes, and inſpire me with meaſure.
May my flock, &c.

VII.

To enjoy what I have, without wiſhing for more,
For contentment with little is doubling one's ſtore;
And when I am gone, may my ſucceſſor ſay,
He's gone, and I wiſh I could live the ſame way:
For his flock ne'er embroil'd him in quarrels or ſtrife,
In good humour he liv'd all the days of his life,
And died before tir'd of himſelf or his wife.

A SONG.

I.

SHALL Pope ſing his flames
With quality dames,
And dutcheſſes toaſt when he dines;
Shall Swift ballads compoſe
On the girls at the Roſe,
Whilſt unſung is my fair Charlotte Lynes?

II.

O! were Phœbus my friend,
Or would Bacchus but lend
Me the ſpirits that flow from his wines,
The laſs of the mill,
Molly Mogg, and Lepell,
Shou'd be dowdies to fair Charlotte Lynes.

III.

The aſtronomer cries
Look up to yon ſkies,
And view the bright heavenly ſigns;
For a ſight brighter far
Than ſun, moon, or ſtar,
Let him look at my fair Charlotte Lynes.

IV.

The miſer for gain
Thinks nothing of pain,
And contentedly digs in the mines:
Let him take all Peru,
And rich Mexico too,
What are theſe to my fair Charlotte Lynes?

V.

Any porter may ſerve
For a copy to carve
An Alcides with muſcular chines;
But a Venus to draw,
Bright as eye ever ſaw,
He muſt copy my fair Charlotte Lynes.

VI.

The favourite child,
Whom her fondneſs has ſpoil'd,
For mamma often whimpers and whines;
And this hour let me die
But I languiſh and ſigh,
When I'm abſent from fair Charlotte Lynes.

VII.

For quadrille when the fair
Cards and counters prepare,
They caſt out the tens, eights, and nines;
And in love 'tis my fear
The like fate I ſhall ſhare,
Diſcarded by fair Charlotte Lynes.

VIII.

VIII.

Aſtrologers prove
The conjunctions above,
With their houſes, ſquares, circles, and ſigns:
But oh! could they ſhow
One conjunction below
Between me and my fair Charlotte Lynes.

IX.

With hearts full of rapture,
Our good dean and chapter
Count over, and finger their fines:
But I'd give their eſtate,
Was it ten times as great,
For one kiſs from my fair Charlotte Lynes.

X.

In the midſt of gay ſights,
And foreign delights,
For his country the baniſh'd man pines:
Thus from her when away,
Tho' my eyes they may ſtray,
Yet my heart is with fair Charlotte Lynes.

XI.

Antiquity's page,
The rev'rend ſage
Explains from old medals and coins;
But no comment ſo fit
On youth, beauty, and wit,
Can they find as my fair Charlotte Lynes.

XII.

It is Atropos' ſport
With her ſheers to cut ſhort
The thread which dame Lacheſis twines:
But forbear, you curſt jade,
Or cut mine, not the thread
That was ſpun for my fair Charlotte Lynes.

XIII.

The young pair for a crown,
On his book paid him down,
The ſacriſt * obſequiouſly joins;
Was I biſhop, I ſwear
I'd reſign him my chair,
To unite me with fair Charlotte Lynes.

XIV.

For my firſt night I'd go
To thoſe regions of ſnow,
Where the ſun for ſix months never ſhines;
And, oh! there ſhou'd complain
He too ſoon came again
To diſturb me with fair Charlotte Lynes.

XV.

The paſtures, the ſheep,
Shall exchange for the deep,
And mackrel ſhall grow on the vines;
The ſun ſhall burn blue,
Ere my heart proves untrue,
Or forgets to love fair Charlotte Lynes.

* Tom White.

ON

ON Mr. WALPOLE's HOUSE AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

By Miss M——.

WHEN Envy ſaw yon Gothic ſtructure riſe,
She view'd the fabric with malignant eyes:
With grief ſhe gazes on the antique wall,
The pictur'd windows, and the trophy'd hall.
Thro' well-ranged chambers, next ſhe bends her way,
Gloomy, not dark, and chearful, tho' not gay;
Where to the whole, each part proportion bears,
And all around, a pleaſing aſpect wears.
Towards the ſtudy then her footſteps tend,
Where columns riſe, and ſculptur'd arches bend:
Here ſoothing Melancholy holds her ſeat,
And Contemplation ſeeks the lov'd retreat.
The garden next diſplays a magic ſcene
Of fragrant plants and never-fading green:
Each various ſeaſon, various gifts beſtows,
The lilac, woodbine, and the blooming roſe;
Hence, in clear proſpect to the gazer's eye,
Woods, hills, and ſtreams, in ſweet confuſion lie.
The ſilver Thames, as he purſues his way,
Seems here to loiter, and prolong his ſtay.

Theſe

Theſe matchleſs charms, her indignation move,
She weeps to find ſhe cannot but approve:
Then ſorely ſighing, from her canker'd breaſt,
Thus the curſt fiend her impious woes expreſt:
Am I in vain the foe to all thy race?
'Twas I that wrought thy patriot ſire's diſgrace;
In vain I ſtrove to blot his honour'd name,
Brighter it ſhines, reſtor'd by endleſs fame:
And muſt another Walpole break my reſt,
And muſt thy praiſes, my repoſe moleſt?
'Tis thine, by various talents, ſtill to pleaſe,
To plan with judgment, execute with eaſe;
With equal ſkill, to build, converſe and write,
To charm the mind, and gratify the ſight.
Ah! could I but theſe battlements o'erthrow,
And lay this monument of genius low?
But vain the wiſh, for art and nature join
To add perfection to the fair deſign:
It muſt proceed, for ſo the fates decree,
Yet mark the ſentence that's pronounc'd by me:
Thouſands that view it ſhall the work deſpiſe,
And thouſands more ſhall view it with my eyes;
Th' applauſe which thou ſo gladly wouldſt receive,
The candid and the wiſe alone ſhall give:
Taſte, tho' much talk'd of, is confin'd to few,
They beſt can prize it, who are moſt like you.

To the AUTHORESS of ſome Lines on STRAWBERRY-HILL.

By the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE.

MISTAKEN fair one, check thy fancy's flight,
Nor let fond poetry miſguide thy ſight.
The ſweet creation, by thy pencil drawn,
Nor real in the fabric, nor the lawn.
Leſs in the maſter, is the picture true,
Unlike the portrait, and improv'd the view.
A trifling, careleſs, ſhort-liv'd wri.er, he
Nor Envy's topic can, nor object be.
Nor paſteboard walls, nor mimic towers are fit,
To exerciſe her tooth, or Delia's wit.
No 'twas Parnaſſus did her fancy fill,
Which the kind maid miſtook for Strawb'ry-hill:
While Modeſty perſuaded her to place
Another on that mount ſhe ought to grace.

TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

BY THOMAS TICKELL, ESQ.

I Am, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
And panting for breath, the coy virgin purſu'd,
When his wiſdom, in manner moſt ample, expreſt
The long liſt of the graces his godſhip poſſeſt:
I'm the god of ſweet ſong, and inſpirer of lays;
Nor for lays, nor ſweet ſong, the fair fugitive ſtays:
I'm the god of the harp—ſtop, my faireſt—in vain;
Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again.
Every plant, every flower, and their virtues I know,
God of light I'm above, and of phyſic below:
At the dreadful word phyſic, the nymph fled more faſt;
At the fatal word phyſic, ſhe doubled her haſte.
Thou fond god of wiſdom, then alter thy phraſe,
Bid her view thy young bloom, and thy raviſhing rays,
Tell her leſs of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
And, my life for't, the damſel ſhall fly to thy arms.

THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF
VIRGIL.

WRITTEN BY MAPHŒUS VEGIUS.

Tranſlated into ENGLISH VERSE,

By MOSES MENDES, Eſq.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE great character Maphæus Vegius bore among the learned, may be a ſufficient reaſon for me to have attempted the following tranſlation; in which I was the more encouraged, as I do not know of any other verſion but one by Thomas Twine, doctor of phyſic, printed in the year 1584; and he, I am ſure, is no powerful antagoniſt. I ſhall not pretend to criticiſe upon my author; but ſhall only obſerve, by the way, that I think him too fond of repetitions, ſome of which I have hurried over, and others I have entirely ſtruck out.

Maphæus Vegius was born at Lodi, in the Milaneze, in the year 1407, and was ſecretary of the briefs to pope Martin the Fifth, and afterwards datary. He was likewiſe endowed with a canonry of St. Peter's, with which he was ſo well contented, that he refuſed a rich biſhoprick. Pope Eugenius the Fourth, and Nicholas the Fifth, out of their regard for his learning, and affection to his perſon, continued him in his office of datary.

He died at Rome in the year 1459.

THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF VIRGIL.

The ARGUMENT.

Turnus being ſlain by Eneas, the Rutuli ſubmit to the conqueror, and are ſuffered to carry off their dead leader with all his armour, except the belt of Pallas, which is to be ſent back to Evander. Eneas ſacrifices to the gods. Latinus deplores the death of Turnus. So does Daunus his father, who likewiſe laments a great conflagration, that lays his city in aſhes, and is miraculouſly tranſformed into a bird called a heron. Latinus ſends meſſengers to Eneas with propoſals of peace, and a treaty of marriage with his daughter Lavinia, which are both accepted. He comes to Laurentum, marries the daughter of the king, and at his death ſucceeds him in the kingdom, having firſt founded a city of his own, which he names Lavinium. Venus interceeds with Jupiter to make her ſon a god, which he conſents to. She flies with him to heaven, and he is afterwards worſhipped by the Romans.

DEform'd in duſt now Turnus preſs'd the ground,
The ſoul indignant ruſhing from the wound,
While eminent amid the gazing bands,
Like Mars himſelf, the Trojan victor ſtands:

Groans thick in conſort from the Latians riſe,
And ev'ry heart in every boſom dies.

As the tall wood bewails in hollow ſound,
By ſtorms impell'd, her honours on the ground:
Now, fix'd in earth their ſpears, the humbled foe
Reſt on their ſwords, and targets from them throw;
Condemn the thirſt of battle, and abhor
The dreaded fury of deſtructive war;
Submit to all the conqu'ror ſhall impoſe,
And pardon crave and end of all their woes.

As when two bulls, inflam'd with martial rage,
Impetuous in the bloody fight engage,
To each his herd inclines, who anxious wait
The dubious conflict, and their champion's fate;
But, one victorious, t'others dames in awe
From their foil'd chief their former faith withdraw:
They grieve indeed, but join with one accord
To ſhare the fortunes of an happier lord.

So the Rutulians, ſtruck with mighty dread,
Tho' deep their ſorrow for their leader dead,
Yet now the Phrygians glorious arms would join,
Conducted by a leader ſo divine;
And a firm league of laſting peace implore,
That cruel war might vex their lives no more.
Then ſtriding o'er the foe, the ghaſtly dead,
The Trojan chief expoſtulating ſaid:

" What madneſs ſeiz'd thee, Daunian, in the thought,
That we by Heaven's appointment hither brought,
Here planted by the thunderer's decree,
Could from our manſions be expell'd by thee ?
Oh raſh, the will celeſtial to oppoſe,
To anger Jove, and make the gods thy foes.
At length the utmoſt of thy rage is done
'Gainſt Teucer's race with breach of league begun :
Lo, future times from this inſtructive day
Almighty Jove ſhall fear to diſobey ;
And learn from dread example, to abhor
The crime of kindling, without cauſe, a war.
Now boaſt thy arms : a noble corſe thou'rt laid ;
Since ſuch a price thou for Lavinia paid :
Nor yet ſhall fame to thy diſhonour tell,
That thou defeated by Eneas fell.
But, oh Rutulians, bear away your chief,
Funereal rites perform, indulge your grief ;
With all his arms your hero I reſtore,
Except the belt which erſt young Pallas wore ;
That, to his hoary ſire I mean to ſend,
Perhaps ſome comfort may the gift attend:
The ſullen joy that ſlak'd revenge beſtows,
May ſooth his ſoul, and mollify his woes.
And ye, Auſonians, under better ſtars
Shall lead your legions to ſucceſsful wars,
If juſtice wield the ſword. I never fought
To harm your friends, but ſelf-defending fought,
To ſave my own the hoſtile ſteel I drew,
Fate crown'd my honeſt aim, and frown'd on you."

Eneas ſaid, and ſought with inward joy
The walls that hold the poor remains of Troy;
Mean while his troops their well-lov'd chief attend,
And with reproach the conquer'd hoſts offend:
Their ſhouts triumphant eccho to the ſky,
The mettl'd courſers neigh, and ſeem to fly.

The pious Trojan ere he light the fire
Due to his friends upon the ſacred pyre,
By other flames begins his juſt returns,
And to the gods each holy altar burns;
Obſervant ever of his country's rites,
The mitred prieſt devoted heifers ſmites.
The clam'rous ſwine increaſe the heaps of ſlain,
And milk-white lambkins plead for life in vain.
Forth from each victim are the entrails torn,
And piece-meal cut, in ſacred chargers borne.
They ſtrip the fleecy mother of her pride,
And roaſting fires th' attendant throngs provide:
From deep-mouth'd urns they pour upon the ſhrine
Their due libations to the god of wine.
With grateful incenſe they the pow'rs invoke,
And from each altar curls the fragrant ſmoke.
The choral bands the hymns appointed ſing
To thee, O Venus, and to Heav'ns Great King;
Saturnian Juno heard her praiſe with joy,
Her rage abated tow'rd the ſons of Troy.
Mars too was ſung, and then the num'rous hoſt
Of minor gods, who ſeats ætherial boaſt.

Eneas with his hands to Heaven addreſs'd,
And folding young Iülus to his breaſt,
Beſpoke the boy ; " At length, my only ſon,
Our toils are o'er, the taſk of war is done,
At length approaches the long wiſh'd-for hour
To claſp ſoft quiet, now within our pow'r.
Soon as the morn ſhall ope the gates of day
To yon proud walls, O wing thy ſpeedy way :"
Next to his friends he turn'd him graceful round,
" Ye ſons of Ilion, ever-faithful found,
Too long, alas, we've ſtrangers been to eaſe,
The brunt of battle, and the rage of ſeas
Have been our lot, a ſcene of endleſs pain
Involv'd us all, but better days remain ;
Our pangs are paſt, our ſuff'rings all are o'er,
Peace, dove-ey'd Peace, ſalutes us on this ſhore ;
For know, Lavinia ſhall be firmly mine,
And Trojan ſhall with Latian blood combine ;
From whoſe great mixture ſhall a nation ſpring,
To give the world one univerſal king,
Whoſe wide domain ſhall ſtretch from pole to pole,
Where earth is ſeen, or mighty oceans roll.
Then, dear companions, with th'Auſonian band
In peace and concord ſhare this happy land ;
The good Latinus as your king obey,
For who more juſt, more fit for regal ſway.
This have I fix'd ; by me be taught to dare
The rough approaches of invaſive war,
By me inſtructed, ſuffer as you ought,
Nor on the gods caſt one unhallow'd thought ;

By heav'n I ſwear, my friends ſo often try'd,
Now wanton Fortune combats on my ſide,
The toils you've ſuffered, and the dangers paſt,
Shall meet with ample uſury at laſt."

So ſpoke the chief, revolving in his mind
The various fortunes that attend mankind,
Rejoic'd to ſee the objects of his care
Safe, thro' his means, from tempeſts, rage, and war.
As when a kite in many a whirling ring
Intent on blood, comes ſtooping on the wing,
The anxious hen, for her young brood in dread,
The fell deſtroyer hov'ring o'er their head,
Whets her ſharp bill, th' invader to engage,
And urg'd by fondneſs conquers lawleſs rage;
The tyrant flies, nor yet her fears ſuppreſs'd,
She calls each feather'd wand'rer to her breaſt,
There ſhields them cloſe, and counts them o'er and o'er,
And dangers over-paſt regards no more:
Anchiſes ſon thus to his bands of Troy
By former woe enhances preſent joy,
The perils paſt of battle, land and ſeas,
Are ſweet rememb'rance to an heart at eaſe,
For which the hero grateful homage pays
To ev'ry god, and hymns the thund'rer's praiſe.

The ſad Rutulians their dead leader bear,
And the laſt office for the chief prepare,
The clam'rous ſorrow catches all around,
Latinus heard the melancholy ſound;

Preſaging

Preſaging fears his anxious breaſt divide :
But when he ſaw the wound in Turnus ſide,
He quickly caught the epidemic woe,
His boſom heav'd, his eyes in torrents flow,
In graceful guiſe he wav'd his ſcepter'd hand,
And order'd ſilence to th' intruding band,
Who came in cluſters thronging to the plain,
To view the features of the mighty ſlain.

As when the foaming boar, whom dogs ſurround,
Rips up their gen'rous chief with mortal wound,
The howling pack about the hunter throng,
And ſeem to call him to avenge the wrong ;
The well known ſignals of his hand and voice
Reduce their tumult, and compoſe the noiſe :
Latinus ſilenc'd thus the clam'rous train,
And a dumb ſorrow dwelt on all the plain ;
The ſolemn pauſe the good old monarch broke,
And the big drops fell from him as he ſpoke.

" What ſcenes of various ills, of care, and ſtrife,
Await poor mortals on this ſea of life ;
Pride finds in crowns her pleaſures all compleat,
Deluded wretch to call a poiſon ſweet ;
Ambition haſtens to the duſty field,
Can death, can dangers ſoft contentment yield ?
Th' example now is recent to your eyes,
Young Turnus fate ſhou'd teach you to be wiſe.
Beneath the glitt'ring throne that bears a king
Are poniards hid, and aſpies dart their ſting :

Few,

Few, few alas, a monarch's cares behold,
He ſighs in purple, and repines in gold,
Control'd to act againſt his own intent,
And when he ſighs for peace, to war conſent.

" Ah, what avail'd, miſtaken Turnus ſay,
To urge my people to the lawleſs fray,
To break that knot which ſacred faith had ty'd,
And war 'gainſt thoſe with whom th' immortals ſide?
'Twas with regret the ſword of rage I drew,
For ah too well the conſequence I knew.
Oft have I ſeen thee on thy bounding ſteed,
In burniſh'd arms the willing nations lead,
As oft my prayers have ſooth'd thee from the plain;
But ſober prudence counſels rage in vain.

" My cities thinn'd, are nodding to their fall,
Each uſeleſs fortreſs weeps her ruin'd wall,
A ſanguine dye, once happier rivers yield,
And Latian courſers whiten ev'ry field:
Ah me, what ſcenes attend Latinus' age,
Grief, devaſtation, war, deſpair, and rage!

" Farewel, once more. Ah, Turnus, where is now
That warmth for glory, and that awful brow?
That pleaſing face, by youth more pleaſing dreſs'd,
Now ſhocks the ſight that once charm'd ev'ry breaſt.
Ah me! what horrors ſhall on Daunus wait,
When he ſhall hear his Turnus' rigid fate!

What

What ſtings of ſorrow ſhall his boſom tear,
And Ardea's ſons their monarch's grief ſhall ſhare!
Yet ſoil'd with duſt, and grim with clotted blood,
Cleanſe the pale corſe in yonder ſilver flood,
Perhaps ſome eaſe his father's heart may feel,
To know he ſunk beneath an hero's ſteel."

He ſpake and wept, and turning to the train,
They raiſe the body off the duſty plain,
Plac'd on a bier, to Ardea's walls they tend,
A horrid preſent to a fire to ſend.

Shields, horſes, ſwords, the prizes of the war,
Are borne aloft, next moves the rattling car,
Still wet with Phrygian blood. Metiſcus now
Moves ſlowly on, and ſorrow clouds his brow;
Metiſcus, born to tame the gen'rous ſteed,
Doth in proceſſion Turnus' courſer lead.
The noble beaſt, who ne'er before knew fear,
Now ſhakes, and drops the ſympathizing tear.
Full oft had he his daring maſter led,
Where the war thunder'd, and the nations bled,
To death, to danger, never known to yield,
The pride, the fear, the glory of the field.

Inverted arms the foll'wing legions bear,
And ſhrieks of ſorrow pierce the yielding air.
Thro' night's dull ſhade they march, while Latium's king
Deep in his palace feels keen ſorrow's ſting,

Foreſees ſtrange horrors: widows, maids, and wives,
Young men and old, all anxious for their lives,
Join in one ſhrill complaint: thus ſurges roar,
When preſs'd by winds, they break upon the ſhore.

Nor yet had Daunus heard, his ſon no more
Should cheer his age, or what his army bore
In ſullen pomp approaching Ardea's walls,
Another grief the penſive monarch calls:
For while the Latins had engag'd in fight,
And war-like Turnus glory'd in his might,
Involving flames had ſeiz'd his native land,
And Ardea's town was level'd to the ſand.
Beyond the ſtars aſcending ſparkles fly,
And gleamy horror blazes thro' the ſky.
So will'd the gods; perhaps the crumb'ling wall
In omen dread predicted Turnus fall;
Th' affrighted citizens in dread array,
Thro' flames and death purſue their dubious way;
The ſhrieks of matrons witneſs their deſpair,
And clouds of ſmoak involve the dark'ning air.

As careful ants for future wants provide,
Where an old oak preſents her riven ſide,
But if the ax the ſhelt'ring timber wound,
Or bring its leafy honours to the ground,
Among the croud what cares tumultuous riſe,
This way and that the ſable cohort flies;
Or as the tortoiſe broiling on the fire,
When on her back, unable to retire,

With

With head, with feet, with tail declares her pain,
And tries all ſtrength and ſtratagem in vain :
Thus Ardea's ſons, beſet with perils round,
And wild confuſion, no deliv'rance found ;
When from amid the flames was ſeen to riſe
With clapping wings, a fowl that cuts the ſkies :
'Twas Ardea *, but transform'd, and ſhe e'er while
With turrets crown'd, and many a ſtately pile,
Now, giv'n the city's name and mark to bear,
On ample pinions flits around in air.
Fix'd with diſmay th' aſtoniſh'd vulgar gaze,
Nor further fly to ſhun the dreadful blaze ;
But who a monarch's ſorrows can relate,
A monarch trembling for his country's fate,
Doom'd tales of freſh affliction ſoon to know,
Doom'd to a ſad variety of woe.

The ſolemn train approaches now too near,
And Turnus corſe beheld upon the bier ;
Black torches, ſo their country's rites demand,
Each ſad attendant carries in his hand ;
A gen'ral ſorrow ſeizes all the croud,
The tim'rous matrons, in afflictions loud,
Pierce heav'ns blue arch, their flowing garments tear,
Beat their ſoft breaſts, and rend their flowing hair.
But when the father heard his Turnus ſlain,
He ſeem'd a ſtatue fix'd upon the plain :
But ſoon his ſorrows found a diff'rent way,
He flies like light'ning where the body lay,

* Ardea, the Latin name for a heron or hern.

The breathleſs corſe he held in grapples faſt,
And, tongue-ty'd long by grief, found words at laſt.

" My ſon, my ſon! my age's laſt relief,
Thy fire's late glory, now his cauſe of grief;
Prop of my age, and guardian of my throne,
Which totters to its fall now thou art gone:
Comfort no more her healing balm will ſhed,
My Turnus falls, and Daunus peace is fled.
Are theſe the trophies of thy vaſt renown?
Are theſe the glories of an added crown?
Are theſe the honours of extended pow'r,
O Fortune, giddy as the whirling hour?
Man builds up ſchemes for her to over-turn,
We graſp at ſceptres, and poſſeſs an urn:
And thou, who, lately a whole nation's joy,
Didſt drive thy thunders on the ſons of Troy,
Now ly'ſt an empty form of lifeleſs clay,
Our hope no longer, nor the foe's diſmay.
No more that tongue ſhall liſt'ning crouds perſuade,
No more that face ſhall charm each gazing maid,
No more that form ſhall catch th' admiring view,
Thoſe eyes no more their luſtre ſhall renew;
Thy port majeſtic no one now ſhall prize,
In arts of peace, ah, Turnus, vainly wiſe;
Mars crop'd thy honours in their vernal bloom,
And ev'ry virtue withers on thy tomb.
Urg'd on to war, too eager in thy hate,
Thou ruſh'd to fight, and half-way met thy fate.

O Death,

O Death, relentleſs, thy unerring blow
Strikes down the great, and lays the haughty low;
Kings, princes, people, his dread rigor fear,
And ſhrink to duſt when he approaches near.
Inſatiate pow'r, among the old and young,
Each day o'er whom thy ſable ſtole is flung,
Could not thy hand arreſt one ſingle dart,
That thro' a ſon's has riv'd a parent's heart?
Amata happy! now at endleſs reſt,
Thy ſlaughter'd ſon moves not thy quiet breaſt.
Say, ſay, ye pow'rs! have I yet more to dread?
What drive ye next on this devoted head?
Ye crop'd my bloſſom in his earlieſt ſpring,
And blazing Ardea flutters on the wing.
Yet what is Ardea? for my child I moan,
The loſs of him is ev'ry loſs in one;
Some woe ſuperior was for me decreed,
I have it now, and am a wretch indeed.
When once the Fates have mark'd their deſtin'd prey,
Each various ill purſues him on his way;
This way and that the fainting wretch is hurl'd,
The ſport of heav'n, and pity of the world."

No more he ſaid, but down his rev'rend cheeks,
In ſcalding ſtreams, the briny torrent breaks;
Thick groans diſtend his breaſt, his eye-balls ſtare,
And all his looks are horror and deſpair.

So when a fawn is from th'embow'ring grove,
Truſs'd by the bird of thunder-bearing Jove,

The hapleſs mother ſhakes with deadly fear,
And gives what aid ſhe can, a fruitleſs tear.

Now from the portals of the roſy ſky
The morn ariſing, earth born vapours fly;
When good Latinus, finding that 'twas vain
To try the fortunes of the warlike plain,
(For his pale legions ſhudder'd at the word,
And almoſt wiſh'd to call Eneas, lord,)
He much revolv'd of former breach of vows,
The truce infring'd, and long-diſputed ſpouſe.
At length a ſolemn embaſſy is ſent,
A thouſand men ſelect for that intent;
Commiſſion'd theſe the virtuous chief t' implore,
To waſte Laurentum with his arms no more;
To quiet hoſtile rage amongſt the bands,
And viſit friendly old Latinus' lands.

With theſe went ſages vers'd in Wiſdom's lore,
Well ſkill'd to plead, and princes ſtand before:
Inſtructed to declare their king's deſire,
To accompliſh what the awful gods require;
And as they will'd, that Troy and Latium's blood
Should flow commingl'd in one common flood,
He yielded gladly to their wiſe decree,
And wiſh'd the Dardans and their chief to ſee.

Mean while Latinus cheers the anxious crew,
Relates his meaſures, and his pious view;

Hope

Hope ſwells their boſoms, and expels their fears,
The news in tranſport all Auſonia hears.

Now the glad city rings with peals of joy,
And all prepare to meet the ſons of Troy,
Not in the plain in warfare to contend,
But as to meet a brother or a friend.
The royal court is deck'd with double care,
Worthy the chief who ſhall be ſhortly there.

The appointed envoys reach the camp deſign'd,
Their reverend heads fair olive-branches bind,
Of peace the token, and their tongues no leſs
Of friendly talk the full intent profeſs.
Within his palace, Venus' god-like ſon
With kind demeanor welcomes ev'ry one;
To whom thus Drances, Drances, firſt in age,
And who 'gainſt Turnus nouriſh'd endleſs rage:

" O Trojan chief! thy Phrygia's chiefeſt boaſt,
In virtue firſt, and mightieſt of the hoſt,
Our royal maſter ſwears by all the pow'rs,
(Hear me, immortals, in your heav'nly bow'rs)
That 'gainſt his will the treaties ſworn, he broke,
Or did to fight your valiant bands provoke;
But inly wiſh'd to gratify the choice
The gods had made, by his aſſenting voice;
To give his daughter to thy longing arms,
Lavinia, fam'd for virtue, as for charms.

But if ſtern rage has turn'd his view aſide,
If ſeas of blood have flow'd on either ſide;
If madding fury, reaſon over came,
O powerful chief, let Turnus bear the blame;
His buſy mind diſdain'd all peace and reſt,
And floods of gall o'erflow'd his ranc'rous breaſt.
Long our Latinus ſtedfaſtly deny'd
To lend his troops, and 'gainſt his will comply'd:
Ev'n then our armies wiſh'd the frantic boy
Would yield obedience to the chief of Troy.
Our monarch too requeſting nations join'd;
But ſay, can Reaſon bend the ſtubborn mind?
Can human reaſon hope for weight or force,
When not the gods could turn his impious courſe?
In dire portents they ſpoke their will in vain,
His rage renews, he hurries to the plain,
Where his reward the daring caitiff found;
O'erborn by thee, he bites the bloody ground.
Ah, wicked youth! in Tartarus' black ſhade
Contract new nuptials with ſome Stygian maid;
If rage and fury ſtill be thy delight,
In Acheron diſplay thy ſkill in fight.
But thou, the happy heir of Latium's throne,
Whom all our people their protector own;
Whoſe ample praiſes are with rapture ſung,
Whoſe glorious deeds untie the infant's tongue;
Our youth, our ſages, and each ſober dame,
With one accord all celebrate thy name:
That Turnus fell by thee we all rejoice,
Believe not me, but hear a nation's voice;

On thee, the Latians turn an eye of joy,
Latinus waits thee. O thou ſon of Troy,
Forbear a while to ſeek the ſhades of night,
In full expectance of the nuptial rite;
So ſhall th' Italian and the Phrygian race
Join in one ſtock, which time ſhall ne'er efface.
Then haſte, great chief! thy conduct be our care,
To gain thoſe honours thou waſt born to wear."

He ſaid; the ſhouting bands his ſenſe approve,
And former hate gives way to new-born love:
To which the pious hero ſmiling kind,
Thus ſpoke the gentle dictates of his mind:

" The rage of combats, and paſt ſcenes of woe,
Ye and your king are guiltleſs of I know:
Turnus alone provok'd the martial ſtrife,
Laviſh of blood, and prodigal of life;
A raging paſſion for deluſive fame
Too oft we find the youthful breaſt inflame;
Then tell your king his will ſhall be obey'd,
With rapture I embrace the Latian maid,
And peace eternal ſwear. Nor till the pow'rs
Have ſtopp'd the courſe of good Latinus' hours,
Shall his imperial ſceptres grace theſe hands;
But, born a king, he ſtill ſhall rule theſe lands.
Another city ſhall my Trojans found,
Where added houſhold gods ſhall bleſs the ground;
Lavinia's name ſhall grace the riſing town,
And equal laws united bands ſhall own:

May love and friendſhip ſpread thro' all the hoſt,
And Troy and Latium in one name be loſt.
What now remains but with a pious care
To burn thoſe corſes that infect the air,
Sad victims of the war, whoſe rav'nous hand
Smites mighty heroes, and deſtroys a land?
That bus'neſs done, to-morrow's ſun ſhall guide
The happy lover to his blooming bride."

He ſaid; th' attentive people round him gaze,
His virtues charm them, and they ſhout his praiſe.
Now ſee the buſy legions all around,
Trees crack'ling fall, and axes loud reſound;
With holy zeal they ſhape the diff'rent pyres,
And high to heav'n aſcend the curling fires;
Thick clouds of ſmoke mount ſlowly to the ſky,
A thouſand ſheep, appointed victims, die;
The blood of ſwine impurples all the plain,
And in the flames they caſt the heifers ſlain:
No more the field is loaded with the dead,
And noiſy ſhouts around the plain are ſpread;
At length the ſun diffus'd his golden ray,
And all prepar'd to haſten on their way.
Eneas firſt his fiery ſteed beſtrode,
And at his ſide the rev'rend Drances rode,
Who much beſpoke the chief; the next to fight
Aſcanius came, in youthful honours bright:
The good Aletes, deeply worn with age,
Ilioneus, and Mneſtheus, worthy ſage;

Sereſtus

Sereſtus and Sergeſtus paſs'd along,
And valiant Gyas, and Cloanthus ſtrong.
In bands commix'd, the foll'wing troops ſucceed,
For ſo the friendly leaders had decreed.

Now on Laurentum's wall, a gaping train
View'd the proceſſion moving o'er the plain;
Each citizen exults with inward joy,
To think the ſword no longer ſhall deſtroy.

Latinus from the town, a certain way
With choſen friends, to meet the Trojan, lay:
Nor could the croud the god-like chief conceal,
The mighty prince his actions all reveal;
High o'er the reſt in graceful pomp he trod,
Each action ſpoke the offspring of a god.

Thus met, the leader of the Latian band
Addreſs'd the chief, and preſs'd his friendly hand:

"At length, thou glory of the Trojan race,
My hope's compleat, for I behold thy face.
To me at length the happy hour is giv'n,
To claſp the choiceſt fav'rite of heav'n;
With joy to yield to the divine decree,
That here hath fix'd a reſting place for thee.
Long toſs'd thro' perils, here thy rigors ceaſe,
Theſe lands, theſe happy lands, enjoy in peace.
Tho' furious rage that knows not e'er to yield,
Tho' Jove ſhould frown, has drench'd with blood the field,

Tho' lawleſs licence arm'd her harpy claws,
And wildly boaſted violated laws;
Yet I, alas, unwillingly comply'd,
With tears, not blood, Latinus' ſteel was dy'd:
Deceiv'd my legions fought, and he who moſt,
In Jove's deſpight, attack'd thy pious hoſt,
Now lies a carcaſs on the barren ſand,
Victim of heav'n, and of thy mighty hand.
No more the trumpet ſhall awake to arms
Thy martial ſoul, that bends to Hymen's charms.
Some realms I have, and towns my own I call,
Fit for defence, and girdl'd with a wall:
Yet of all objects that my ſoul engage,
Lavinia's chief, the comfort of my age;
She and her charms, O mighty ſon, be thine,
In this embrace I the ſweet maid reſign.
Dear to my ſoul, thy virtues I adore,
Sprung from my loins, I could not love thee more."

To whom Eneas, "When that rev'rend head
Meets my glad ſight, by hoary Time o'erſpread,
I ſoon conclude that battle's ſtubborn rage
Was ne'er the option of thy prudent age;
If thou haſt fears, oh, give them to the wind,
In thee, oh monarch, I a father find;
Believe thy ſon, when'er that form I view,
The thoughts of good Anchiſes riſe anew;
Again his figure in full ſight appears,
And filial duty melts me into tears."

Now to the palace haſtes the royal pair,
The Latian crowd confeſs the ſtrangers fair;
Maids, women, boys, and hoary ſires combine
To praiſe the beauties of their gueſts divine.
But chief Eneas ſtruck their wond'rous eyes:
His fair demeanour, and ſuperior ſize,
Caught ev'ry gazer, and ſincere their praiſe
Attends the chief who bleſs with peace their days.

As when long rains have drench'd the genial plain,
In gloomy ſadneſs ſits each penſive ſwain;
With arms infolded, and dejected brow,
The farmer weeps his unavailing plow:
But clad in ſplendor ſhould the ſun ariſe,
And pour his golden glories thro' the ſkies,
They haſte exulting to their honeſt care,
And wound earth's boſom with the crooked ſhare:
So the Auſonians lull'd their mind to eaſe,
And ſhout and revel at the approach of peace.

Latinus now had reach'd the palace gate,
Eneas joins, Iülus ſwells the ſtate;
Trojans, Italians, march in pomp along,
And the court brightens with a noble throng:
By matrons circled, and by virgins led
Appear'd the partner of Eneas bed;
Her eyes like ſtars diffus'd a luſtre round,
Her modeſt eyes ſhe rivets to the ground.
Soon as the Trojan ſaw the beauteous maid,
He gaz'd, he lov'd, and thus in ſecret ſaid:

" I blame

" I blame not, Turnus, thy ambitious rage,
For ſuch a prize who'd not in war engage?
To taſte ſuch beauties, ſuch tranſcendent charms,
Kings rouſe the nations, and the world's in arms."

The ſacred prieſt faſt by the altar ſtands,
And joins in marriage-bond their plighted hands:
With peals of joy the vaulted roofs reſound,
And Hymeneal ſongs are wafted all around.
And now Achates, by his prince fore-taught,
From out the camp the various preſents brought.
Veſts work'd with gold which Hector's conſort gave,
Ere yet the Greeks had croſs'd the briny wave;
A collar too, whoſe gems emitted flame,
And once the honour of the princely dame:
Nor was forgot a bowl inſculptur'd high,
Pond'rous to bear, and beauteous to the eye,
Which on Anchiſes' board did whilom blaze,
The gift of Priam in his happier days.
This for Latinus good Achates brings,
Such royal preſents kings may ſend to kings:
But the gay robes, and collar's radiant pride,
Are juſtly deſtin'd for the blooming bride.

Now converſe ſweet, and joy without allay,
Deceives the winged hours, and cloſes day;
The genial feaſt is ſerv'd in ſumptuous ſtate,
For luxury, at times, becomes the great.
On purple couches all the nobles lie,
The taught attendants wait attentive by;

From

From chryſtal urns are living waters pour'd,
And every dainty loads the regal board.
Bright Ceres here provides her gifts divine,
And the red god beſtows his choiceſt wine.
With eye attentive ev'ry waiter ſtands,
And flies to execute each gueſt's commands.
This ſerves the chargers, that the mantling bowl,
And crowds in billows ſeem to wave, and roll.
Latinus near Iülus at the board,
Heard him with tranſport, and devour'd each word;
For in the godlike youth at once combin'd,
The grace of feature with the worth of mind;
His manly talk, his obſervations ſage,
Beſpoke a judgment riper than his age.
Nor could the king with-hold his honeſt praiſe,
" Take this embrace, thou wonder of thy days:
Thrice bleſs'd Eneas, ſure the gods conſpire
To make each ſon add luſtre to the ſire."

The banquet ended, ſome their talk employ
On Grecian battles, and the fall of Troy:
Now of Laurentum's broils, what ſhrinking bands
Fled from the foe, or dar'd oppoſers hands;
Who firſt broke thro' the ranks with furious force,
And thro' the ſlaughter urg'd his foaming horſe.
But much Eneas and Latinus told
Of Latium's ancient deeds, and hero's old;
How Saturn flying from his offspring's rage,
In fair Heſperia hid his hoary age,

Hence

Hence Latium call'd: he taught to raiſe the vine,
And the forc'd earth her bounties to reſign;
A wand'ring race, and mountain-bred he tam'd,
By arts improv'd them, and with laws reclaim'd.
Again Jove ſeeks his father's realms, to taſte
Electra's beauties, and the dame embrac'd,
Whence Dardanus was born: his brothers ſlain
By his own hand, he fled acroſs the main.
From Corythus he fled, with num'rous bands,
And ſafely ſettled on the Phrygian lands.
Proud of his birth, he in his banner bore
The bird of Jove, which after, Hector wore.
Much fame he won, which time ſhall ne'er deſtroy,
Th' immortal founder of imperial Troy.
To choral airs the high-roof'd palace rings,
The torches blaze, the minſtrel ſweeps the ſtrings;
Trojan and Latians to the ſound advance,
And mingle friendly in the mazy dance.
For thrice three days in revelry and joy
They drown'd their cares: at length the chief of Troy
To other taſks directs his curious eyes,
Mark'd out by plows ſhall deſtin'd cities riſe;
Here form they trenches, there dig ditches wide,
When, ſtrange to ſay, the Phrygian leader ſpy'd
A blazing glory round Lavinia's head,
Which to the ſky its flamy honours ſpread.
He ſtood aghaſt, nor knew what meant the ſign;
But thus his pray'r addreſs'd: "O king divine,
Of men and gods! if e'er my Trojan bands
Have unrepining follow'd thy commands,

Still

Still thro' all perils or by land or ſea
To thee have pray'd, have ſacrific'd to thee;
If I have led them to theſe pious deeds,
Explain this omen that belief exceeds.
Ah may no dire portent our peace oppoſe,
Be ended here, O Jove! our various woes."
While thus he pray'd, his mother lay conceal'd
Behind a cloud; but, ſoon to ſight reveal'd,
Thus ſooths her ſon: "Thy doubts and cares give o'er,
Interpret right the happineſs in ſtore
The gods predict. Peace ſpreads her olive wand,
And buxom plenty crowns the laughing land.
The lambient glories round Lavinia ſeen,
Portend the god-like iſſue of the queen;
From her a mighty race of chiefs ſhall riſe,
Whoſe fame immortal ſhall aſcend the ſkies;
The vanquiſh'd world with pride ſhall wear their chain,
Realms far divided by the ſeas in vain.
This flame, great Jove from high Olympus ſent;
Fame yet reſerv'd is mark'd by this portent;
Her ſhare of honours let Lavinia claim,
Call thy new city by her happy name.
Thy houſhold gods, eſcap'd from burning Troy,
Shall in theſe walls a double peace enjoy;
With pious awe their kindly love revere,
For know they ever ſhall inhabit here.
With ſuch affection for theſe realms they burn,
That forc'd from hence again they ſhall return;
No other climes their godheads deign to bleſs,
Then, my beſt ſon, thy happineſs confeſs.

O'er

O'er Trojan bands thy legal ſway maintain,
'Till good Latinus ſeeks the Elyſian plain;
Then double ſcepters ſhall my offſpring grace,
Ruler of Troy, and Latium's hardy race:
One common law ſhall bind them all in one,
No fell diviſion, and diſtinction none.
Yet mark, O mark, what ſtill remains for thee,
The gods conſenting fix'd the kind decree,
Thy days ſpun out, thou ſhalt not mix with earth,
More honours claim thy virtues and thy birth;
'Tis thine to enter in the bleſs'd abodes,
Vanquiſh proud Fate, and mingle with the gods."
She ſpoke, and quickly darting from the ſight,
Streak'd the thin ether with a trail of light.

The hero ſtood revolving in his mind
The various bounties which the pow'rs deſign'd;
Peace crown'd his days, Latinus yields to Fate,
The pious Trojan rules the happy ſtate,
Full wide extends his undiſputed ſway,
And all alike one common king obey;
Their rites, their cuſtoms, and their will the ſame,
As citizens they ſhare one gen'ral name.

And now the mother of each ſmiling love,
Proſtrate, and trembling at the throne of Jove,
Beſpoke the god: "Almighty ſire of Heav'n!
To whom the ruling of the world is giv'n,
Who read'ſt mankind, and ſeeſt the heart's intent,
Ere yet the lips have giv'n the ſecret vent,

Thy

Thy ſacred promiſe let a goddeſs claim,
A goddeſs pleading for the Trojan name:
Didſt thou not vow in pity of their woes,
To eaſe their ſuff'rings by a bleſt repoſe?
Nor can I tax thy promiſe made in vain,
Three years hath peace beheld this happy plain;
Yet think, O Jove, to ſooth a mother's care,
There yet remains a ſeat in heav'n to ſpare
For great Eneas, who tranſcends all praiſe:
Speak thy decree, thine humbler ſuppliant raiſe.
Paſt mortal ſtrength his growing virtues riſe,
Too great for earth, he ripens for the ſkies."
To whom the mighty pow'r with looks ſerene,
But firſt he rais'd, and kiſs'd the Cyprian queen:

" Thy mighty ſon and all his pow'rful bands
That much I love, bear witneſs ſea and lands,
My arm hath ſnatch'd them from each peril near,
And at their ſuff'rings Jove has ſhed a tear
For thy fair ſake. My Juno now relents,
And to my grant, o'ercome, at length conſents.
Then 'tisdecreed, his virtues ſhall prevail,
Purge off each part that makes the mortal frail,
Then add him to the ſtars; ſhould others riſe
Of equal merit, they ſhall ſhare the ſkies."
The gods aſſent, and Juno vex'd no more,
Requeſts the boon ſhe often croſs'd before.

Quick from the ſtarry pole fair Venus glides,
And where Numicus rolls thro' reeds his tides,

She dips her ſon, and waſhes well away
Each groſſer particle of mortal clay;
The part divine to heav'n the goddeſs bears,
And the juſt prince ætherial honours ſhares.
Him as their god the Julian race invoke,
For him do temples riſe, and ſacred altars ſmoke.

THE

THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT of his JOURNEY to IRELAND.

To Mr. JOHN ELLIS.

By the late MOSES MENDES, Eſq.

DEAR SIR,

Dublin, July 5, 1744.

BY the lyre of Apollo, the locks of the Muſes,
And the pure lucid ſtream Aganippe produces,
My Ellis, I love thee, then pay me in kind,
Let the thought of a friend never ſlip from your mind;
So may fancy and judgment together combine,
And the boſom be fill'd with an ardor divine;
That thy brows may the laurel with juſtice ſtill claim,
And the Temple of Liberty mount thee to fame.

If it e'er can give pleaſure to know my career,
When proud London I left with intentions ſo queer,
Accept it in verſe. On the very firſt day
When the queen of warm paſſions precedes the fair May,
When, ſo cuſtom preſcribes, and to follow old rules,
One half of mankind makes the other half fools;

From the town I firſt breath'd in, I ſally'd in haſte
Thro' Highgate and Finchley, and Barnet I paſs'd:
At St. Alban's I din'd with a laughing gay crew,
Not complete was the ſet without Tucker and you.
Where the * Eighth of our Harries deſerted his mate,
And procur'd a full ſentence againſt his old Kate,
Our briſk company ſupp'd, while our wine gave a ſpring,
And tho' at the Crown, we ne'er thought of the King.
The morrow ſucceeding I got from my bed,
As a ſheet all the roads were with ſnows overſpread;
But the gods, who will never abandon a poet,
As oft has been ſaid, condeſcended to ſhow it,
In a coach and ſix horſes the ſtorm I defy'd;
And, left by my friends, thro' the tempeſt I ride.
Newport-Pannel receiv'd me, and gave me a dinner,
And a bed at Northampton was preſs'd by a ſinner:
No ſigns of fair weather, the Weſt Cheſter coach
At nine the next morning, a welcome approach,
Preſents freſh example; I travell'd all day,
At Crick eat my dinner, at Coventry lay;
I tremble whene'er I reflect on the roads
That lead to thoſe dirty worm-eaten abodes,
Where a † woman rode naked their taxes to clear,
And a taylor for peeping paid damnably dear;
For ‡ two parliaments fam'd, which intail a diſgrace,
And have left their foul manners to poiſon the place.

* Dunſtable. † Lady Godiva.

‡ A parliament was held here in the reign of Henry IV. called *Parliamentum Indoctorum*, another in Henry VI. called *Diabolicum*.

Next morning the ſun, with a face of red hue,
Had clear'd up th' expanſe, and array'd it in blue,
When I left the vile town, 'gainſt which ever I'll rail,
While * Meriden offers no humble regale;
But near Mixal Park din'd at houſe of mean fame,
And at night to the † field of ſlain carcaſſes came;
Tho' full old are thy tow'rs, yet receive my juſt praiſe,
May thy ale be recorded, and live in my lays:
Thy Gothic cathedral new homage ſtill claims,
Nor refuſe I thy due, tho' repair'd by king James. ‡
I forgot to adviſe you, the ſky being clear,
'Twas at Coventry firſt I aſcended my chair;
But, alas, on the morrow, how diſmal the ſight!
For the day had aſſum'd all the horrors of night,
The clouds their gay viſage had chang'd to a frown,
And in a white mantle cloath'd Litchfield's old town;
But at noon all was o'er, when intrepid and bold
As a train-band commander, or Falſtaff of old,
And proudly defying the wind and the ſnow,
When the danger was paſs'd, I determin'd to go.
At Stone I repos'd, but at Ouſley I din'd,
When our reck'ning was cheap and the landlord was kind:
Next morning we ſally'd, and Staffordſhire loſt;
But not ill entertain'd by a Ceſtrian hoſt.
On the banks of the Wever, at Namptwich renown'd
For an excellent brine pit, our dinner we found;

* Meriden is famous for ale.

† *Campus Cadaverum* was the ancient name for Litchfield, on account of a proſecution there in the days of Dioclesian.

‡ King James II.

The wine was not bad, tho' the ale did diſpleaſe,
And an unctuous deſert was ſerv'd up of old cheeſe;
But as time will not tarry, our courſe we reſume,
And * St. George's dragoons take their ſeats in our room:
So travelling onwards with pleaſure we ſee
Old Caerleon ſo famous o'er looking the Dee;
Four days there we reſted, and blithſome and gay
Forgot the bad weather we met on the way;
Then old Cheſter, farewel, till I ſee thee again,
And can ſtroll thro' thy ſtreets † without dreading the rain;
May thy river ‡ ſtill ſwell, better pleas'd with his charge
Than when Edgar was row'd by eight kings in his barge;
Be the maidens all virtuous who drink of thy tide,
And each virgin in bloom be affianc'd a bride;
May the heart and the hand at the altar be join'd,
And no matron complain that a huſband's unkind;
Let their bounty to ſtrangers reſound in each ſong,
Be § Barnſtone their copy, they cannot go wrong.

O'er the cuts of the river our tract we purſue,
And old Flint in the proſpect now riſes to view;
How ſtrange to behold, here our language is fled,
To converſe with theſe people's to talk to the dead;

* General St. George's dragoons were marching up to London, and a party of them juſt came in when we were leaving it.

† The ſtreets of Cheſter have ſhops on each ſide covered over, which if not beautiful to the eye, at leaſt preſerve one from the rain.

‡ People are now employed to make the river Dee navigable up to the town.

§ Robert Barnſtone, Eſq; who uſed me with the utmoſt hoſpitality.

And

And a Turk or Chineſe is as well underſtood
By theſe Roiſters, who boaſt of Cadwalladar's blood,
As an Engliſhman here, who is certainly undone
If he thinks to make uſe of the language of London.
From Flint we depart with our landlord and guide,
Who ſhow'd us that kindneſs which courts never try'd,
The caſtle where * Richard his grandeur laid down,
And betray'd his own life by ſurrend'ring the crown:
Now the † well we ſurvey, where ‡ a virgin of old
To all flame but religion's was lifeleſs and cold,
When in vain princely Cradoc had offer'd his bed,
The mercileſs heathen e'en chopp'd off her head:
Hence the ſtones are diſtain'd with the colour of blood,
And each cripple is cur'd who will bathe in the flood:
Thus the rankeſt abſurdity brain can conceive,
Superſtition impoſes, and crowds will believe!
Turn from legends and nonſenſe, to ſee a gay ſight,
Where the § meadows of Clewyn the ſenſes delight,
And excuſe that I aim not to point out the place
Leſt my numbers too lowly the landſcape diſgrace;
At Rhydland we dine, and a caſtle we view,
Whoſe founder I'd name if the founder I knew;
But our hoſt gives the word, and we hurry away,
Leſt the length of the journey out-run the ſhort day;
Now aſcend Penmenroſe, oh! beware as you riſe,
What a proſpect of horror, what dreadful ſurprize!

* It was at this place that Richard was prevailed upon to reſign the crown.
† Holy-well.
‡ St. Winifred, patroneſs of Wales.
§ The vale of Clewyn.

See that height more ſublime, which no footſteps e'er try'd,
There the ocean roars loudly, how awful his pride!
How narrow the path, obſerve where you tread,
Nor ſtumble the feet, nor grow dizzy the head;
If you ſlip, not mankind can avert your ſad doom,
Daſh'd againſt the rough rocks, and the ſea for your tomb!
The danger is paſt, and now Conway's broad beech,
Fatigu'd and diſmay'd, with great gladneſs we reach;
In a leaky old boat we were wafted ſafe o'er,
(Tho' two drunkards our ſteerſmen) to th' oppoſite ſhore.
Here the town and the river are both of a name,
And boaſt the firſt Edward, who rais'd her to fame:
There a ſupper was order'd, which no one could touch,
This too little was boil'd, and that roaſted too much;
To his chamber full hungry each pilgrim retreats,
And forgets his loſt meal 'twixt a pair of Welch ſheets.
A caſtle hard by I with pleaſure behold,
Which Kings had long dwelt in, or giants of old;
But the daw, and each night-bird, now builds up her neſt,
And with clamours and ſhrieks the old manſion infeſt.
We waken'd at four, and our hoſt left us here,
As the worſt ways were paſt, ſo but ſmall was our fear;
We follow'd our route, and croſs'd Penmenmaur's ſide,
Where the prudent will walk, but the bolder will ride.
Still above us old rocks ſeem to threaten a fall,
And preſent to ſpectators the form of a wall:
Now Bangor we reach, oh, if e'er thou hadſt fame,
Tho' lawn ſleeves thou beſtow'ſt, on my life 'tis a ſhame;
There we croſs o'er an arm of the ſea, and carouſe
On the oppoſite ſhore at an excellent houſe;

Thro'

Thro' Angleſea's iſland we rattle our chaiſe,
While the goats all in wonder ſeem on us to gaze;
For be pleas'd to obſerve, and with diligence note,
That 'twas here firſt in Wales that I met with a goat.
O'er roads rough and craggy our journey we ſped,
Nor baited again 'till we reach'd Holyhead.

The next day at noon in the Wyndham we ſail,
And the packet danc'd briſk with a proſperous gale.
We at ten paſt the * Bar; in the wherry confin'd,
Which ſwims on no water, and ſails with no wind,
'Till near two we ſate curſing, in vain they may row,
Not a ſnail is ſo ſluggiſh, nor tortoiſe ſo ſlow,
'Till a boat took us in, and at length ſet us down
At the quay of St. George in St. Patrick's chief town:
Thence I wrote to my friend, nor believe what thoſe ſay,
Or too fond to find fault, or too wantonly gay,
Who with taunts contumelious this iſland o'erload,
As with bogs, and with blunders, and nonſenſe full ſtow'd;
For, believe me, they live not unbleſs'd with good air,
And their daughters are beauteous, and ſons debonair:
Here tho' Bacchus too often diſplays his red face,
Yet Minerva he holds in the ſtricteſt embrace;
Nor the maiden is coy ev'ry charm to reſign,
And the ivy and laurel peep forth from the vine.

Thus I've told you in verſe the whole progreſs I took,
As true as if ſworn in full court on the book,

* Dublin Bar.

Let me know how in London you meaſure your time,
'Twill be welcome in proſe, but twice welcome in rhyme.

The ANSWER.

London, Aug. 26, 1744.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR kind itinerary letter
Has render'd me ſo deep your debtor,
That if in your own coin of wit,
You look for payment, you'll be bit:
In that I ſcarce can pay a part;
Then take, for all, a grateful heart.
To buſineſs chain'd, as to an oar,
My ſoul regrets ſhe cannot ſoar,
The charms of liberty to ſing,
And to her temple follow * King,
Who emulates great Maro's ſtrain,
But flatters no Auguſtus reign.
How ſweetly you, Negotio procul,
Woods, mountains, rivers render vocal;
While like Ulyſſes far you roam,
Note manners and bring wiſdom home!
Your journey you depict ſo ſtrong,
Methinks I with you go along,
Each town and city curious view,
Famous for ſtory falſe or true;

* Dr. King of Oxford, author of *Templum Libertatis*, and many other excellent Latin Poems.

If

If either, 'tis all one for that,
Becauſe it furniſhes with chat,
And chat you know, with wit's ſupport,
The tedious journey renders ſhort:
Yet, ſometimes proves too long the way,
When you're oblig'd to faſt and pray.
For dinner, which, perhaps you find
Not cook'd according to your mind,
So truſt to ſupper, proving worſe;
Like Piſtol then you eat and curſe;
Or elſe, content with viands light,
In ſtudy paſs an Attic night,
Review the folly and the crimes,
That ſcandalize the preſent times;
And making Horace your bright rule,
Reform the world with ridicule;
Or, where vice more enormous urges,
Like Juvenal your ſatire ſcourges.
O double vengeance on them lay
Who the land's liberty betray,
Who proſtitute their votes for price,
And owe their greatneſs to their vice.

But now your journey you purſue,
And other objects claim your view;
The duſky woods, the open downs,
The winding brooks, the riſing towns.
Where'r you go I ſtill attend,
Partake the fortunes of my friend:

On foot, in chariot, or in boat,
With you I walk, I ride, I float,
St. George's channel ſee you o'er,
Safe landed on Ierne's ſhore,
And lodg'd within her faireſt city
Among the debonair and witty,
By you confeſt ſuch winning fellows,
Forgive me if they make me jealous;
And truly I begin to burn,
Then haſten, friend, your wiſh'd return;
And, tho' my head be not ſo bright,
You'll always find my heart is right,
And none more zealous or more fervent
In friendſhip than

Your humble Servant.

To Mr. S. TUCKER.

By Mr. MENDES.

THE ſons of man, by various paſſions led,
The paths of buſ'neſs or of pleaſure tread;
The floriſt views his dear carnation riſe,
And wonders who can doat on Flavia's eyes;
The lover ſees, unmov'd, each gaudy ſtreak,
And knows no bloom but that on Daphne's cheek:
While ſome grow pale o'er Newton, Locke, or Boyle,
Miſs reads romances, and my lady Hoyle;
Thus inclination binds her fetters ſtrong,
And, juſt as judgment marks, we're right or wrong.

Fair are thoſe hills where ſacred laurels grow,
Rul'd by the pow'r who draws the golden bow;
But ſee how few attain the dang'rous road,
How few are born to feel th' inſpiring god!
Yet all, to reach the arduous ſummit try,
From ſoaring Pope to reptile Ogleby.
Among the reſt, your friend attempts to climb,
But ah, how diff'rent poeſy and rhyme!

The mid-night bard, reciting to his bell,
Who breaks our reſt, and tolls the muſes knell,
Is juſt a poet matchleſs and divine,
As he a Raphael, who, on ale-houſe ſign,

Seats his bold George in attitude ſo quaint,
That none can tell the dragon from a ſaint.

Reckon each ſand in wide New-market plain,
Mount yon blue vault, and count the ſtarry train;
But numbers ne'er can comprehend the throng
Of retail dealers in the art of ſong.
Like ſummer flies they blot the ſolar ray,
And, like their brother inſects, live a day.
Am I not blaſted by ſome friendleſs ſtar,
To know my wants, yet wage unequal war?
I own I am; and dabbling thus in rhyme,
'Tis folly's bell that rings the pleaſing chyme;
Bit by the bard's tarantula I ſwell,
Write off the raging fit, and all is well.

And yet, perhaps, to loſe my time this way
Is better far than ſome miſ-ſpend the day.
The fatal dice-box never fill'd my hand,
By me no orphan weeps his raviſh'd land;
What ward can tax me with a deed unjuſt?
What friend upbraids me with a broken truſt?
(Some few except, whom pride and folly blind,
I found them chaff, and give them to the wind)
Like a poor bird, and one of meaneſt wing,
Around my cage I flutter, hop, and ſing.
Unlike in this my brethren of the bays,
I ſue for pardon, and they hope for praiſe;
And when for verſe I find my genius warm,
Like infants ſent to ſchool, I keep from harm.

What

What time the dog-ſtar with unbating flames
Cleaves the parch'd earth, and ſinks the ſilver Thames;
While the ſhrill tenant* of the ſun-burnt blade,
(A poet he, and ſinging all his trade)
Tears his ſmall throat, I brave the ſultry ray,
And deep-embower'd, eſcape the rage of day.
Thrice bleſs'd the man, who, ſhielded from the beam,
Sings lays melodious to the ſacred ſtream;
Thrice bleſs'd the ſtream, who views his banks of flow'rs,
Crown'd with the Muſe's or imperial tow'rs,
Whoſe limpid waters as they onwards glide,
See humble oziers nod, or threat'ning ſquadrons ride.

Health to my friend, and to his partner, peace,
A good long life, and moderate increaſe;
May Dulwich garden double treaſures ſhare,
And be both Flora and Pomona's care.
Ye Walton naiads, guard the fav'rite child,
Drive off each marſh-born fog; ye zephyrs mild,
Fan the dear innocent; ye fairies, keep
Your wonted diſtance, nor diſturb his ſleep;
Nor in the cradle, while your tricks you play,
The changeling drop, and bear our boy away.
However chance may chalk his future fate,
Or doom his manhood to be rich or great,
Is not our care; oh, let the guiding pow'r
Decide that point, who rules the natal hour;
Nor ſhall we ſeek, for knowledge to enrich,
The Delphic tripod, or your Norwood witch.

* The graſshopper.

But

But Tucker doubts, and "if not rich," he cries,
"How can the boy reward the good and wife?
Give him but gold, and merit ne'er ſhall freeze,
But riſe from want to affluence and eaſe:
The Guido's touch ſhall warm his throbbing heart,
The patriot's buſt ſhall ſpeak the ſculptor's art;
But if from Danae's precious ſhow'r debar'd,
The Muſe he may admire, but ne'er reward."

All this I grant; but does it follow then,
That parts have drawn regard from wealthy men?
Did Gay receive the tribute of the great?
No, let his tomb be witneſs of his fate:
For Milton's days are too long paſt to ſtrike;
The rich of all times ever were alike.

See him, whoſe lines "in a fine frenzy roll,"
He comes to tear, to harrow up the ſoul;
Bear me, ye pow'rs, from his bewitching ſprite,
My eye-balls darken at exceſs of light;
How my heart dances to his magic ſtrain,
Beats my quick pulſe, and throbs each burſting vein.
From Avon's bank with ev'ry garland crown'd,
'Tis his to rouſe, to calm, to cure, to wound;
To mould the yielding boſom to his will,
And Shakeſpear is inimitable ſtill:
Oppreſs'd by fortune, all her ills he bore,
Hear this ye Muſes, and be vain no more.

Nor ſhall my * Spenſer want his ſhare of praiſe,
The heav'n-ſprung ſiſters wove the laureat's bays;
Yet what avail'd his ſweet deſcriptive pow'r,
The fairy warrior, or inchanted bow'r?
Tho' matchleſs Sidney doated on the ſtrain,
Lov'd by the learned † ſhepherd of the main,
Obſerve what meed his lateſt labours crown'd,
Belphæbe ‡ ſmil'd not, and ſtern Burleigh frown'd.
If ſtill you doubt, conſult ſome well known friend,
Let Ellis ſpeak, to him you oft attend,
Whom truth approves, whom candor calls her own,
Known by the God, by all the Muſes known.
Where tow'r his hills, where ſtretch his lengths of vale,
Say, where his heifers load the ſmoaky pail?
Oh may this grateful verſe my debt repay,
If aught I know, he ſhow'd the arduous way;
Within my boſom fan'd the riſing flame,
Plum'd my young wing, and bade me try for fame.
Since then I ſcribbl'd, and muſt ſcribble ſtill,
His word was once a ſanction to my will;
And I'll perſiſt 'till he reſume the pen,
Then ſhrink contented, and ne'er rhyme again.

Yet, ere I take my leave, I have to ſay,
That while in ſleep my ſenſes waſted lay,

* He was rewarded with lands in Ireland, which he loſt in the rebellion of the earl of Deſmond. He came over to England to ſolicit a recovery of them; but having attended long in vain, finiſhed his days in grief and diſappointment.

† Sir Walter Raleigh. ‡ Queen Elizabeth.

The waking ſoul, which ſports in fancy's beam,
Work'd on my drowſy lids, and form'd a dream;
Then to my lines a due attention keep,
For oft when poets dream, their readers ſleep.

On a wide champian, where the ſurges beat
Th' extended beach, then ſullenly retreat,
A diſmal cottage rear'd its turfy head,
O'er which a yew her baleful branches ſpread;
The owl profane his dreadful dirges ſung,
The paſſing bell the foul night-raven rung;
No village cur here bay'd the cloudleſs moon,
No golden ſunſhine chear'd the hazy noon,
But ghoſts of men by love of gold betray'd,
In ſilence glided thro' the dreary ſhade.
There ſat pale Grief in melancholy ſtate,
And brooding Care was truſted with the gate,
Within, extended on the cheerleſs ground,
An old man lay in golden fillet bound;
Rough was his beard, and matted was his hair,
His eyes were fiery red, his ſhoulders bare;
Down furrow'd cheeks hot tears had worn their way,
And his broad ſcalp was thinly ſtrew'd with grey;
A weighty ingot in his hand he preſt,
Nor ſeem'd to feel the viper at his breaſt.

Around the caitiff, glorious to behold,
Lay minted coinage, and hiſtoric gold; *
High ſculptur'd urns in bright confuſion ſtood,
And ſtreams of ſilver form'd a precious flood.

* Medals.

On

On nails, ſuſpended rows of pearls were ſeen,
Not ſuch the pendants of th' Ægyptian queen,
Who (joy luxurious ſwelling all her ſoul)
Quaff'd the vaſt price of empires in her bowl.

As ſeas voracious ſwallow up the land,
As raging flames eternal food demand,
So this vile wretch, unbleſs'd with all his ſtore,
Repin'd in plenty, and grew ſick for more;
Nor ſhall we wonder when his name I tell,
'Twas Avarice, the eldeſt born of hell.

But, hark! what noiſe breaks in upon my tale,
Be huſh'd each ſound, and whiſper ev'ry gale;
Ye croaking rooks your noiſy flight ſuſpend,
Gueſs'd I not right how all my toil would end?
My heavy rhymes have jaded Tucker quite;
He yawns — he nods — he ſnores. Good night, good night.

ON

THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

M.D.CC.XL.

BY DR. AKENSIDE.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wint'ry goal attains,
Soon to reverſe the long career,
And northward bend his golden reins.
Prone on Potoſi's haughty brow
His fiery ſtreams inceſſant flow,
Ripening the ſilver's ductile ſtores;
While, in the cavern's horrid ſhade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft th' approach of eve explores.

But lo, on this deſerted coaſt
How faint the light! how thick the air!
Lo, arm'd with whirlwind, hail and froſt,
Fierce winter deſolates the year.
The fields reſign their chearful bloom:
No more the breezes waft perfume;

No

No more the warbling waters roll:
Deſerts of ſnow fatigue the eye,
Black ſtorms involve the louring ſky,
And gloomy damps oppreſs the ſoul.

Now thro' the town promiſcuous throngs
Urge the warm bowl and ruddy fire;
Harmonious dances, feſtive ſongs,
To charm the midnight hours conſpire.
While mute and ſhrinking with her fears,
Each blaſt the cottage-matron hears,
As o'er the hearth ſhe ſits alone:
At morn her bridegroom went abroad,
The night is dark, and deep the road;
She ſighs, and wiſhes him at home.

But thou, my lyre, awake, ariſe,
And hail the ſun's remoteſt ray;
Now, now he climbs the northern ſkies,
To-morrow nearer than to-day.
Then louder howl the ſtormy waſte,
Be land and ocean worſe defac'd,
Yet brighter hours are on the wing;
And fancy thro' the wintry glooms,
All freſh with dews and opening blooms,
Already hails th' emerging ſpring.

O fountain of the golden day!
Could mortal vows but urge thy ſpeed,
How ſoon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!

How ſoon each hovering tempeſt fly,
That now fermenting loads the ſky,
Prompt on our heads to burſt amain,
To rend the foreſt from the ſteep,
Or thundering o'er the Baltic deep
To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

But let not man's unequal views
Preſume on nature and her laws;
'Tis his with grateful joy to uſe
Th' indulgence of the ſovereign cauſe;
Secure that health and beauty ſprings,
Thro' this majeſtic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that heav'n's all-ſubduing will,
With good the progeny of ill,
Attempers every ſtate below.

How pleaſing wears the wint'ry night,
Spent with the old illuſtrious dead!
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I ſeem thoſe awful courts to tread
Where chiefs and legiſlators lie,
Whoſe triumphs move before my eye
With every laurel freſh diſplay'd;
While charm'd I taſte th' Ionian ſong,
Or bend to Plato's god-like tongue
Reſounding thro' the olive ſhade.

But if the gay, well-natur'd friend
Bids leave the ſtudious page awhile,
Then eaſier joys the ſoul unbend,
And teach the brow a ſofter ſmile;
Then while the genial glaſs is paid
By each to her, that faireſt maid,
Whoſe radiant eyes his hopes obey,
What lucky vows his boſom warm!
While abſence heightens every charm,
And love invokes returning May.

May! thou delight of heav'n and earth,
When will thy happy morn ariſe?
When the dear place which gave her birth
Reſtore Lucinda to my eyes?
There while ſhe walks the wonted grove,
The ſeat of muſic and of love,
Bright as the one primæval fair,
Thither, ye ſilver-ſounding lyres,
Thither, gay ſmiles and young deſires,
Chaſte hope and mutual faith, repair.

And if believing love can read
The wonted ſoftneſs in her eye,
Then ſhall my fears, O charming maid,
And every pain of abſence die:
Then oftner to thy name attun'd,
And riſing to diviner ſound,

I'll wake the free Horatian ſong:
Old Tyne ſhall liſten to my tale,
And echo, down the bordering vale,
The liquid melody prolong.

THE

POET AND HIS PATRON.

BY MR. MOORE.

WHY, Celia, is your ſpreading waiſt
So looſe, ſo negligently lac'd?
Why muſt the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your ſnowy boſom's ſwelling pride?
How ill that dreſs adorns your head,
Diſtain'd, and rumpled, from the bed!
Thoſe clouds, that ſhade your blooming face,
A little water might diſplace,
As Nature, ev'ry morn, beſtows
The cryſtal dew, to cleanſe the roſe:
Thoſe treſſes, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Deſtroy the face which once they deckt.
Whence this forgetfulneſs of dreſs?
Pray, madam, are you married? Yes,

Nay,

Nay, then, indeed, the wonder ceaſes;
No matter, then, how looſe your dreſs is;
The end is won, your fortune's made;
Your ſiſter, now, may take the trade.
Alas! what pity 'tis, to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed averſion, ſtrife,
And all that ſours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart;
'Tis neatneſs guides it to the heart;
Let neatneſs, then, and beauty ſtrive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.
'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conqueſt, than ſubdue;
Admit us once behind the ſcreen,
What is there farther to be ſeen?
A newer face may raiſe the flame;
But ev'ry woman is the ſame.
Then ſtudy, chiefly, to improve
The charm that fix'd your huſband's love;
Weigh well his humour. Was it dreſs
That gave your beauty power to bleſs?
Purſue it ſtill; be neater ſeen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So ſhall you keep alive deſire,
And Time's ſwift wing ſhall fan the fire.
In garret high (as ſtories ſay)
A Poet ſung his tuneful lay;
So ſoft, ſo ſmooth his verſe, you'd ſwear
Apollo and the Muſes there;

Thro' all the town his praiſes rung,
His ſonnets at the playhouſe ſung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddeſs Want her pinions ſpread,
And with poetic fury fir'd
What Phœbus faintly had inſpir'd.
A noble youth, of taſte and wit,
Approv'd the ſprightly things he writ,
And ſought him in his cobweb dome,
Diſcharg'd his rent, and brought him home.
Behold him at the ſtately board;
Who, but the Poet, and my Lord!
Each day, deliciouſly he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
His ſides were plump, his ſkin was ſleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Aſtoniſh'd at the change ſo new,
Away th' inſpiring goddeſs flew.
Now, dropt for politics, and news,
Neglected lay the drooping muſe;
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He ſtifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor ſonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram, was ready.
With juſt contempt his patron ſaw,
(Reſolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late-repenting fool beſpoke.
Blind to the good that courts thee grown;
Whence has the ſun of favour ſhone?

Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Eſteem was growing in my heart;
But idly thou reject'ſt the charm
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.
Unthinking fools alone deſpiſe
The arts that taught them firſt to riſe.

THE

WOLF, SHEEP, AND LAMB.

BY THE SAME.

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
Should ſanctify the daughter's choice;
In that, is due obedience ſhewn;
To chooſe, belongs to her alone.
May horror ſeize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchaſe vile and baſe,
The loathing maid for his embrace;
Hence virtue ſickens, and the breaſt,
Where Peace had built her downy neſt,
Becomes the troubled ſeat of Care,
And pines with anguiſh and deſpair.
A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,
Whoſe nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill-ſpent life,
And, cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.

His

His purpoſe known, the ſavage race,
In num'rous crouds, attend the place;
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And, humbly, his alliance ſought;
But cold by age, or elſe too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.
It happen'd, as, at early dawn,
He ſolitary croſs'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a ſportive lamb
Skipp'd wanton, by her fleecy dam;
When Cupid, foe to man and beaſt,
Diſcharg'd an arrow at his breaſt.
The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And, trembling, o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimbleſt ſpeed the Wolf o'ertook,
And, courteous, thus the dam beſpoke.
Stay, faireſt, and ſuſpend your fear;
Truſt me, no enemy is near:
Theſe jaws, in ſlaughter oft imbru'd,
At length, have known enough of blood;
And kinder buſineſs brings me now,
Vanquiſh'd, at beauty's foot to bow.
You have a daughter——Sweet, forgive
A Wolf's addreſs——In her I live;
Love from her eyes like lightning came,
And ſet my marrow all on flame;
Let your conſent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made?
At home the ſhepherd's cur may ſleep,
While I ſecure his maſter's ſheep.
Diſcourſe like this attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breaſt inflam'd;
Now, fearleſs by his ſide ſhe walk'd,
Of ſettlements and jointures talk'd;
Propos'd, and doubled her demands,
Of flow'ry fields, and turnep-lands,
The wolf agrees. Her boſom ſwells;
To miſs her happy fate ſhe tells;
And, of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing lamb with horror hears,
And wearies out her dam with pray'rs;
But all in vain; mamma beſt knew
What unexperienced girls ſhould do?
So, to the neighbouring meadow carry'd,
A formal aſs the couple marry'd.

Torn from the tyrant mother's ſide,
The trembler goes, a victim-bride,
Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.
With horror oft her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
Each day a ſiſter lamb is ſerv'd,
And at the glutton's table carv'd;

The craſhing bones he grinds for food,
And ſlakes his thirſt with ſtreaming blood,
Love, who the cruel mind deteſts,
And lodges but in gentle breaſts,
Was now no more. Enjoyment paſt,
The ſavage hunger'd for the feaſt;
But (as we find in human race,
A maſk conceals the villain's face)
Juſtice muſt authorize the treat;
Till then he long'd, but durſt not eat.
As forth he walk'd, in queſt of prey,
The hunters met him on the way;
Fear wings his flight; the marſh he ſought!
The ſnuffing dogs are ſet at fault.
His ſtomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws;
Howling, he grinds his empty jaws;
Food muſt be had——and lamb is nigh;
His maw invokes the fraudful lye.
Is this (diſſembling rage) he cry'd,
The gentle virtue of a bride?
That, leagu'd with man's deſtroying race,
She ſets her huſband for the chace?
By treach'ry prompts the noiſy hound
To ſcent his footſteps on the ground?
Thou trait'reſs vile! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!
So ſaying, on the lamb he flies;
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

THE

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLVI.

I.

MOURN, hapleſs Caledonia, mourn
Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy ſons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie ſlaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hoſpitable roofs no more
Invite the ſtranger to the door;
In ſmoaky ruins ſunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

II.

The wretched owner ſees, afar,
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then ſmites his breaſt, and curſes life.
Thy ſwains are famiſh'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy raviſh'd virgins ſhriek in vain;
Thy infants periſh on the plain.

The

III.

What boots it, then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-ſpreading waſte of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praiſe,
Still ſhone with undiminiſh'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring ſpirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

IV.

The rural pipe, and merry lay
No more ſhall chear the happy day:
No ſocial ſcenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No ſtrains, but thoſe of ſorrow, flow,
And nought be heard but ſounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the ſlain
Glide nightly o'er the ſilent plain.

V.

Oh baneful cauſe, oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The ſons againſt their fathers ſtood;
The parent ſhed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's ſoul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn muſt feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring ſteel!

VI.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forſaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whiſtles round her head,
Her helpleſs orphans cry for bread.
Bereft of ſhelter, food, and friend,
She views the ſhades of night deſcend,
And, ſtretch'd beneath th' inclement ſkies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

VII.

Whilſt the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;
Reſentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breaſt ſhall beat;
And, ſpite of her inſulting foe,
My ſympathizing verſe ſhall flow,
"Mourn, hapleſs Caledonia, mourn
"Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurels torn."

CÆSAR's DREAM,

Before his Invaſion of BRITAIN.

BY MR. LANGHORNE.

WHEN rough Helvetia's hardy ſons obey,
And vanquiſh'd Belgia bows to Cæſar's ſway;
When, ſcarce-beheld, embattled nations fall,
The fierce Sicambrian, and the faithleſs Gaul;
Tir'd Freedom leads her ſavage ſons no more,
But flies, ſubdu'd, to Albion's utmoſt ſhore.

'Twas then, while ſtillneſs graſp'd the ſleeping air,
And dewy ſlumbers ſeal'd the eye of care;
Divine AMBITION to her votary came:
Her left hand waving, bore the trump of fame;
Her right a regal ſceptre ſeem'd to hold,
With gems far-blazing from the burniſh'd gold.
And thus, "My Son," the Queen of Glory ſaid;
"Immortal Cæſar, raiſe thy languid head.
"Shall Night's dull chains the man of counſels bind?
"Or MORPHEUS rule the monarch of mankind?
"See worlds unvanquiſh'd yet await thy ſword!
"Barbaric lands, that ſcorn a Latian lord!
"See yon proud iſle, whoſe mountains meet the ſky,
"Thy foes encourage, and thy power defy!

"What

" What, tho' by Nature's firmeſt bars ſecur'd,
" By ſeas encircled, and with rocks immur'd,
" ShallCæſar ſhrink the greateſt toils to brave,
" Scale the high rock, or beat the maddening wave ?"

She ſpoke—her words the warrior's breaſt inflame
With rage indignant, and with conſcious ſhame;
Already beat, the ſwelling floods give way,
And the fell genii of the rocks obey.
Already ſhouts of triumph rend the ſkies,
And the thin rear of barbarous nations flies.

Quick round their chief his active legions ſtand,
Dwell on his eye, and wait the waving hand.
The Hero roſe, majeſtically ſlow,
And look'd attention to the crowds below.

' Romans and Friends ! is there who ſeeks for reſt,
' By labours vanquiſh'd, and with wounds oppreſt;
' That reſpite Cæſar ſhall with pleaſure yield,
' Due to the toils of many a well-fought field.
' Is there who ſhrinks at thought of dangers paſt,
' The ragged mountain, or the pathleſs waſte—
' While ſavage hoſts, or ſavage floods oppoſe,
' Or ſhivering fancy pines in Alpine ſnows ?
' Let him retire to Latium's peaceful ſhore;
' He once has toil'd, and Cæſar aſks no more.
' Is there a Roman, whoſe unſhaken breaſt
' No pains have conquer'd, and no fears depreſt ?

‘ Who, doom'd thro' death's dread miniſters to go,
‘ Dares to chaſtiſe the inſults of a foe;
‘ Let him, his country's glory and her ſtay,
‘ With reverence hear her, and with pride obey.
‘ A form divine, in heavenly ſplendor bright,
‘ Whoſe look threw radiance round the pall of night,
‘ With calm ſeverity approach'd and ſaid,
“ Wake thy dull ear, and lift thy languid head.
“ What! ſhall a Roman ſink in ſoft repoſe,
“ And tamely ſee the Britons aid his foes?
“ See them ſecure the rebel Gaul ſupply;
“ Spurn his vain eagles, and his power defy?
“ Go! burſt their barriers, obſtinately brave;
“ Scale the wild rock, and beat the maddening wave.”
Here paus'd the chief, but waited no reply,
The voice aſſenting ſpoke from every eye;
Nor, as the kindneſs that reproach'd with fear,
Were dangers dreadful, or were toils ſevere.

THE

THE

EAGLE and ROBIN RED-BREAST,

A FABLE.*

BY MR. ARCHIBALD SCOTT.

THE prince of all the feather'd kind,
That with ſpread wings outflies the wind,
And tow'rs far out of human ſight
To view the ſhining orb of light:
This Royal Bird, tho' brave and great,
And armed ſtrong for ſtern debate,
No tyrant is, but condeſcends
Oft-times to treat inferior friends.

One day at his command did flock
To his high palace on a rock,
The courtiers of ilk various ſize
That ſwiftly ſwim in chryſtal ſkies;
Thither the valiant tarſels doup,
And here rapacious corbies croup,

* Written before the year 1600.

With greedy gleads, and ſly gormahs,
And dimſon pyes, and chattering dawes;
Proud peacocks, and a hundred mae,
Bruſh'd up their pens that ſolemn day,
Bow'd firſt ſubmiſſive to my lord,
Then took their places at his board.
Meantime while feaſting on a fawn,
And drinking blood from lamies drawn,
A tuneful robin trig and young,
Hard-by upon a burr-tree ſung.
He ſang the eagle's royal line,
His piercing eye, and right divine
To ſway out-owre the feather'd thrang,
Who dread his martial bill and fang:
His flight ſublime, and eild renew'd,
His mind with clemency endu'd;
In ſofter notes he ſang his love,
More high, his bearing bolts for Jove.
The monarch bird with blitheneſs heard
The chaunting little ſilvan bard,
Call'd up a buzzard, who was then
His favourite and chamberlain.
Swith to my treaſury, quoth he,
And to yon canty robin gie
As muckle of our current gear
As may maintain him thro' the year;
We can well ſpar't, and its his due:
He bade, and forth the Judas flew,
Straight to the branch where robin ſung,
And with a wicked lying tongue,

Said

Said ah! ye ſing ſo dull and rough,
Ye've deaf'd our lugs more than enough,
His Majeſty has a nice ear,
And no more of your ſtuff can bear;
Poke up your pipes, be no more ſeen
At court, I warn you as a frien.
He ſpake, while robin's ſwelling breaſt,
And drooping wings his grief expreſt;
The tears ran hopping down his cheek,
Great grew his heart, he could not ſpeak.
No for the tinſel of reward,
But that his notes met no regard:
Strait to the ſhaw he ſpread his wing,
Reſolv'd again no more to ſing,
Where princely bounty is ſuppreſt
By ſuch with whom They are oppreſt;
Who cannot bear (becauſe they want it)
That ought ſhould be to merit granted.

ISIS. An ELEGY.

WRITTEN BY MR. MASON OF CAMBRIDGE, 1748.

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright,
The pointed cryſtals ſhot their trembling light,
From dripping moſs where ſparkling dew-drops fell,
Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed ſhell,
Pale ISIS lay; a willow's lowly ſhade
Spread its thin foliage o'er the ſleeping maid;
Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breaſt
In careleſs folds looſe flow'd her zoneleſs veſt;
While down her neck her vagrant treſſes flow,
In all the awful negligence of woe;
Her urn ſuſtain'd her arm, that ſculptur'd vaſe
Where Vulcan's art had laviſh'd all its grace;
Here, full with life, was heav'n-taught Science ſeen,
Known by the laurel wreath, and muſing mein:
There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace ſedate and bland,
Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand;
While ſolemn domes, arch'd ſhades, and viſtas green,
At well mark'd diſtance cloſe the ſacred ſcene.
On this the goddeſs caſt an anxious look,
Then dropt a tender tear, and thus ſhe ſpoke:

Yes,

Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace
The mimic charms of this prophetic vaſe ;
Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
View on yon plain the real glories riſe.
Yes, ISIS ! oft haſt thou rejoic'd to lead
Thy liquid treaſures o'er yon fav'rite mead ;
Oft haſt thou ſtopt thy pearly car to gaze,
While ev'ry Science nurs'd it's growing bays ;
While ev'ry Youth with fame's ſtrong impulſe fir'd,
Preſt to the goal, and at the goal untir'd,
Snatch'd each celeſtial wreath, to bind his brow,
The Muſes, Graces, Virtues could beſtow.
E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Mem'ry's ample plain ;
See ! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
See ! Sidney, Raleigh, Hamden, Somers ſhine.
See Hough ſuperior to a tyrant's doom
Smile at the menace of the ſlave of Rome :
Each ſoul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,
Each breaſt, ſtrong panting with its country's love,
All that to Albion gave the heart or head,
That wiſely counſel'd, or that bravely bled,
All, all appear ; on me they grateful ſmile,
The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil
To me with fillial reverence they bring,
And hang freſh trophies o'er my honour'd ſpring
Ah ! I remember well yon beachen ſpray,
There Addiſon firſt tun'd his poliſh'd lay ;
'Twas there great Cato's form firſt met his eye,
In all the pomp of free-born majeſty ;

" My ſon, he cry'd, obſerve this mien with awe,
" In ſolemn lines the ſtrong reſemblance draw;
" The piercing notes ſhall ſtrike each Britiſh ear;
" Each Britiſh eye ſhall drop the patriot tear!
" And rous'd to glory by the nervous ſtrain,
" Each youth ſhall ſpurn at ſlav'ry's abject reign,
" Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
" And ſpeak, and act, and bleed, in freedom's cauſe."
The hero ſpoke; the bard aſſenting bow'd,
The lay to liberty and Cato flow'd;
While Echo, as ſhe rov'd the vale along,
Join'd the ſtrong cadence of his Roman ſong.
But ah! how ſtillneſs ſlept upon the ground,
How mute attention check'd each riſing ſound;
Scarce ſtole a breeze to wave the leafy ſpray,
Scarce trill'd ſweet Philomel her ſofteſt lay,
When Locke walk'd muſing forth; e'en now I view
Majeſtic wiſdom thron'd upon his brow,
View Candor ſmile upon his modeſt cheek,
And from his eye all judgment's radiance break:
'Twas here the ſage his manly zeal expreſt,
Here ſtript vain falſhood of her gaudy veſt;
Here truth's collected beams firſt fill'd his mind,
Ere long to burſt in bleſſings on mankind;
Ere long to ſhew to reaſon's purged eye,
That " Nature's firſt beſt gift was liberty."
Proud of this wond'rous ſon, ſublime I ſtood,
(While louder ſurges ſwell'd my rapid flood)
Then vain as Niobe, exulting cry'd,
Iliſſus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;

Tho' Plato's ſteps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade,
Tho' fair Lycæum lent its awful ſhade,
Tho' ev'ry academic green impreſt
It's image full on thy reflecting breaſt,
Yet my pure ſtream ſhall boaſt as proud a name,
And Britain's Iſis flow with Attic fame.

Alas! how chang'd! where now that Attic boaſt?
See! Gothic licence rage o'er all my coaſt;
See! Hydra faction ſpread it's impious reign,
Poiſon each breaſt, and madden ev'ry brain:
Hence frontleſs crouds, that not content to fright
The bluſhing Cynthia from her throne of night,
Blaſt the fair face of day; and madly bold,
To freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
To freedom's foes, ah! ſee the goblet crown'd,
Hear plauſive ſhouts to freedom's foes reſound;
The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt,
The echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
Now ſheds, by ſtealth, a partial private gleam,
In ſome lone cloiſter's melancholy ſhade,
Where a firm few ſuppo.t her ſickly head,
Deſpis'd, inſulted by the barb'rous train,
Who ſcour like Thracia's moon-ſtruck rout the plain,
Sworn foes like them to all the Muſe approves,
All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.

Are theſe the ſons my foſt'ring breaſt muſt rear,
Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care?
Muſt theſe go forth from my maternal hand
To deal their inſults thro' a peaceful land;

And

And boaſt while Freedom bleeds, and virtue groans,
That " Iſis taught rebellion to her ſons ?"
Forbid it heaven ! and let my riſing waves
Indignant ſwell, and whelm the recreant ſlaves !
In England's cauſe their patriot floods employ,
As Xanthus delug'd in the cauſe of Troy.
Is this deny'd ; then point ſome ſecret way
Where far far hence theſe guiltleſs ſtreams may ſtray ;
Some unknown channel lend, where nature ſpreads
Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads,
There, where a hind ſcarce tunes his ruſtic ſtrain,
Where ſcarce a pilgrim treads the pathleſs plain,
Content I'll flow ; forget that e'er my tide
Saw yon majeſtic ſtructures crown its ſide;
Forget, that e'er my rapt attention hung,
Or on the ſage's or the poet's tongue;
Calm and reſign'd my humbler lot embrace,
And pleas'd, prefer oblivion to diſgrace.

THE

THE NUN.

AN ELEGY.

WITH each perfection dawning on her mind,
All beauty's treaſure opening on her cheek,
Each flatt'ring hope ſubdu'd, each wiſh reſign'd,
Does gay Ophelia this lone manſion ſeek.

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forſake
The paths, thy birth and fortune ſtrew with flow'rs?
Through nature's kind endearing ties to break,
And waſte in cloyſter'd walls thy penſive hours?

Let ſober thought reſtrain thine erring zeal,
That guides thy footſteps to the veſtal gate,
Leſt thy ſoft heart (this friendſhip bids reveal)
Like mine unbleſt ſhou'd mourn like mine too late.

Does ſome angelic lonely-whiſp'ring voice,
Some ſacred impulſe, or ſome dream divine,
Approve the dictates of thy early choice?——
Approach with confidence the awful ſhrine.

There

There kneeling at yon altar's marble baſe
(While ſtreams of rapture from thine eye-lid ſteal,
And ſmiling heav'n illumes thy ſoul with grace)
Pronounce the vow, thou never can'ſt repeal.

Yet if miſled by falſe-entitled friends,
Who ſay—" That peace with all her comely train,
" From ſtarry regions to this clime deſcends,
" Smooths ev'ry frown, and ſoftens ev'ry pain:

" That veſtals tread contentment's flow'ry lawn,
" Approv'd of innocence, by health careſt:
" That rob'd in colours bright, by fancy drawn,
" Celeſtial hope ſits ſmiling at their breaſt;"

Suſpect their ſyren ſong and artful ſtyle,
Their pleaſing ſounds ſome treach'rous thought conceal!
Full oft does pride with ſainted voice beguile,
And ſordid int'reſt wear the maſk of zeal.

A tyrant abbeſs here perchance may reign,
Who, fond of pow'r, affects the imperial nod,
Looks down diſdainful on her female train,
And rules the cloyſter with an iron rod.

Reflection ſickens at the life-long tie,
Back-glancing mem'ry acts her buſy part,
Its charms the world unfolds to fancy's eye,
And ſheds allurement on the wiſhful heart.

Lo!

Lo! Diſcord enters at the ſacred porch,
Rage in her frown, and terror on her creſt:
Ev'n at the hallow'd lamps ſhe lights her torch,
And holds it flaming to each virgin breaſt.

But ſince the legends of monaſtic bliſs
By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd,
Unbought experience learn from my diſtreſs,
Oh! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd.

Three luſtres ſcarce with haſty wing were fled,
When I was torn from ev'ry weeping friend,
A thoughtleſs victim to the temple led,
And (bluſh ye parents) by a father's hand.

Yet then what ſolemn ſcenes deceiv'd my choice!
The pealing organ's animating ſound,
The choral virgins' captivating voice,
The blazing altar, and the prieſts around:

The train of youths array'd in pureſt white,
Who ſcatter'd myrtles as I paſs'd along;
The thouſand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,
The kiſs of peace from all the veſtal throng:

The golden cenſers toſs'd with graceful hand,
Whoſe fragrant breath Arabian odor ſhed:
Of meek-ey'd novices the circling band,
With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

—My

—My willing ſoul was caught in rapture's flame,
While ſacred ardor glow'd in ev'ry vein:
Methought applauding angels ſung my name,
And heaven's unſullied glories gilt the fane.

This temporary tranſport ſoon expir'd,
My drooping heart confeſs'd a dreadful void:
E'er ſince, alas! abandon'd, uninſpir'd,
I tread this dome to miſery allied.

No wakening joy informs my ſullen breaſt,
Thro' opening ſkies no radiant ſeraph ſmiles,
No ſaint deſcends to ſooth my ſoul to reſt,
No dream of bliſs the dreary night beguiles.

Here haggard diſcontent ſtill haunts my view;
The ſombre genius reigns in ev'ry place,
Arrays each virtue in the darkeſt hue,
Chills ev'ry prayer, and cancels ev'ry grace.

I meet her ever in the chearleſs cell,
The gloomy grotto and unſocial wood;
I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
The hollow gale, and hoarſe reſounding flood.

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,
(The ſad remembrance time ſhall ne'er eraſe)
When having ſeal'd th' irrevocable vow,
I haſten'd to receive her laſt embrace.

Full-

Full-well ſhe then preſag'd my wretched fate,
Th' unhappy moments of each future day:
When lock'd within this terror-ſhedding grate,
My joy-deſerted ſoul would pine away.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold
This cloyſter'd ſcene in all its horror dreſt;
Nor did ſhe then my trembling ſteps withold
When here I enter'd a reluctant gueſt.

Ah! could ſhe view her only child betray'd,
And let ſubmiſſion o'er her love prevail?
Th' unfeeling prieſt why did ſhe not upbraid?
Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil?

Alas! ſhe might not—her relentleſs lord
Had ſeal'd her lips, and chid her ſtreaming tear,
So anguiſh in her breaſt conceal'd its hoard,
And all the mother ſunk in dumb deſpair.

But thou who own'ſt a father's ſacred name,
What act impell'd thee to this ruthleſs deed?
What crime had forfeited my filial claim?
And giv'n (oh blaſting thought) thy heart to bleed?

If then thine injur'd child deſerve thy care,
Oh haſte and bear her from this loneſome gloom!
In vain—no words can ſooth his rigid ear;
And Gallia's laws have riveted my doom.

Ye cloiſter'd fair—ye cenſure-breathing ſaints,
Suppreſs your taunts, and learn at length to ſpare,
Tho' mid theſe holy walls I vent my plaints,
And give to ſorrow what is due to pray'r.

I fled not to this manſion's deep receſs,
To veil the bluſhes of a guilty ſhame,
The tenor of an ill-ſpent life redreſs,
And ſnatch from infamy a ſinking name.

Yet let me to my fate ſubmiſſive bow;
From fatal ſymptoms if I right conceive,
This ſtream Ophelia has not long to flow,
This voice to murmur, and this breaſt to heave.

Ah! when extended on th' untimely bier
To yonder vault this form ſhall be convey'd,
Thou'lt not refuſe to ſhed one grateful tear,
And breathe the requiem to my fleeting ſhade.

With pious footſtep join the ſable train,
As thro' the lengthening ile they take their way;
A glimmering taper let thy hand ſuſtain,
Thy ſoothing voice attune the funeral lay:

Behold the miniſter who lately gave
The ſacred veil, in garb of mournful hue,
(More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,
And ſprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew:

As o'er the corſe he ſtrews the rattling duſt,
The ſterneſt heart will raiſe compaſſion's ſigh:
Ev'n then no longer to his child unjuſt,
The tears may trickle from a father's eye.

THE GIFT: TO IRIS.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering ſhall I make,
Expreſſive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift, who ſlights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em:
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
I'll give them, when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown roſe,
Or roſe-bud more in faſhion;
Such ſhort-liv'd offerings but diſcloſe
A tranſitory paſſion:

I'll give thee ſomething yet unpaid,
Not leſs ſincere than civil:
I'll give thee—Ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee——to the devil,

THE ROOKERY.

OH thou who dwell'ſt upon the bough,
Whoſe tree does wave its verdant brow,
And ſpreading ſhades the diſtant brook,
Accept theſe lines, dear ſiſter rook!
And when thou'ſt read my mournful lay,
Extend thy wing and fly away,
Leſt pinion-maim'd by fiery ſhot,
Thou ſhould'ſt like me bewail thy lot;
Leſt in thy rook'ry be renew'd
The tragic ſcene which here I view'd.
The day declin'd, the evening breeze
Gently rock'd the ſilent trees,
While ſpreading o'er my peopled neſt,
I huſh'd my callow young to reſt:
When ſuddenly an hoſtile ſound,
Exploſion dire! was heard around:
And level'd by the hand of fate,
The angry bullets pierc'd my mate;
I ſaw him fall from ſpray to ſpray,
Till on the diſtant ground he lay:

With tortur'd wing he beat the plain,
And never caw'd to me again.
Many a neighbour, many a friend,
Deform'd with wounds, invok'd their end:
All ſcreaming omen'd notes of woe,
'Gainſt man our unrelenting foe:
Theſe eyes beheld my pretty brood,
Flutt'ring in their guiltleſs blood:
While trembling on the ſhatter'd tree,
At length the gun invaded me;
But wayward fate, ſeverely kind,
Refus'd the death I wiſh'd to find:
Oh! farewel pleaſure; peace, farewel,
And with the gory raven dwell.
Was it for this I ſhun'd retreat,
And fix'd near man my ſocial ſeat!
For this deſtroy'd the inſect train
That eat unſeen the infant grain!
For this, with many an honeſt note,
Iſſuing from my artleſs throat,
I chear'd my lady, liſt'ning near,
Working in her elbow chair!

A

RECEIPT how to make L'EAU DE VIE.

By the late Mr. CHARLES KING.

WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF A LADY.

GROWN old, and grown ſtupid, you juſt think me fit,
To tranſcribe from my grandmother's book a receipt;
And a comfort it is to a wight in diſtreſs,
He's of ſome little uſe—but he can't be of leſs.
Were greater his talents;—you might ever command
His head,—("that's worth nought")—then, his heart and his hand.
So your mandate obeying he ſends you, d'ye ſee,
The genuine receipt to make L'eau de la vie.

Take ſeven large lemons, and pare them as thin
As a wafer, or, what is yet thinner, your ſkin;
A quart of French brandy, or rum is ſtill better;
(For you ne'er in receipts ſhould ſtick cloſe to the letter:)
Six ounces of ſugar next take, and pray mind
The ſugar muſt be the beſt double-refin'd;
Boil the ſugar in near half a pint of ſpring water,

In

In the neat ſilver ſauce-pan you bought for your daughter;
But be ſure that the ſyrup you carefully ſkim,
While the ſcum, as 'tis call'd, riſes up to the brim;
The fourth part of a pint you next muſt allow
Of new milk, made as warm as it comes from the cow.
Put the rinds of the lemons, the milk and the ſyrup,
With the rum in a jar, and give 'em a ſtir up;
And, if you approve it, you may add ſome perfume;
Goa-ſtone, or whatever you like in its room.

Let it ſtand thus three days,—but remember to ſhake it;
And the cloſer you ſtop it, the richer you make it.
Then filter'd thro' paper, 'twill ſparkle and riſe,
Be as ſoft as your lips, and as bright as your eyes:
Laſt, bottle it up; and believe me the vicar
Of E—— himſelf ne'er drank better liquor:
In a word, it excels, by a million of odds,
The nectar your ſiſter preſents to the Gods.

DAY: A PASTORAL.

——*Carpe diem.* HOR.

BY MR. CUNNINGHAM.

MORNING.

I.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

II.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping sun-beam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

III.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
So ars beyond the shepherd's sight.

IV.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

V. Now

V.

Now the pine-tree's waving top,
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daiſies, on the dewy dale.

VI.

From the balmy ſweets, uncloy'd,
(Reſtleſs till her taſk be done)
Now the buſy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the ſun.

VII.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid ſtream diſtils,
Sweet refreſhment waits the flock
When 'tis ſun-drove from the hills.

VIII.

Colin's for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harveſt hopes are ripe)
Anxious;—whilſt the huntſman's horn,
Boldly ſounding, drowns his pipe.

IX.

Sweet,—O ſweet, warbling throng,
On the white emblooſom'd ſpray!
Nature's univerſal ſong
Echos to the riſing day.

NOON.

X.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noontide radiance glows:
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the roſe.

XI.

By the brook the ſhepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendant o'er his graſſy ſeat.

XII.

Now the flock forſakes the glade,
Where uncheck'd the ſun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleaſing ſhade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

XIII.

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill
Cannot catch a ſingle ſound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

XIV. Cat-

XIV.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the ſtreamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid ſilence ſtand
Midway in the marſhy pool.

XV.

But from mountain, dell, or ſtream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr ſprings:
Fearful leſt the noon-tide beam
Scorch its ſoft, its ſilken wings.

XVI.

Not a leaf has leave to ſtir,
Nature's lull'd—ſerene—and ſtill!
Quiet e'en the ſhepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

XVII.

Languid is the landſcape round,
Till the freſh deſcending ſhower,
Grateful to the thirſty ground,
Raiſes ev'ry fainting flower.

XVIII.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warblers' throats in tune;
Blithſome is the verdant ſcene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

EVENING.

XIX.

O'ER the heath the heifer ſtrays
Free;—(the furrow'd taſk is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burniſh'd by the ſetting ſun.

XX.

Now he ſets behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden ſky:
Can the pencil's mimic ſkill
Copy the refulgent dye?

XXI.

Trudging as the plowmen go,
(To the ſmoaking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their ſhadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

XXII.

Where the riſing foreſt ſpreads
Shelter, for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home;

XXIII.

As the lark with vary'd tune,
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild reſplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud!

XXIV.

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn, or twiſted brake;
And the blue miſt ſlowly creeps,
Curling on the ſilver lake.

XXV.

As the trout in ſpeckled pride,
Playful from its boſom ſprings;
To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges im ſucceſſive rings.

XXVI.

Tripping through the ſilken graſs,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the roſe-complexion'd laſs
With her well-pois'd milken pail.

XXVII.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckow bird with two,
Tuning ſweet their mellow throats,
Bid the ſetting ſun adieu.

CONTENT:

A PASTORAL.

BY THE SAME.

I.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,
A gentle young ſhepherdeſs ſees my deſpair,
And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home.

Yellow ſheafs from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green ruſhes were ſtrew'd on her floor,
Her caſement, ſweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the ſod ſeats at her door.

II.

We ſate ourſelves down to a cooling repaſt:
Freſh fruits! and ſhe cull'd me the beſt:
While thrown from my guard by ſome glances ſhe caſt,
Love ſlily ſtole into my breaſt!

I told my ſoft wiſhes; ſhe ſweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
But take me, fond ſhepherd—I'm thine.

III. Her

III.

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek!
So ſimple, yet ſweet, were her charms!
I kiſs'd the ripe roſes that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few ſheep,
And if, by yon prattler, the ſtream,
Reclin'd on her boſom, I ſink into ſleep,
Her image ſtill ſoftens my dream.

IV.

Together we range o'er the ſlow riſing hills,
Delighted with paſtoral views,
Or reſt on the rock whence the ſtreamlet diſtils,
And point out new themes for my muſe.

To pomp or proud titles ſhe ne'er did aſpire,
The damſel's of humble deſcent;
The cottager, Peace, is well known for her ſire,
And ſhepherds have nam'd her CONTENT.

CORYDON: A PASTORAL.

To the Memory of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq;

BY THE SAME.

I.

COME, ſhepherds, we'll follow the hearſe,
We'll ſee our lov'd Corydon laid,
Tho' ſorrow may blemiſh the verſe,
Yet let a ſad tribute be paid.

They

They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In ſooth he was gentle and kind!
He mark'd on his elegant ſtrain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

II.

On purpoſe he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never wou'd rifle their cell.

Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat—and your maſter bemoan;
His muſic was artleſs and ſweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

III.

No verdure ſhall cover the vale,
No bloom on the bloſſoms appear;
The ſweets of the foreſt ſhall fail,
And winter diſcolour the year.

No birds in our hedges ſhall ſing,
(Our hedges ſo vocal before)
Since he that ſhould welcome the ſpring,
Can greet the gay ſeaſon no more.

IV.

His Phillis was fond of his praiſe,
And poets came round in a throng;
They liſten'd,——they envy'd his lays,
But which of them equal'd his ſong?

Ye

Ye ſhepherds, henceforward be mute,
For loſt is the paſtoral ſtrain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus——let me break it in twain.

MELODY.

BY THE SAME.

I.

LIGHTSOME, as convey'd by ſparrows,
Love and beauty croſs'd the plains,
Flights of little pointed arrows
Love diſpatch'd among the ſwains.

But ſo much our ſhepherds dread him,
(Spoiler of their peace profound)
Swift as ſcudding fawns they fled him,
Frighted, tho' they felt no wound.

II.

Now the wanton God grown ſlier,
And for each fond miſchief ripe,
Comes diſguis'd in Pan's attire,
Tuning ſweet an oaten pipe.

Echo, by the winding river,
Doubles his deluding ſtrains;
While the boy conceals his quiver
From the ſlow returning ſwains.

III. As

III.

As Palemon, unſuſpecting,
Prais'd the ſly muſician's art;
Love, his light diſguiſe rejecting,
Lodg'd an arrow in his heart.

Cupid will enforce your duty,
Shepherds, and would have you taught,
Thoſe that timid fly from beauty
May by MELODY be caught.



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